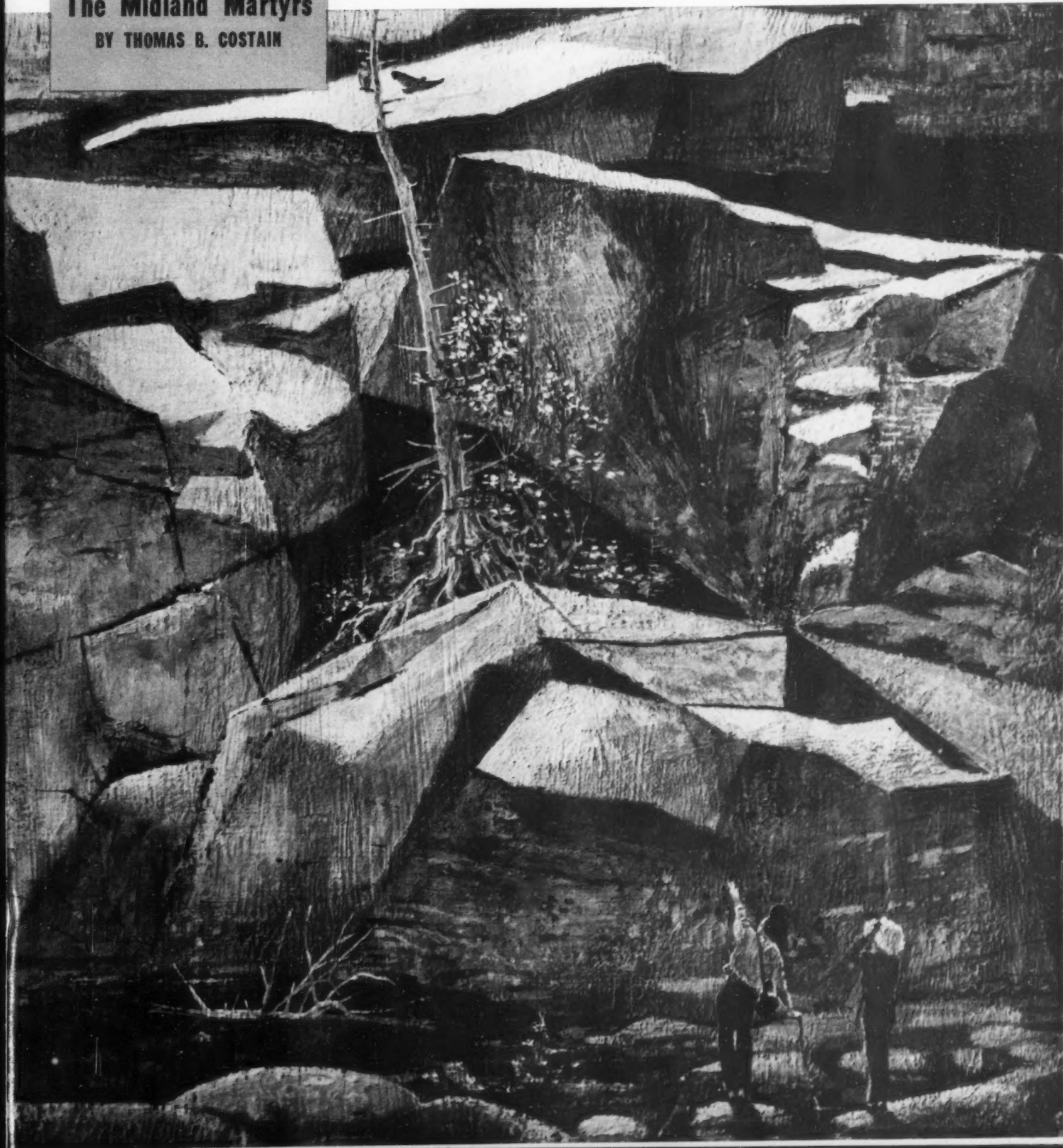


**HAS OUR
TV SYSTEM
FAILED?**

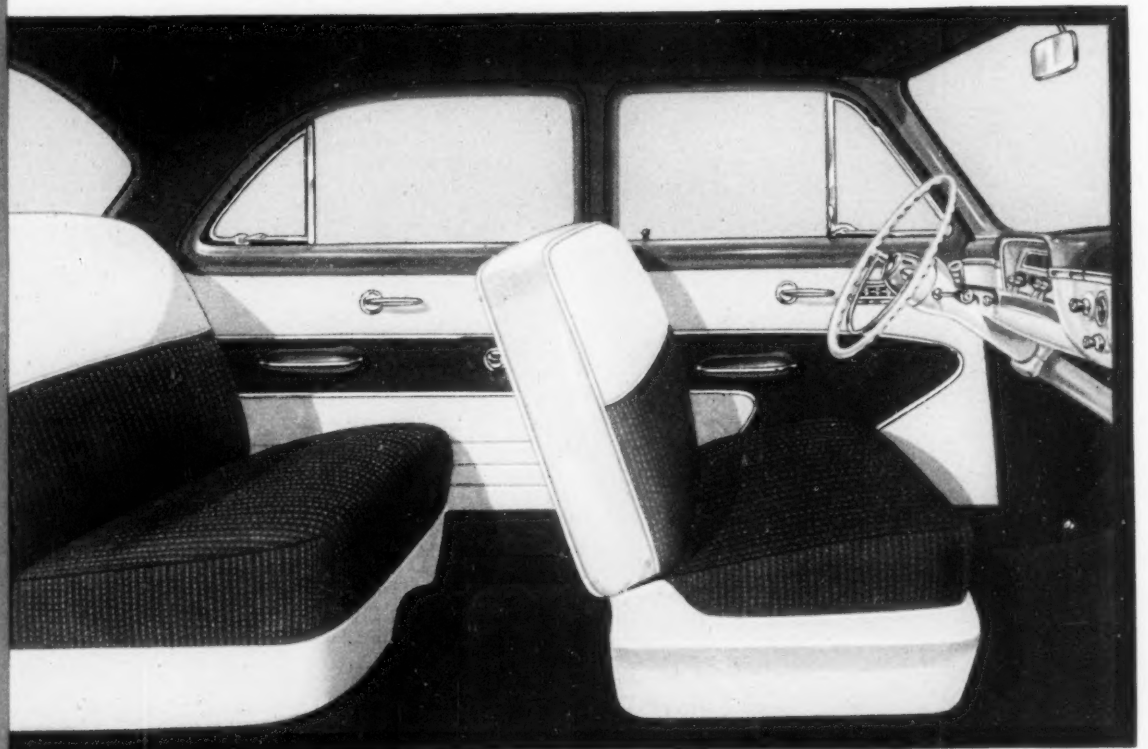
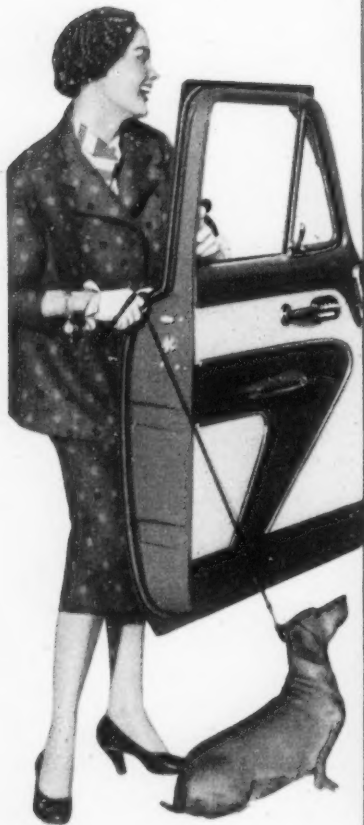
The Midland Martyrs
BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN

MACLEAN'S

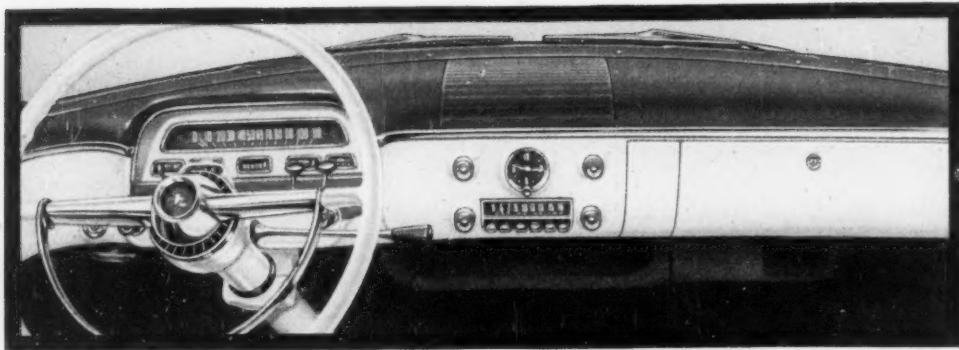
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Relax in all-new luxury...



Mercury's interior beauty...*first* in fashion!



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EDITORIAL

IT'S TIME TO PUT AN END TO STAR CHAMBER SECURITY SCREENING

CANADIANS have been so absorbed in listening to the hullabaloo among the neighbors—the battle between Senator Joe McCarthy and the Republican Party to which he belongs—that we hardly noticed a quiet little argument on a somewhat similar topic in Canada. The Government's refusal to answer questions about our own security screening system has not been criticized as sharply as it deserved to be.

The Opposition did not ask for the names of persons dismissed or transferred from "sensitive" jobs for security reasons. It asked only how many such cases had come up, and who composed the security panel that deals with them.

What harm could possibly be done by giving the public this information? The Government's objection that publication of figures might lead to identification of the persons concerned, though plausible at first glance, does not bear examination. It would not be necessary to give such a detailed breakdown as to pinpoint one or two people in any one department. Totals for the whole government service would be sufficient. These would hurt no individual.

The Government's suggestion that "it might be difficult to get individuals to serve on the security panel if their names were known," strikes us as a dangerous proposition. Why should anyone be afraid to accept responsibility, before the public, for the decisions made or the policies approved by a panel of security officers?

We do not suggest, nor do we believe, that Canadian security officers are doing a bad job; so far as we know, they've done well at a difficult and distasteful task. We do not know any case of an individual unfairly treated. But it's obvious that in the circumstances imposed by cold war, individuals *might* be unfairly treated, and Canada provides no machinery to give such people a hearing or an appeal.

We concede that the objection to public enquiry is valid. If the RCMP were obliged to produce its sources of information in order to keep a Communist spy out of a sensitive job, our whole counter-intelligence against the Communist Party would soon collapse.

Surely Canadians ought not to tolerate any more secrecy in this matter than our national security demands. The Government blandly proposes that not only the accuser, not only the evidence, but even the judge and jury should be shielded from the public eye. What, exactly, is the difference between this and the court of Star Chamber?

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Cover painting: Birdwatchers, by James Hill

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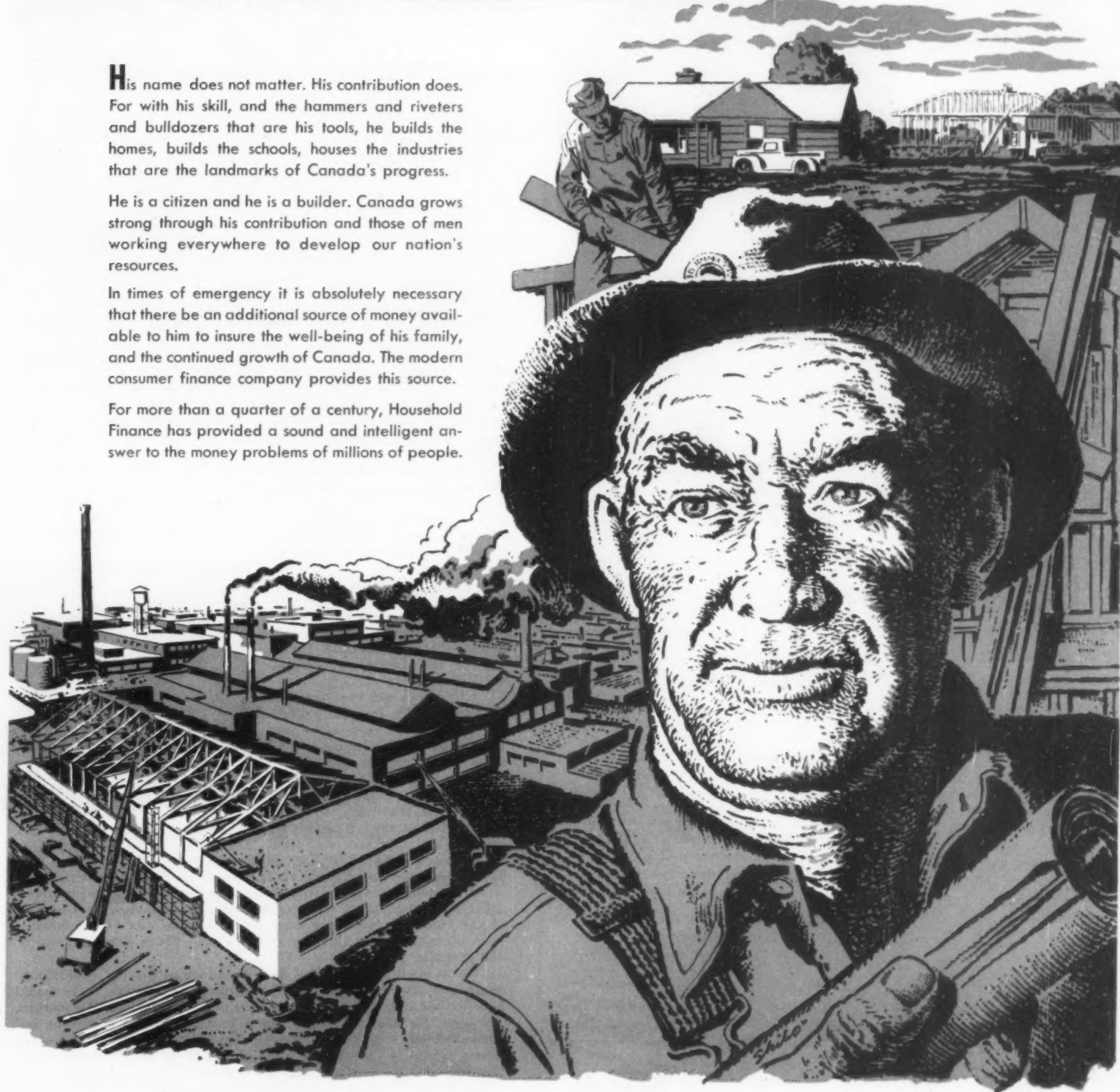
This man houses Canada...

His name does not matter. His contribution does. For with his skill, and the hammers and riveters and bulldozers that are his tools, he builds the homes, builds the schools, houses the industries that are the landmarks of Canada's progress.

He is a citizen and he is a builder. Canada grows strong through his contribution and those of men working everywhere to develop our nation's resources.

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Often a bridesmaid...
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married... but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly... and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

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bad breath is to get at bacteria... to get at the major cause of bad breath.

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Every week on Radio:
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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Has Billy Graham Rekindled England's Faith?

THE NAME of Billy Graham meant nothing to the British public. It is true that for a month before his arrival there were bill posters all over London proclaiming his coming meetings in the Harringay Arena but no one cared very much. I never heard of him until four months ago when a St. Catharines (Ont.) reader of Maclean's sent me a magazine article about him.

I mention these facts to show that this young American evangelist had set himself a difficult task, made no easier by a newspaper interview in America which quoted him as saying that Britain had to be saved from the evil effects of socialism.

The Left-wing British newspapers let out a loud blast of rage, and were not calmed by Dr. Graham's statement in America that he had not used the word "socialism" but "secularism." The British are reasonably credulous but "secularism" was hard to believe.

Perhaps the attendant publicity did no harm because, when Graham and his associates eventually arrived at Southampton he had become big news. Some of the liveliest reporters in Fleet Street were in attendance at the quayside. Fortunately for Graham and his wife, the reporters liked them both and gave a perfectly fair account of their appearance and conversation. Then the cavalcade entrained for London.

Twenty-four hours later if you had been near the Houses of Parliament you would have witnessed an odd sight, considering that it was a Friday evening when neither House is in session. Cars were arriving from all directions and dumping their dinner-jacketed occupants. About 250 males had been invited by a group of MPs and peers to participate in a complimentary dinner to Graham.

The list of guests was quite imposing: In fact I have seen nothing more imposing since last summer in Toronto when I attended the final directors' luncheon of the Canadian National Exhibition.

A big room had been reserved at Westminster for the preliminary reception. Each of us was introduced personally to Graham, after which the waiters served sherry. What! That old devil John Barleycorn at an evangelist's dinner? It was even so. The Palace of Westminster has its own customs and it would have been embarrassing and misleading to our young American guest if we had altered the established customs.

Graham made an interesting study as he went through the prolonged ordeal of introductions. He was obviously pleased when the Chaplain of the House of Commons came along, and he was very interested in meeting the senior Chaplain of the Fleet. There were also four or five generals.

We studied our guest of honor and came to the preliminary conclusion that he was a fine Scandinavian male type. He would have looked at home in the mountains on a pair of skis. His features are good, his hair reasonably blond and his manner is sincere and masculine. He was not putting on an act. He was neither effusive nor falsely modest. Considering some of the prima-donna performances that guests of honor usually put up, this was a pleasant change.

Then dinner was announced and we took our allotted places. With the exception of the Chaplain of the House of Commons who wore his clerical cassock (as this was his parish) the dinner jacket reigned without a single dissenter.

You will agree that so far this was something new in evangelical procedure. One does not think of the penitent in a faultless outfit from Savile Row. In fact, looking about the familiar dining room I thought how elegant it all looked compared to an ordinary night when we eat in our working clothes. Grace was pronounced by the Chaplain and the dinner began.

Eventually the eating and the drinking came to an end. We toasted Her Majesty the Queen, and out came the

Continued on page 78



Coronation-sized crowds met Graham at Waterloo Station.

NEW CHEVROLETS *are blossoming out all over!*

Take your pick of
Canada's favorite cars!



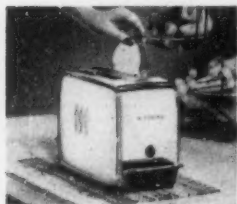
Here they are — 1954 Chevrolets, as fresh and colorful as the flowers of spring! Whichever model you choose for your own, you'll get smarter styling and more luxurious, color-harmonized interiors. You'll enjoy finer performance and money-saving gas mileage with Chevrolet's new power. You can have, as extra-cost options, all the automatic features you want . . . Powerglide Automatic Transmission and Power Steering on all models, Automatic Window and Seat Controls on Bel Air and "Two-Ten" models, and Power Brakes on Powerglide models. See your Chevrolet dealer soon and take your pick from the brightest crop of Chevrolets in history!



*Powered for Performance!
Engineered for Economy!*

Takes the bread right out of your fingers!

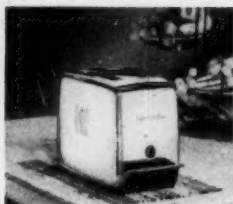
(AND GIVES IT BACK PERFECTLY TOASTED!)



1 Power-Action automatically ...



2 lowers bread for you ...



3 starts it toasting ...

4 serves it up
—all by itself!



THE
SUPER DE LUXE
\$39.50

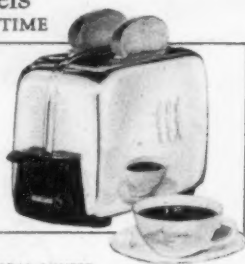
This distinctive new toaster even *lowers* the bread for you! Power-Action lightly *takes the bread right out of your fingers*, starts it toasting, and serves it up fast—*all by itself!* The new "Toastmaster" Super De Luxe Toaster makes perfect

toast every time—light, dark, or in-between. Toast rises extra high, so small slices are easy to remove. The new "Toastmaster" Super De Luxe Toaster is at your dealer's now. Try it. See how completely automatic a toaster can be.

Toastmaster
Automatic Toasters
MAKE PERFECT TOAST EVERY TIME

THE DE LUXE \$32.95

Makes perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between. A beautiful toaster, thickly chromed to stay beautiful. Crumb tray opens at the push of a button for quick cleaning. Large, cool handles make toaster safe to carry. Toast pops up extra high. Small slices are easy to remove.



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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

Can Hees "Revitalize" the Tories?

GEORGE HEES, of Toronto-Broadview, the handsome new president of the Progressive Conservative Association, may be forgiven a certain sense of personal destiny.

On a November morning in 1944, when his unit took one of the Schelde causeways, Major Hees was annoyed because his revolver wouldn't hang comfortably. It kept rubbing his hip and getting in his way. Finally he took it off his belt and stuck it into the front of his battle dress.

A few minutes later Hees got a sniper's bullet in the right elbow, a wound that paralyzed his arm for months. At the dressing station an orderly looked at the major's revolver and clucked reprovingly.

"You shouldn't carry a revolver cocked like that, sir," he said. "You might have shot yourself dead."

Hees was puzzled—the weapon was cocked all right, but he was sure he hadn't cocked it. Then he noticed a deep groove in the butt, and realized what had happened. His revolver had been cocked by the impact of the bullet; it had served as a shield and deflected the bullet to his right arm. Only the blind luck which had led him to take the holster off his belt had saved him from being killed.

Faith in his own luck may account, in part, for the self-assurance which is at once the greatest asset and the greatest liability of George Hees in politics. His admirers call him poised, vigorous, confident. His detractors call him brash.

For a relative newcomer to politics Hees has certainly made a lot of progress. His first venture was in the Grey North by-election of February 1945, when General the Hon. Andrew McNaughton, then Minister

of National Defence, was beaten by Conservative Garfield Case. Hees organized a party-line telephone canvass to tell snowbound electors about the reinforcement crisis as he had seen it overseas. Some Conservatives gave him much of the credit for the Grey North victory.

Many were glad of his help last summer, too. After John Diefenbaker, Hees was the speaker most often requested by Conservatives for campaign meetings. He was also the author of a pamphlet on organization which became a textbook for Conservative candidates.

When Hees wrote this political primer his own campaign experience consisted of one smashing defeat (by David Croll in Toronto-Spadina, 1945) and one by-election victory (he'd been elected to replace the late Tommy Church in Broadview in 1950). Hees has never been inhibited by youth or inexperience from giving free advice to his elders and not all of them have liked it.

THIS WAS ONE REASON for the sharp reaction when Hees became a candidate for president of the Conservative Association. Normally this is a job which men have to be persuaded to fill—it's a thankless payless post which involves a lot of travel, interminable meetings and the blame for anything that goes wrong. Hees openly campaigned for it. Some of his parliamentary colleagues, including most of the front-benchers whose advice carries most weight in forming policy, campaigned against him just as openly.

They thought, rightly, that the Hees-for-president movement implied a criticism Continued on page 90



Cartoon by Grassick



"Rice Krispies" is a trademark of the Kellogg Co., or Canada, Ltd., for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

"snap!" "crackle!" "pop!"



EVER TALK OVER YOUR PROBLEMS with a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies? They've got an answer for everything. "Snap! Crackle Pop!" they say merrily when you pour on milk or cream. You can't help but agree, "Maybe that's right!" How can you argue with anything so good natured - and so good to eat! Try Rice Krispies tomorrow. You'll find out that the world's only talking cereal has a crispness really worth talking about!

Now! The glamorous new Cycla-matic Frigidaire with complete Self-Service!



Cycla-matic Model CTD-103C

NEW COLORAMA STYLING
glorifies your kitchen!

Makes all ordinary refrigerators seem old-fashioned

Only Cycla-matic Frigidaire brings you the modern time-saving miracle of real Self-Service. Separate insulated freezer holds over a week's supply of frozen food at safe zero zone cold... has 3 Quickube Ice Trays and new Frozen Juice Can Rack. Magic Cycla-matic brain banishes refrigerator frost before it collects —

uses no dials or timers. Combination of full-size Roll-to-You Shelves in gold stain-proof aluminum finish and new Pantry-Door puts every single food item at your finger tips. All Frigidaire models are dependably powered by the exclusive Meter-Miser, simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built.



Cycla-matic Frigidaire

Built and backed by General Motors

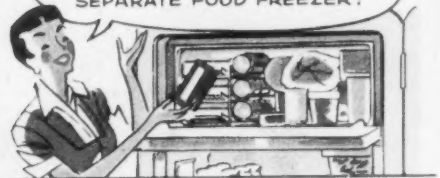


Colorama glamor "does your kitchen proud!" Beautifully styled white models have white, blue and gold interiors. Stratford yellow available on certain models at slight extra cost. These beautiful new Frigidaires harmonize with any kitchen... match new Colorama-styled Frigidaire Electric Ranges.

See all the new Frigidaire refrigerators at your Frigidaire dealer's—look for his name in the yellow pages of your telephone directory. Or write today for free descriptive folder direct to Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Scarborough (Toronto 13), Ontario.

Here's the world's easiest-to-use
food freezer-refrigerator!

I CAN SHOP WAY AHEAD-THANKS
TO THIS HUGE, COMPLETELY
SEPARATE FOOD FREEZER!



THE REFRIGERATOR
DEFROSTS AUTOMATICALLY.
ROLL-TO-YOU SHELVES
BRING ALL FOOD UP FRONT!



THIS WONDERFUL
NEW PANTRY-DOOR
HAS SPACE FOR
BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS,
TALL BOTTLES,
LEFTOVERS.



Be modern — live electrically

Let's Stop Monopoly Television

BY SCOTT YOUNG

TV competition simply isn't allowed in Canada. Here's one angry set owner and taxpayer who challenges this decree, insists that the high principles announced by the CBC haven't been met and that everybody should have the right of free choice between opera and boxing

SOME TIME within the next few months Canada's one millionth television set will be hooked up in a living room which never before has served as a landing strip for a space ship or a concert hall for the display of Liberace's two sets of gleaming ivories. Soon after, its owner will have broken out of the normal period of new-set mesmerism when even the commercials look good. Then he'll wake up to the fact already bothering hundreds of thousands of viewers—that in all but those few parts of Canada within range of U. S. stations a Canadian has no choice in his television entertainment; he must tune in the one station within reach of his set or turn the set off.

Perhaps it isn't easy for people in one-station areas to realize how much more value they would get for the money they spent on television (including a fifteen per cent excise tax on the wholesale price which is direct revenue to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation) if they had two or three stations from which to choose. I live eighty miles northeast of Toronto in one of the world's most fringy fringe areas and, by use of a hundred-dollar booster, can get four stations, with Toronto reception the best, Buffalo almost as good, Rochester and

Syracuse occasionally good—and we know how important a choice of programs can be.

We watch Toronto most because we like many CBC programs. That makes us more loyal to CBC-TV than the average southern Ontario viewer who, according to Elliott-Haynes teleratings, watched Toronto only 27.2 percent of his viewing time in 1953. The 1954 average is about 35 percent Toronto, 65 percent Buffalo and others. And to give you an idea what can be done with an alternative—on Monday nights we can watch one of television's best comedy shows, *I Love Lucy*, from Buffalo, instead of amateur boxing from Toronto. On Thursday nights we can watch TV's best cops-and-robbers show, *Dragnet*, instead of wrestling from Maple Leaf Gardens. And we may get many other hours a week of shows we really like—Groucho Marx, *The Life of Riley*, and live comedy, variety and dramatic shows—which aren't seen at present on any Canadian stations.

Television, like reading, movie-going, radio-listening and almost everything else is all a matter of taste—even among people with good taste. Any television monopoly, such as we have in Canada now, is faced with the incontestable fact that wrestling

Continued on page 75





By June enough homes will be completed at Kitimat to allow Alcan to staff the first of its aluminum smelters. Blocks of forest will remain as parks.

KITIMAT

How to start a city from scratch



What Kitimat will look like. The builder of Norgate, B.C. (above), is repeating style at Kitimat.

Before a nail was driven, Kitimat, B.C., was planned to the last picture window, the first cemetery. A dozen pioneer families are already in their up-to-date bungalows and within a decade they expect their Town of Tomorrow to reach 50,000 population



The first permanent residents move in. For \$700 down, \$60 a month, they have a \$14,000 home.

By FRED BODSWORTH

ON A SNOWY Sunday late last February Huguette Pelletier, a French-Canadian housewife, carried a broom and dust pan into a new ranch-type bungalow in a stump-ringed clearing in northern British Columbia and thus became the first permanently housed resident of a backwoods community which is destined to grow into Canada's newest, northernmost, most modern and certainly most meticulously planned city.

Huguette, 26, recently from Cornwall, Ont., and her husband, Charles, a storekeeper for the Aluminum Company of Canada ("call us Alcan for short"), moved into the first of fifty houses just completed at Alcan's mushrooming smelter town of Kitimat which in a few years will be the world's major producer of aluminum. In spite of its

isolation—Kitimat is a hundred miles from the Alaskan boundary and four hundred miles north of Vancouver—no Canadian town has ever got off to a more promising start.

Most towns have remained pockmarked and crippled by the jerry-built shanties of their haphazard beginnings. Most cities have been half-smothered by the ailment of growing too big too fast—by narrow unplanned streets, traffic bottlenecks and wildly sprawled housing developments without provision for parks or playgrounds.

Kitimat will be an exception. Alcan called in a score of the continent's top community planners and spent close to a quarter of a million dollars designing the city on paper before the first nail was driven. In the fat volumes of planners' reports—they form a stack a foot high—every future street, home, school, shop, hydrant and even cemetery is precisely located.

It will be a model city of parkways, playgrounds, attractive shopping centres, residential streets isolated from through traffic and motor expressways with underpasses for pedestrians. Practically every family will be able to own a modern oil-heated six-room home. No child will have to cross a street to reach school. No housewife will be more than a five-minute walk from a community shopping centre or baby clinic, and she will never have to push her pram across a busy street to reach them. No breadwinner will stare out his picture window at the plant which employs him, for Kitimat's industrial site will be six miles from its residential area.

Kitimat will be the model city that idealistic aldermen elsewhere see only in their dreams. Yet the Alcan employees who will be the core of its citizenry will buy homes on bargain-basement terms. A \$14,000 Kitimat house, the latest in modern home design, will cost \$700 down and less than \$60 a month, with a guaranteed buy-back price for anyone who wants to sell.

Kitimat townsite, distinct from its great smelters and deep-sea docks, will require an Alcan investment of around \$10 millions before the town is footing its own bills. But Alcan expects that the town, once its tax-collecting structure is set up, will pay most of this back over a period of years, and take over, as a normal functioning municipality, the streets and utilities which Alcan has had to provide to get Kitimat started.

Alcan isn't trying to kid anyone that this investment for the creation of a perfect town springs solely from humanitarian motives. The company will be pouring \$600 millions into its great British Columbia hinterland development of dams, hydro-electric powerhouses, harbors and aluminum smelters—the biggest single power and smelter development ever undertaken by private industry anywhere. The future of the whole great venture hinges on the successful transplanting of thousands of smelter workers into the wilderness at Alaska's back door. By creating a model city, Alcan hopes it will be able to attract model citizens and make them want to stay. Only in this way will it stabilize its labor and assure continuing production from its smelters.

But even without its detailed and costly planning, Kitimat is an unprecedented development in the history of Canada's northward expansion, for never before has a wilderness camp mushroomed into a full-blown and modern city as fast as Kitimat will. Today Kitimat is largely a construction camp of 2,300 men, 190 women and approximately 250 children, most of them still housed in temporary bunkhouses, small plywood homes or trailers. About a dozen families have followed the Pelletiers into the first completed permanent houses. But by fall the transformation from bush camp to permanent town will be well under way. The first two smelter potlines will begin functioning in June and by autumn Kitimat's population may be 4,000, about 2,500 of them in permanent homes. As the smelter expands, Kitimat's population is expected to reach 15,000 in three or four years. And, if the world aluminum market continues to permit smelter expansion to twelve potlines as now scheduled, Kitimat will be a city of 50,000 within ten or fifteen years of the time

it was unsurveyed forest inhabited only by grizzlies and scattered Indian bands.

Kitimat is being built because the first essential in aluminum production is, oddly, not the ore itself, but vast amounts of cheaply produced power. The electricity required to make one ton of aluminum would keep an average household supplied with light, heat and power for fifteen years. To find cheap and unclaimed power, aluminum smelters have to keep moving back like restless sourdoughs to the undeveloped frontiers. So, when the growing demand for aluminum indicated that it might soon be exceeding the capacity of Alcan's great Quebec smelters at Arvida, Ile Maligne, Beauharnois and Shawinigan Falls, the Aluminum Company of Canada began seeking a new frontier. It chose British Columbia.

At Nechako, 200 miles inland from the Pacific, it built Kenney Dam, the biggest earth-filled dam in the British Commonwealth, to back up water for 150 miles. At the western end of this mammoth water reservoir it has blasted a tunnel ten miles long through a mountain of the Coast Range that will permit the imprisoned water to thunder downward to sea level in a drop sixteen times greater than Niagara. At the foot of this tunnel, in a massive man-made cavern blasted out a quarter of a mile inside the mountain, Alcan's Kemano powerhouse will eventually have the greatest output of any hydro-electric plant in the world, producing more power than is used by Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver combined.

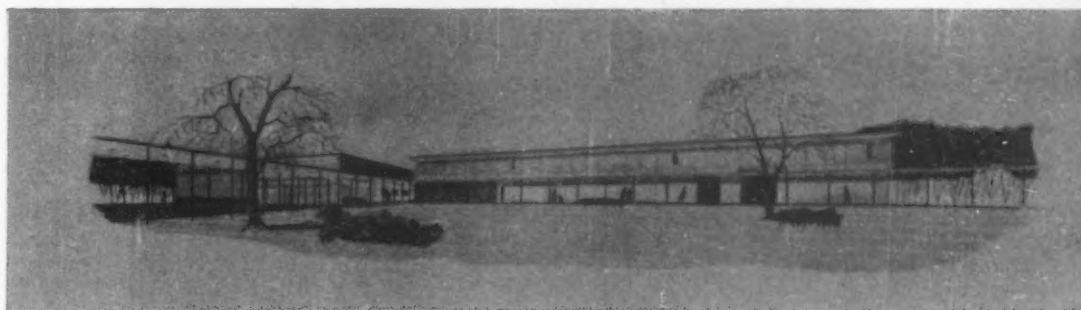
But the powerhouse site is a narrow mountainous valley with no space for smelters or a town. Fifty miles up the coast, however, is Douglas Channel, a twisting fiord that snakes inland seventy miles between magnificent ranks of coastal peaks. Douglas is like the scores of other fiords which gouge the B. C. coast except for one peculiarity—instead of ending in an abrupt mountainside, it ends in the broad flat valley and delta of the Kitimat River. Here is the only large potential townsite with access to the sea between Vancouver and Alaska.

To have its smelter city there, Alcan had to string a transmission line from Kemano across fifty miles of the most forbidding peaks and glaciers in British Columbia. For one ten-mile stretch linemen had to span a mile-high mountain pass amid snowslides and avalanches where the snow lay 150 feet deep and winds sometimes reached 100 miles an hour. But a spacious and attractive townsite that would lure and hold workers and their families was regarded as so essential that Alcan engineers insisted on the transmission line going through. It was finally completed last fall after two years' work.

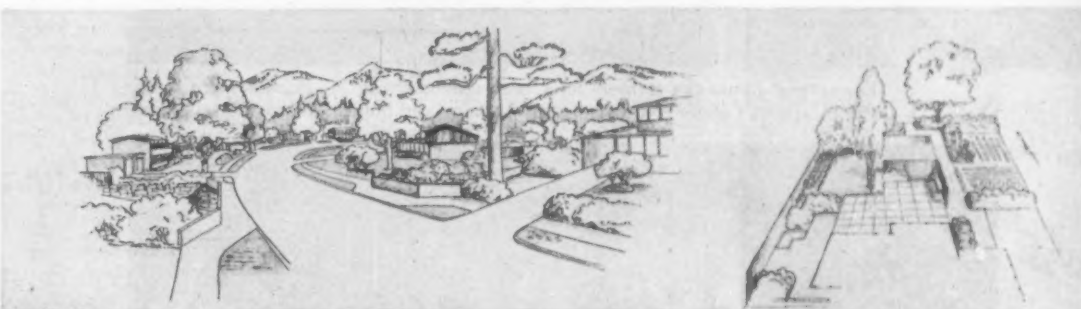
"We knew the problem of getting thousands of people to live up there would be as great as any of the engineering problems," says McNeely DuBose, an Alcan vice-president and outstanding hydro-electric engineer who, more than any other man, has fathered the British Columbia aluminum project. "We considered two other hydro-electric sites in British

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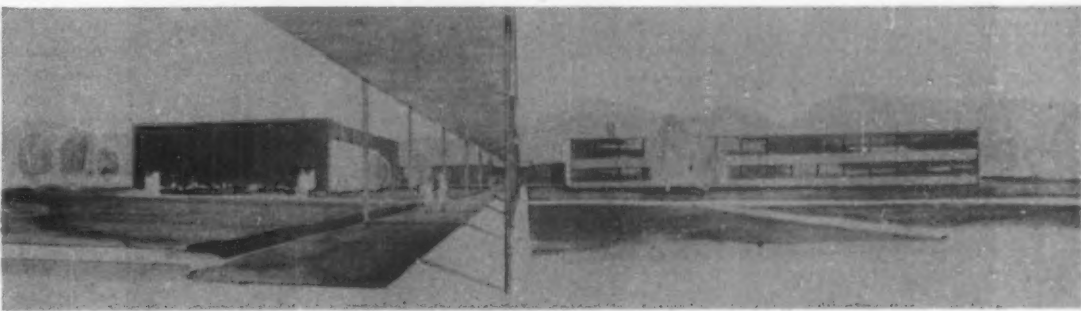
Top-rank town planners dream up a modern Shangri-la



This shopping centre is already under construction. Department-store chains are bidding for space.



Houses are planned with service entrance facing the streets. Gardens and patios are included.



The first school will have covered walks between classrooms because of Kitimat's heavy rainfall.

Drawings by Desmond Muirhead

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN THE OLD QUARTER



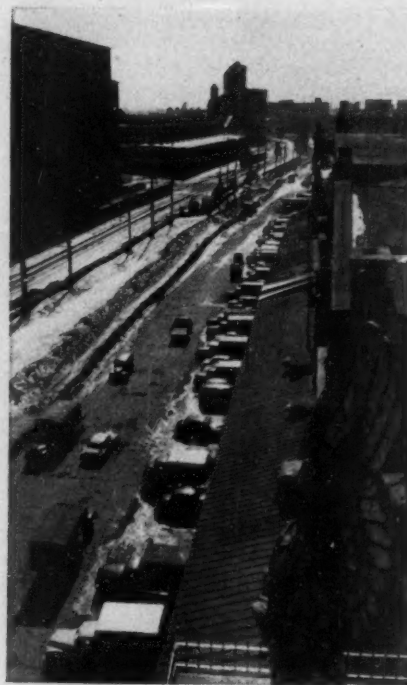
6 am For several hours the farmers have been manoeuvring for market space in the Place Jacques Cartier. Now, from cafes, shops and homes, the customers arrive.



8 am Bums, grocers, janitors, seamen rest, get warm and pray in Bonsecours Church.

By MCKENZIE PORTER

The 300-year-old heart
of Montreal beats ceaselessly
to the rhythm of *chansons*
from the smoky taverns,
the rumble of produce trucks,
the hum of bargaining,
and the wailing of sirens
as sea-weary sailors
signal their homecoming to the
Virgin of Bonsecours



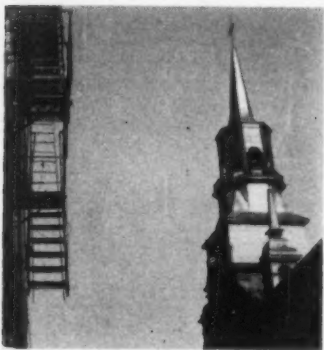
On Commissioners Street, trucks fill the storied Bonsecours Market with produce; then other trucks come to take it away.

WHEN THE THREE night spots close at two o'clock of a morning in the Old Quarter of Montreal many of their clients repair to nearby snack bars for coffee. As they think of hailing taxis for home a growing rumble is audible in the Place Jacques Cartier, a small brightly lit square sloping down from City Hall on Notre Dame Street to the docks on Commissioners Street.

Here farmers from thirty and forty miles around the metropolis fill the darkness with excited shouts as they park big trucks back to back, leaving enough space between to form a passage. On the tailboards they arrange displays of home-grown fruit and vegetables, then settle down to wait for customers. They keep themselves warm over little oil stoves and guard one another's products as they go off in turn for breakfast.

In the snack bars their fresh red faces, sparkling eyes and noisy badinage cause the revellers who still linger to wince, drain their cups sheepishly, and depart.

Another day has begun, the same restless, colorful and cheerful sort of day the Old Quarter has seen for most of its three hundred years.



Model ships from thankful sailors decorate old Church of Bonsecours.

ward or during the rapid economic development of the early nineteenth century. Thus the streets are still as narrow and irregular as they were in the days of New France and most of the basements have heard the clink of buckled shoes and wine bottles from Burgundy.

The Theatre Royal where Charles Dickens played in amateur theatricals has vanished but Rasco's Hotel, where he slept, is still intact, its ground floor now bursting with the butter, eggs, cheese, bacon and fruit of wholesale victuallers.

Most of the buildings in the Old Quarter were influenced by the architects who transformed Paris during the reigns of Napoleons II and III, and created an ornate florid style that became known as Second Empire.

If they are battered by the bumps of trucks and stained by the juice of sundried oranges they are at least graceful, their clean-cut, two-foot-thick fronts, their shutters and their dormer windows giving the visitor a sense of being in the side streets off the Arc de Triomphe.



Edouard Beauchamp, poulterer, is typical of the Bonsecours trader.

On the ground floor lights are switched on and scores of men in white aprons begin to unload from packing company trucks sides of beef the color of honey and strawberries, carcasses of lamb and thousands of chickens, ducks and turkeys. In open stalls off a long central corridor other men are stacking cheeses, salami, bologna and smoked hams, and still more are arranging crates of grapefruit and apples, stalks of bananas and big string sacks full of onions, cabbages, cauliflowers and celery.

These are the celebrated wholesalers like Morantz the butcher, Ostiguy the poulterer, and Maitland the fruiterer, family firms which have been permanent tenants of the city-owned Bonsecours Market Hall for generations and derive their profits from supplying hotels, hospitals, ships and retail stores.

Every Friday morning there is an insurge of still more food when some seven hundred farmers, over and above the two hundred already in the Place Jacques Cartier, climb the stairs to the upper floor of the Bonsecours Market Hall and set out their wares for retail sale on long low benches.

The sons, grandsons and great-grandsons of

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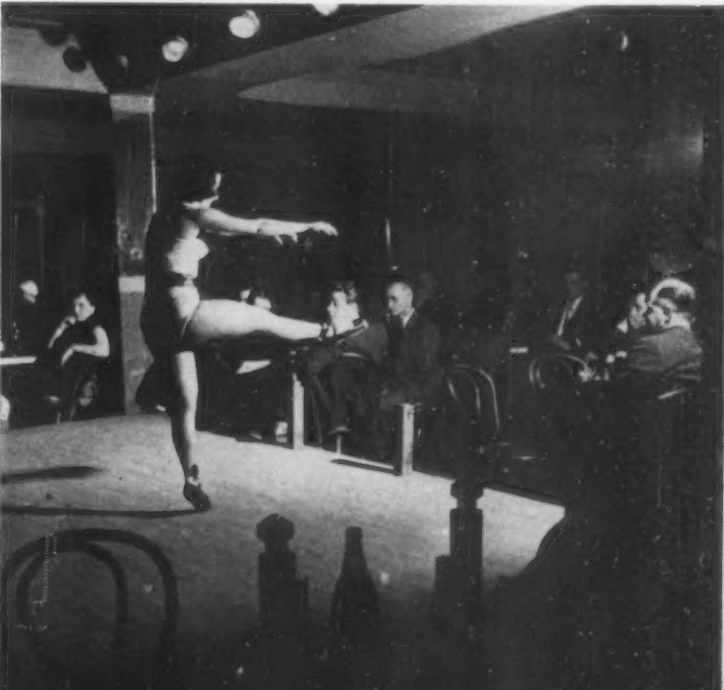


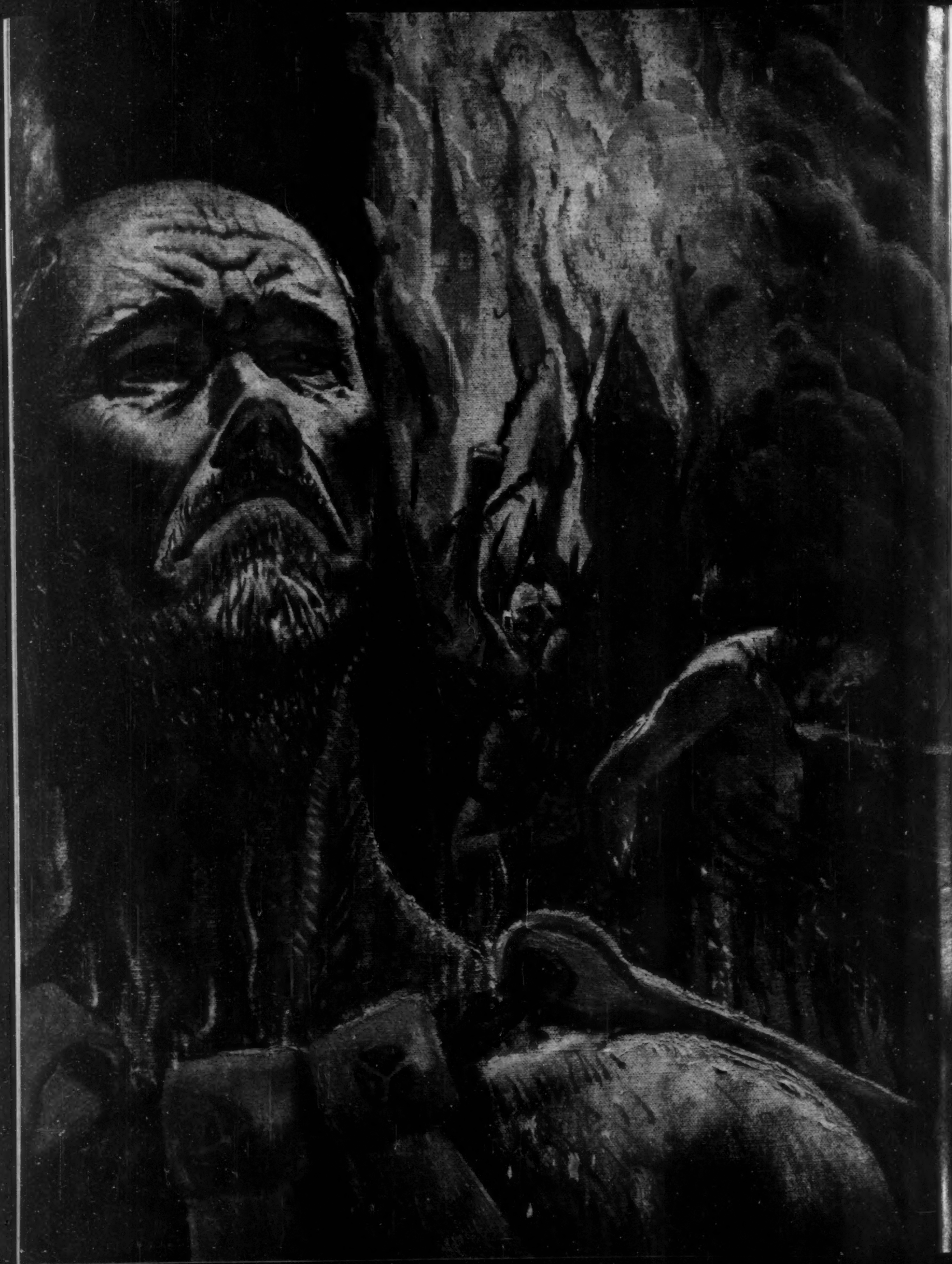
10 am Farm woman haggles pleasantly with fussy chicken buyer. Home-cured tobacco, blood pudding and maple syrup are specialties.



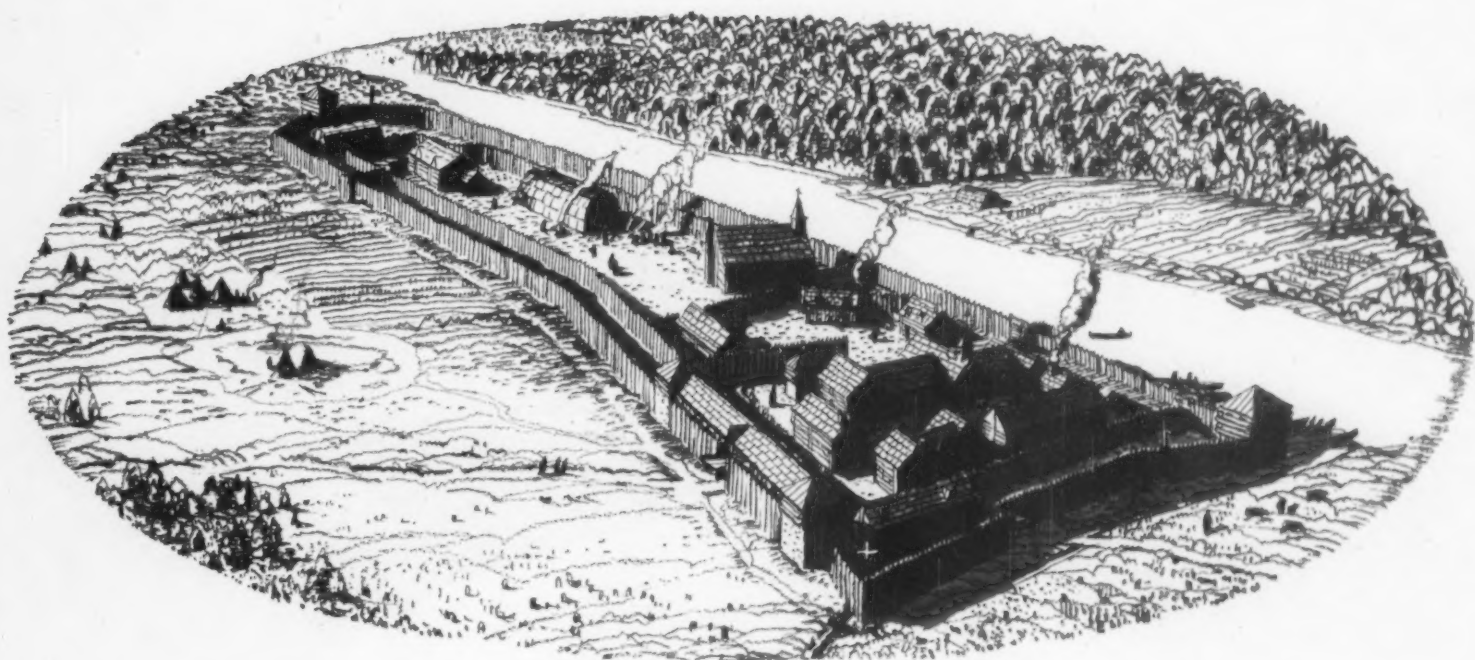
5 pm Religious orders and a city refuge provide food, clothing and beds for the down-and-outers who always roam the Old Quarter.

2 am Last show at Auberge du Canada. When the night-hawks hit the street they'll find the early-bird farmers starting a new day.





T



The mission fort of Ste. Marie (near Midland, Ont.) deterred the Iroquois. De Brébeuf and Lalemant were killed at a nearby outpost.

The exalted deaths of the Midland martyrs

With machinelike precision the Iroquois dismembered the once-mighty Huron nation. And with the Hurons died two Jesuit martyrs whose names today shine as brightly as the dreadful fires that destroyed them

IN THE MIDDLE 1640s, the mighty warriors of the Five Nations relaxed their sporadic siege of the isolated but strangely tough little French colony of Montreal and turned their attention to an older task. Before the decade was over, they had accomplished as dreadful a feat of arms as any known to the history of Canada—the destruction of their most numerous rivals, the Hurons.

The Iroquois did not owe their supremacy over the other Indian tribes to their courage and ferocity alone. With their great physical strength they combined a high degree of intelligence and a capacity for organization which the others lacked. The hit-and-miss Huron, the lackadaisical Neutral, the erratic Erie, were creatures of impulse. The men of the Five Nations proceeded always according to plan. They had created a parliamentary procedure for arriving at decisions and this led to a Spartan-like unity of purpose in carrying out what they had decided.

The chiefs of the Five Nations were chosen by a system which was partly hereditary and partly selective. A dead chief's successor was never chosen from among his sons—there was always some doubt of paternity—but from his relatives on the distaff side. If none of the cousins and nephews seemed strong enough to suit the opinionated and outspoken rank and file, a council would be called to select the warrior best fitted to assume charge. This entitled the new chief, among other privileges, to sit in the supreme upper

council of the Five Nations, which was made up of fifty sachems, each of the tribes having a definite allotment. It was in this upper chamber, this meeting place of senators, that all matters of importance were decided, particularly the questions of war and peace.

The fifty sachems gathered by established custom in the council-house at the Valley of Onondaga, the Onondagas being the tribe centrally located. Generally the whole Iroquois population would move out of the rolling hills and valleys of their fruitful country and follow their leaders to Onondaga, there to sit in dense groups and hold their own conclaves while the great men talked in the council-house. The concerted wisdom of these open-air forums, including those of the women who were always given a hearing, would be conveyed by delegates to the solemn council of the sachems and would be fully considered before any final decisions were reached. Once made, a decision had the unanimous support of all the Five Nations.

It was an intense pride of race which made them conquerors. In the early years of the 18th century they were to admit to their confederacy a tribe which had been forced out of South Carolina and had migrated to the north, the Tuscaroras. They called themselves thereafter the Six Nations but their attitude to the Tuscaroras was always condescending and resentful.

The habits, the beliefs, the likes, the dislikes, of all the aborigines of North America were, of course, diametrically

Continued on page 32

The most frightful of all the tortures was the collar; six linked hatchets that had been heated red-hot.

The men who can't stand marriage

Why will thousands more Canadians desert their wives and children this year? A Maclean's editor probes a baffling social problem that costs the country millions

ON AUGUST 9, 1950, Toronto police discovered an abandoned car on a lonely road. The owner, a 38-year-old teacher, was missing. His empty wallet and shattered glasses were on the floor. Blood was splattered on the windshield and dashboard in such a way as to indicate that he had been struck on the head from behind.

But after a few days of investigating police told his wife that in their opinion no crime had been committed. They discovered he had been going around with a woman who was separated from her husband. She was missing too. Both of them had taken their money from local banks and transferred it to Australia. What it added up to was that the teacher had deserted his wife and children and had set up an elaborate smoke screen.

Fifteen months later, the woman in the case phoned her husband from Chicago. "I want a divorce," she told him. "Come down here so we can talk about it." Instead, the husband sent police and U. S. Immigration officials. They, in turn, had her phone the teacher, who was working in an advertising agency in St. Louis, and ask him to come to Chicago to see her. He was apprehended. Why had he run away? He could no longer stand his family situation, he said, and "I just got fed up with teaching." He had feigned a murder "to make it easier for my wife to understand my disappearance."

Such runaway husbands present a growing problem. Each year more and more men, unable to endure the

stresses and strains of marriage, escape their dilemma by walking out. Boom times seem to swell their number. Latest statistics available show that in Canada in 1951 there were five thousand convictions for non-support of families, probably involving more than ten thousand children. That's double the figure for 1941. In 1951 in Ontario, 1,700 wives were getting mothers' allowances or unemployment relief because their husbands had apparently vanished. The annual cost to the Canadian taxpayer of maintaining the wives and children of runaway husbands is estimated at \$3 millions.

When a husband first flees, his wife can go to the local welfare office and claim unemployment relief. But this is only temporary help. If the husband hasn't shown up after a year, she can apply to the provincial welfare office for mothers' allowances. The benefits vary from province to province. Among the most generous is Ontario's, where a mother with three children may receive \$90 a month in cash, plus an allowance for fuel and free medical services. The mother is permitted to supplement her income by working half-time; the rest of her time must be spent with her children.

Statistics about wives receiving help from the public purse tell only part of the story about desertion. There are two or three times as many desertions as reported, since many women prefer to work out their own difficulties. And there is no record of the humiliation, the heartbreak and economic

Continued on page 81

BY SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON





A HILL OF SOLID GOLD

The Montreal prospector
was ready
to abandon his search
for gold in the wilds
of British Guiana.
Then out of the jungle
came the
naked man from El Dorado

BY PRINCE OBERMULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

TEN MONTHS had sped by since I left headquarters in Montreal to explore for a deposit of gold-bearing quartz in the hinterland of Guiana.

With six sturdy black veterans of the jungle—men who did as much work and ate as much food as a herd of Kentucky mules—I pitched camp on Jumratta hill on the right bank of the Takutu. To the east was Brazil, to the west the mighty, torrential and rocky Essequibo—the second largest waterway in South America. Before us looming in blue grandeur was the Marudi mountain range, and behind us an expanse of countless miles of wild, undulating, evergreen hills.

With those men I had combed that region in Guiana, throughout those ten blundering and distressing months—hardly resting a Sunday—and had drilled hundreds of prospect holes without an indication of success. Here and there the pan or a piece of quartz gave evidence that the earth was not entirely destitute of gold but there was nothing valuable enough for big operations.

They always tell you in Guiana of one Pigeon Island Brown who collected barrels of gold in a day, of another Caburi Thomas, who had to hire men to remove the nuggets he amassed in a single pit; of Tiger hill and Llena, Rocky River, where the old-timers shot wild animals with golden bullets.

It was my custom to sit on a log and listen to my boys for hours as they gaffed and gorged themselves on Canadian food. They were a happy, improvident lot, and sometimes I wondered whether the beauty of the Rupununi nights did not often lend wings to their tales.

Sure enough, statistics prove that gold in considerable quantities has been taken out of the soil of Guiana, and the number of old mining excavations we encountered in our trails gave evidence that some were worked in the Takutu area, but how much of it and by whom only legend can hazard an answer.

The camp I constructed for personal use was on the summit of the hill about fifty rods away from the one built for the gang. This precaution I adopted because at certain intervals I like to read and concentrate and the disorderly conduct of the

boys when I was in a studious mood was distracting.

About five that afternoon I lay in my hammock rocking gently and reviewing my failures. How would I go back to Montreal and face the directors of the company? What would I tell them? A mine cannot be discovered in Guiana? Within a few days I would be requested to tender my resignation.

On embarking on this project I was given to understand that one year was allowed me to stake my claims. When that time expired and no discovery was made the directors reserved the right to liquidate the expedition and cancel my contract.

I got up and went down to the boys. They were at supper. My foreman, Jim Branch, laid aside his meal and came to me.

"Well, Mr. Leacock," he asked, "what's on the agenda for tomorrow, sir?"

"I guess you boys better take it easy tomorrow, Jim," I replied. "I'll think over what I'll do by then. Likely we may withdraw from the Takutu as soon as transport arrives and attempt negotiations with the Brazilian government to explore a part of their territory."

The Negro returned to his meal.

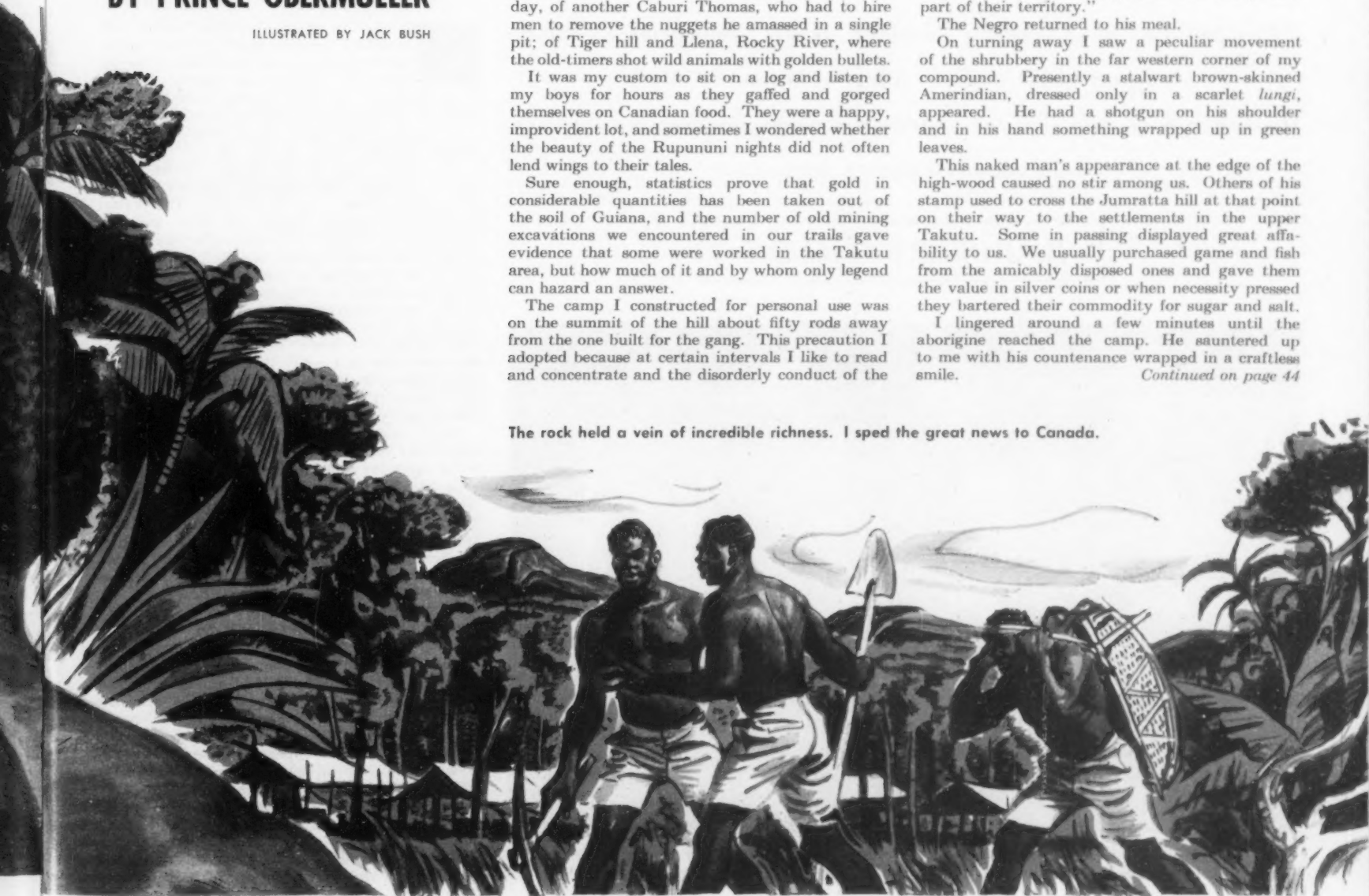
On turning away I saw a peculiar movement of the shrubbery in the far western corner of my compound. Presently a stalwart brown-skinned Amerindian, dressed only in a scarlet *lungi*, appeared. He had a shotgun on his shoulder and in his hand something wrapped up in green leaves.

This naked man's appearance at the edge of the high-wood caused no stir among us. Others of his stamp used to cross the Jumratta hill at that point on their way to the settlements in the upper Takutu. Some in passing displayed great affability to us. We usually purchased game and fish from the amicably disposed ones and gave them the value in silver coins or when necessity pressed they bartered their commodity for sugar and salt.

I lingered around a few minutes until the aborigine reached the camp. He sauntered up to me with his countenance wrapped in a craftless smile.

Continued on page 44

The rock held a vein of incredible richness. I sped the great news to Canada.





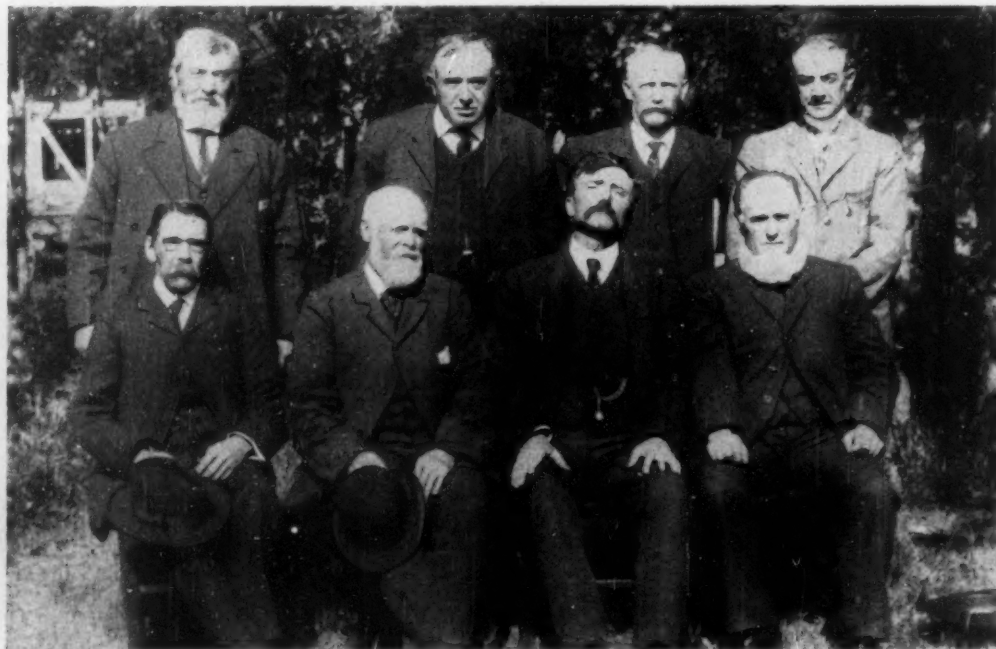
Drowsy Wawanesa, Man., looked like this in 1913 when the local Mutual Insurance Co., after a seventeen-year struggle, began to grow. Today

The One-Horse Town

Fifty-eight years ago a bibulous Maritimer started a shoestring insurance company in the unlikely village of Wawanesa, Man.

He died a poor man, but his "outlaw" company mushroomed into one of the country's biggest and boldest

By ROBERT COLLINS



Wawanesa Mutual has always drawn its officers and directors from the town and surrounding farm area. Early board included founder Alonzo Kempton (top, second from left).

TO THE average Canadian, whose sole encounter with insurance is a free blotter and a bill for a premium every year, an insurance company head office is a vaguely magnificent place on Toronto's Bay Street or Montreal's St. James Street, replete with marble, granite and dignified financial wizards in top hats and striped trousers.

To these laymen the Wawanesa Mutual, one of Canada's largest, most reputable fire and casualty companies, comes as a bit of a shock. The Wawanesa Mutual makes its home two doors from the poolroom in a village of 447, was run for twenty-five years by the town's leading toper and always places Manitoba farmers on its board of directors.

Its head office is a modest two-story building in the drowsy farming village of Wawanesa, Man., which lies in a crook of the Souris River thirty miles south of Brandon. For 58 years the Mutual has lived here so happily that it's as essential to the village as Peters' Hardware down the block or the Cameo Theatre (movies on Thursdays and Saturdays) just across the street.

Every morning about ten, insurance-company executives take the two-minute stroll down the main street for coffee at Henderson's Cafe, swapping greetings along the way with local farmers. The company treasurer, Neil Burgess, is village band leader. Company inspector Charles Lawrence is a Sunday-school superintendent. Underwriter Herbert Lawrence is an assistant scout leader, underwriter Arthur Osborne owns the Cameo Theatre, and Wawanesa's mayor, druggist C. C. Gorrie, is a company director.

Seventy-five people work for the head office, sharing the monthly \$19,000 payroll and representing practically every home in the village. The company is full of father-and-son and brother combinations and three grandchildren and one great-grandchild of an original director are Mutual employees.

The Mutual loans its private snowmobile to the village doctor, put up half the money to build the local ten-bed hospital and even fights village fires with its private portable fire engine and volunteer crew. At least once it saved a Mutual-insured house.

Since Wawanesa's freight-and-passenger CNR local rattles through only twice a week, a mail



the Mutual boasts modern branches like this one in Montreal. But the head office remains in Wawanesa and Wawanesa looks just about the same.

That Spawned A Giant

truck travels to and from Brandon once a day for the insurance company and, incidentally, the town. The village has no water pressure system, so the Mutual rigged up its own from a deep well, thoughtfully placing one tap outside its building. On summer days villagers help themselves to pails of water the way housewives borrow a cup of sugar.

Amidst this cosy family atmosphere, the Wawanesa Mutual insures a billion dollars' worth of property in eight Canadian provinces.

Its assets for 1953 were \$19.5 million. In 1952, the last year for which comparative figures were available, it was the fourth largest seller of auto insurance in Canada, next to one Canadian and two American companies. It expected to be third in 1953. It insures so many automobiles that in a British Columbia four-car accident recently, all cars were covered by Wawanesa.

Also in 1952, the Wawanesa Mutual was the fourth largest seller of fire insurance in Canada, exceeded only by one American and two British companies. This record was achieved in competition with 281 fire and casualty companies licensed by the dominion government.

The fact that the Wawanesa Mutual successfully runs a nation-wide insurance business from a one-horse town does not astonish its rivals. The Mutual has such a flair for adopting impossible ideas and making them work that an Ottawa Department of Insurance examiner once dubbed it "the amazing Wawanesa."

Two years ago, for instance, the company's Montreal branch office offered jobs to men over 65 years of age, much to the amusement of its rivals. As everyone knew, men of this age had outlived their usefulness.

Then retired bank managers, office managers and senior civil servants began flocking into the Wawanesa office for indoor jobs, taking down accident reports and helping customers fill in insurance applications. They were mentally alert, punctual, experienced in the business world and of excellent bearing. Most were on comparatively small pensions and needed extra money but, more significantly, were bored with retirement. In fact, the idea originated after a restless man of 81 applied for and was given a job.

For the company the plan produced excellent employees at a moderate wage. Sixteen men were

eventually hired in Montreal at a salary of \$150 a month. Although men of exceptional ability may be paid more, the company makes it clear at the outset that these older employees will not deter the promotion of deserving younger men.

The plan worked out so well that the Wawanesa introduced it to other branch offices with the age limit lowered to sixty.

Again, among most insurance companies, taxi cabs and U-drive cars are notoriously bad risks. But the Wawanesa Mutual insures taxis and U-drive vehicles in most major Canadian cities, including more than fifty percent of the taxis in Quebec Province. It makes this risky line support itself simply by obtaining a large enough volume

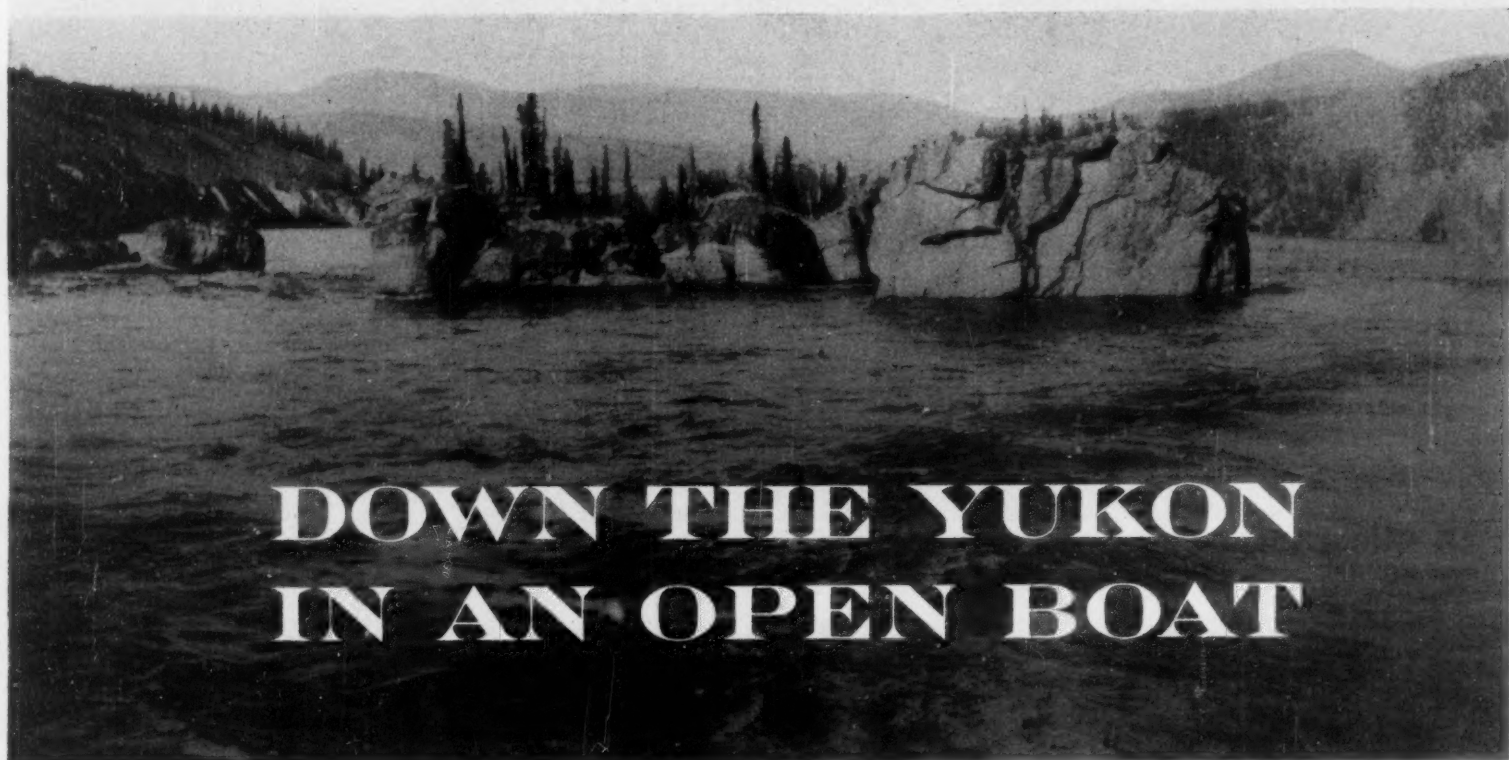
of business at premiums high enough that even a large claim won't upset the company's equilibrium.

Wawanesa is responsible for many insurance innovations. Direct automobile insurance—sold from company to motorist without an agent—recently came to Canada from the U. S. with much accompanying fanfare. Wawanesa introduced direct insurance in Quebec in 1939 because agents there consistently covered poor risks. This business now accounts for about forty percent of its auto-insurance sales. Previously the company had always lost money in Quebec; since then it has always registered a profit. Quebec drivers save fifteen to twenty percent over ordinary insurance. Quebec is still the only *Continued on page 60*



The company, known for its bold innovations, two years ago offered jobs to men over sixty like salesmen (above) writing policies in Montreal office. Rivals scoffed but the plan worked.

I MARRIED THE KLONDIKE PART TWO



DOWN THE YUKON IN AN OPEN BOAT

Four grey pinnacles of rock turn the Yukon into five separate pools of swirling water called the Five Fingers Rapids. As we approached them I clutched the children tightly.

By LAURA BEATRICE BERTON

With two children under six, this unruffled woman and her sourdough husband braved squalls, deadly rapids, submerged logs and ravaging mosquitoes as they drifted four hundred miles in a poling boat

WHEN THE First World War ended my husband and I found ourselves facing a major decision: Should we return to the Klondike, which had become our home, or should we settle Outside, as we called the rest of the world?

Frank, my husband, had been in the Klondike since the gold-rush days of 1898, until the war took him away. I had gone in as a kindergarten teacher in 1907, intending to stay a year. Instead I had married, spent the first three months of my wedded life in a tent on Sourdough Gulch, and had become firmly wedded to the land and the town of Dawson.

For Two Weeks Our Floating Home Never Stopped Rocking



We set out from Whitehorse in this poling boat for the 400-mile trip to Dawson City.



That's the steamer Casca on the Thirtymile River amid typical northland beauty.



These desolate cabins, with a post box on the outside, sprang up in Gold Rush days.

Now, after three years, we had to decide what to do. Dawson City seemed to be a dying town and yet we could not give it up. I know the phrase "spell of the Yukon" has become a cliché but that does not make it any the less powerful. There is another phrase in the north which people still use about those who are wedded to it. "He's missed too many boats," they say. Well, I guess Frank and I had missed too many boats. We prepared to go back to the Yukon for the rest of our lives.

We did not go immediately to Dawson City. Instead Frank found himself transferred to Whitehorse as a combination mining recorder, fire warden, inspector of weights and measures and half a dozen other jobs all rolled into one. Whitehorse was closer to civilization than Dawson, yet somehow we felt more isolated. It was a much smaller settlement—about 300 people—and it didn't have an undertaker. He came over from Skagway, when needed, on the twice weekly train through the mountains.

We had not been in Whitehorse three months before I realized that after years of handling other people's children I was going to have one of my own. My satisfaction at this approaching event was leavened by some slight feelings of anxiety. The Whitehorse hospital was smaller and more primitive than the one in Dawson. The doctors had a habit of flitting in and out of town like bees moving from flower to flower. And I was 42. I could not forget the fact that the two kindergarten teachers who had followed me at the Dawson school had both died in childbirth.

The town doctor just wouldn't stay put. The first one left within a month. His wife had died of influenza and while the poor woman was still alive it had been necessary to summon the undertaker from Skagway. Otherwise he might have missed his train. As a result, the doctor had no stomach for our town.

Now our collective health was entrusted to the druggist's assistant for the druggist himself was wintering Outside. I was dubious about going to him for obstetrical care for he obviously had more experience selling postcards of Robert Service's cabin. It was two months before Doctor No. 2 arrived. We all liked him but he didn't like us and was off again in a month leaving us once more to the mercy of the drugstore clerk.

My time was drawing near when fortunately Doctor No. 3 arrived. I received my summons one hot July day when the thermometer stood at ninety-two in the shade. The hospital was silent as the grave. The only other patient was an elderly Indian being treated for a carbuncle.

Now began a curious ordeal. The windows of my room opened onto the main street and as my pains increased I could hear two women conversing outside my window. They were discussing my approaching death. I knew them both. One was a schoolteacher, the other an elderly florid Englishwoman named Mrs. Fortesque. She loved to go

A Dog Is Really Man's Best Friend in the Far North



We had Grey Cloud, our favorite, for years. Frank often hitched him up to pull our children.



I've seen it sixty below in Dawson but we dressed for it. Just look at me!



Here's our dog Cloud again; he was a gentle husky, wonderful with the children.

calling, for she clung tenaciously to those social forms that had been drummed into her as a girl in an English cathedral town. She called on every newcomer to town and when anyone left town, she called again. She called on brides with good wishes, on the sick for speedy recovery, on the bereaved with deepest sympathy. Immaculately gloved, she entered with antique card case and the proper inscription for the proper occasion written in a flowing script in the upper left corner. She was always on hand when fortune smiled or disaster fell and I was not surprised to find her outside my window.

I began to wonder whether they had already sent for the undertaker from Skagway.

Now the whole question of women in the north crossed my mind, as it had so many times. I could not help thinking again of the other two kindergarten teachers who had died in childbirth. One had married the science teacher at the Dawson school. He had planned a dream honeymoon in the wilds of Swede Creek where they would both live in a tent and commune with nature. Alas, it had been too much for her and halfway through this idyll she had dragged him *Continued on page 50*



Most of the people we met on the river were Indians. They just stood and stared at us.



Our strange boat drew isolated prospectors and hermits to the rugged river bank.



The Yukon was dotted with piles of wood ready for steamers that burned a cord an hour.



HE'S MAKING A LIAR OUT OF KIPLING

BY DOUGLAS DACRE

Rudyard Kipling held
that "East is East, and West
is West, and never
the twain shall meet;"

Nik Cavell,
a former violinist and horse
trader, is now
energetically spending
150 million dollars of our
money in a promising
attempt to prove him wrong



Canada's Colombo Plan chief, Nik Cavell, spends eight months a year in Ottawa, four in Asia.

THE TASK before R. G. Nik Cavell, director of Canada's contribution to the Colombo Plan, is to prove that Rudyard Kipling was wrong when he wrote that celebrated phrase: "Oh East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Like other Colombo Plan administrators Cavell believes that East and West *must* meet if the world is to be saved from catastrophe.

An unusual job is nothing new to Cavell. Chronologically he's been a theatre violinist, a straight man to a comedian, an Indian Army cavalry officer, a horse trader, a South African sheep farmer, a Cape Town journalist, a telephone company executive in Japan and China, a British Secret Service agent in Manchuria and the boss of two Ontario electronics companies.

Twenty-five years experience in the Orient and a dedication to the welfare of its people qualified him for his present post in the Canadian civil service. Now sixty, he stumps around with the slightly bow-legged gait of the old cavalryman. His thatch is white, his beaky bespectacled face is drawn, his chest is racked by asthma and his stomach muscles, shot through long ago by Turkish bullets, are sagging. Yet he works doggedly, often seven days a week, and rarely leaves his office before seven-thirty in the evening.

Today Cavell's role in the Colombo Plan consists

of spending \$150 millions of the Canadian taxpayers' money on food, machinery, scientific instruments and technical advice that will help the East shake off its poverty and strengthen the resistance of its teeming multitudes to Communist propaganda.

The Colombo Plan originated during a meeting of British Commonwealth foreign ministers at Colombo, Ceylon, in 1950, when they discussed the plight of South and South East Asia.

The average per capita income of 570 million Asians in these regions is \$60 a year, compared with \$1200 in Canada and the United States. The ordinary Asian's diet of twelve ounces of cereals and starch per day yields him less than the 2,000 calories regarded by the West as a minimum for survival. The usual home is a grass, mud or tin hut devoid of sanitation. Nine yards of cotton per year is all the average Asian can afford for clothing and furnishing. Eight out of ten are illiterate. The birth rate is rising so rapidly that by 1970 their numbers will have swollen to 720 millions, an increase equivalent to the population of the United States.

Famine stalks them. Yet their lands are rich in natural resources. Before the war they produced one third of the world's fats, three quarters of the world's tea and all the world's jute and rubber. Their handicap however, intensified in some coun-



Canadian bulldozer moves dunes on North-West Frontier. Asians need training as well as machines.



Cavell (right) inspects a hydro project in India.



Canadian gift ship to Ceylon is typical of aid that is designed "to help the Asians help themselves."

tries by a rapacious wartime Japanese occupation, and in others by the economic stresses of defense production, has always been the lack of the scientific knowledge and equipment necessary to exploit the wealth in their soil.

At Colombo the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia and New Zealand joined forces to help the Asian countries within the Commonwealth—India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Malaya, North Borneo and Sarawak. A few months later the United States joined and help was extended to Asian countries outside the Commonwealth—Burma, Cambodia, Laos, Nepal, Viet Nam and Indonesia.

The six-year plan will officially end in 1957, but it will probably be renewed because it has become the fulcrum of Western cold-war policy in the East. The annual costs are shared in this way: United Kingdom, \$150 millions; United States, \$100 millions; Canada, \$25 millions; Australia, \$11.5 millions; New Zealand, \$3 millions.

As director of Canada's share, Reginald George Cavell (the "Nik" that he prefers as first name derives from an Italian maternal grandmother named Nicolini) spends eight months of the year in Ottawa preparing Canadian assistance programs, and four months in the East checking on progress and compiling lists of new projects. In Ottawa he occupies a modest office hung with maps and posters

from the East and directs a staff of thirty in one of the government's temporary buildings. His unit is officially termed the International Economic and Technical Co-operation Division of the Department of Trade and Commerce.

Colombo Plan projects are cleared with the other divisions of Trade and Commerce to make sure they do not cut across Canada's normal commercial relations with foreign countries. They have then to be vetted by the Department of External Affairs for political and diplomatic prudence. Next they must be submitted to the cabinet for approval and endorsed by parliament. Finally the Department of Finance watches every outgoing penny to ensure that it is spent in the manner for which it was voted. Delays which Cavell describes as "infuriating for a man brought up in competitive business" are inevitable.

At first he slashed at red tape. Later, realizing he could not cut through it any more effectively than other civil servants, he set about feverishly to untangle it. One of his staff says, "When he has a document on which he wants action he charges around Ottawa hanging onto people's coat tails and nagging them until they sign."

In his office he interviews Canadian technicians for Colombo Plan jobs, receives visiting Asian students and officials, confers with industrialists

who make the equipment Canada donates and prepares detailed plans of his projects for scrutiny and approval at cabinet level.

It isn't difficult, says Cavell, to find Canadian technicians ready to work in the East. The jobs appeal to their sense of adventure. Most families, too, seem to settle there happily. Canadians are particularly liked in the East, he says, because they have a reputation for genuine altruism. The United Kingdom has a colonial reputation to live down and the United States has difficulty fending one off. (Recently Jawaharlal Nehru, India's Prime Minister, described the proposed gift of American military supplies to Pakistan as "creeping colonialism.")

In his relations with industrialists Cavell is at home. For twenty years he was an industrial boss himself. Many meetings with industrialists at Ottawa are to define the precise nature of Canadian equipment to be sent to Asia. There is much correspondence between Asian authorities and Canadian companies fulfilling Colombo Plan contracts and occasionally confusion arises through the use of different technical terms. Usually Cavell is able to straighten these matters out.

A Canadian hydro-electric engineering company making equipment for a dam in Bengal has been impressed by the clarity of technical correspondence from an Indian engineer on

The most successful



Peters fools thousands on the radio but anyone with half an eye can see that Joan Fairfax is a real live girl on his Music Hall television show.

Gerald Peters isn't Gerald Peters
Memory Music Hall doesn't exist
Some of its best actors are dead
The live ones are imaginary
The wild applause is canned
Happily, nobody'll believe it

By **GEORGE HILLYARD ROBERTSON**

PHOTOS BY ED HAUSEMAN

EVERY SATURDAY night a hundred thousand transplanted Britishers—homesick war brides, nostalgic ex-servicemen and their friends and relatives—gather around their radios to enjoy being hoaxed. Out of their loudspeakers comes a voice with a thinly disguised Bow Bells accent announcing that his name is Gerald Peters. It isn't. For half an hour, they hear him modestly acknowledge the thunderous applause and try vainly to control the laughter of a studio audience which has never seen him or heard him say a word. They listen while he exchanges repartee with an orchestra leader who wouldn't know him from Adam, greets and introduces people who have been dead for years, and otherwise officiates from the centre of a stage that doesn't exist.

He is so convincing that nearly three years after the inauguration of his calculated spoof, listeners from all over Canada are still taken in by him. Because he calls his program Memory Music Hall, they write for tickets to attend a performance at a theatre, which is mythical. Because he features numbers by English variety artists, mail addressed to him turns up regularly at the BBC in London. One woman sent a long letter saying she remembered his theatre well and described a few evenings she had spent there years ago when she lived in England.

It's somewhat different, of course, on television. Since last fall CBC viewers have seen Peters on a Wednesday night program called Music Hall and they indulgently go along with him as he poses as an entrepreneur of Gay Nineties



Honestly, this is Memory Music Hall: the audience, the orchestra, the artists, the works! Peters and his control-room trio are it!

Fraud in



Show Business

vintage. In this case the studio audience is real and his performers are live (and alive). The sentimental barmaid, who weeps at the sad songs, is an actress who serves flagons of beer that are, naturally, soft drinks. However, the show is handled so well that most of its viewers have small difficulty imagining that really the clock has been turned back some sixty years.

The perpetrator of these harmless frauds is a six-foot-four, 230-pound ex-Londoner whose legal name is Gerald Saunderson. He has spent the greater part of his 39 years in and about the theatre and music-hall business. Between times, when he wasn't managing a theatre, producing a variety show or presiding over a concert, he has chauffeured millionaires through Europe and tried to sell the Rolls-Royce car to Canadians.

An unabashed extrovert, with a constant irrepressible grin, showman Gerald Peters (to stick to the name by which he is best known) is considered by many Old Country expatriates as their closest and strongest link with "home." One who signed her letter "another bloody Cockney" wrote, "With our bottle of Scotch on the table, two glasses set up and hubby's pipe going good, we drink your health every Saturday night." Another sent her thanks and congratulations to Peters for converting her French-Canadian husband into a Gracie Fields fan.

Although some of his detractors label him "corny," Peters is completely dedicated to the type of entertainment he features on his radio and television programs. Using a shortened version of an actual variety concert, he breezes

through the half hour of his radio Memory Music Hall with the recorded help of such music-hall stalwarts as George Formby, Gracie Fields and Stanley Holloway, as well as lesser known acts like Ronnie Ronalde (the boy who whistles like a bird), and some performers like Harry Lauder and Richard Tauber, long since departed from all but Gerald Peters' fantasy stage.

On his television show he uses somewhat the same pattern, at the same time simulating the atmosphere and setting of a music hall at the turn of the century. While an invited studio audience sits around tables, quaffing the make-believe beer, ex-music hall luminaries like comedian Eric Christmas and singer Violet Murray entertain with songs and routines remembered from the late Victorian repertoire. The only modern note comes from popular songstress Joan Fairfax who handles ballads, while comedians Peters and Christmas exchange patter and recite narrative monologues with piano accompaniment, and the buxom Miss Murray sings barroom ballads like *She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage*.

Having managed theatres all over England, Peters is convinced he knows what variety audiences are looking for. "Give me a good pit band playing *I'm Just Wild About Harry*," he says, "and you can take all your symphonic strings and fancy arrangements and toss them on the rubbish heap." While this attitude hasn't served to ingratiate him with some of his Canadian colleagues, the bouncy numbers he plays on Memory Music Hall are made to order for his Saturday night radio audience. Between *Continued on next page*



The TV version is a Gay Nineties half-hour in which Peters frolics with actor Eric Christmas. A barmaid serves "beer" for atmosphere.

Maclean's Movies

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Saskatchewan (Hollywood version) pits Mountie Ladd against gun-gal Shelley Winters. You guessed it — she gets her man.

FORBIDDEN: A gangster's sultry widow (Joanne Dru) and an underworld punk (Tony Curtis) join forces in some improbable melodramatics in a tropical hell-hole.

FOREVER FEMALE: A show-business comedy, shallow but slick. It's about a mature star (Ginger Rogers) and a conniving starlet (Pat Crowley) who vie for the affections of William Holden, a glum young playwright.

HELL AND HIGH WATER: Like an uncomical comic strip blown up to cover a wall-to-wall screen, this CinemaScope yarn of submarine derring-do in the north Pacific is too silly to deserve the serious attention it demands. Richard Widmark and an A-bomb are starred.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE: A primly edited romance between Queen Guinevere (Ava Gardner) and Sir Lancelot (Robert Taylor) somewhat dampens the excitement of this otherwise interesting CinemaScope epic. Breath-taking British scenery and some fine earfilling jousts are among the assets worth noting.

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER: Television's wedded darlings, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, in a very funny (and sometimes terrifying) comedy. They appear as trailer-camp honeymooners who soon learn that a lavish house-on-wheels is not always heaven.

SASKATCHEWAN: Inspector Alan Ladd of the early Mounties saves western Canada from the Indians. He also storms the heart of a tempestuous gun-gal (Shelley Winters). A big, corny western, nice to look at but sorta All Mixed Up Inside.

Gilmour Rates

The Actress: Comedy. Excellent.
Back to God's Country: Outdoor melodrammer. Poor.
The Band Wagon: Musical. Excellent.
The Beggar's Opera: Musical. Good.
Beneath the 12-Mile Reef: CinemaScope action drama. Fair.
The Big Heat: Crime drama. Excellent.
Blueprint for Murder: Mystery. Good.
Calamity Jane: Musical western. Poor.
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.
The City Is Dark: Crime. Fair.
Conquest of Everest: Actuality drama of mountain climbers. Excellent.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.
A Day to Remember: Comedy. Fair.
Easy to Love: Water-musical. Fair.
Escape From Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs. Indians. Good.
Folly to Be Wise: Comedy. Fair.
From Here to Eternity: Army-camp drama. Excellent.
Genevieve: British comedy. Good.
Georgine: Show-biz comedy. Fair.
The Glass Web: Whodunit. Fair.
Glenn Miller Story: Musical. Good.
Go, Man, Go! Basketball. Good.
Half a Hero: Domestic comedy. Good.
His Majesty O'Keefe: Adventure. Fair.
Hondo: 3-D western. Good.
How to Marry a Millionaire: Romantic comedy in CinemaScope. Good.
Innocents in Paris: Comedy. Good.
I, the Jury: Whodunit. Poor.
It Should Happen to You: Manhattan satirical comedy. Excellent.

Jack Slade: Western. Poor.
The Juggler: Drama. Excellent.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
Kiss Me Kate: Musical. Good.
Latin Lovers: Romantic comedy. Fair.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.
Little Boy Lost: Drama. Good.
Malta Story: Air-war drama. Good.
The Man Between: Drama. Good.
Marry Me Again: Comedy. Fair.
Martin Luther: Drama. Good.
Miss Sadie Thompson: Drama. Poor.
Mogambo: Jungle comedy. Excellent.
Money From Home: Martin and Lewis comedy. Poor.
The Moon Is Blue: Comedy. Good.
Paratrooper: War drama. Fair.
Personal Affair: Drama. Fair.
Return to Paradise: Comedy-drama on tropic isle. Good.
Roman Holiday: Comedy. Excellent.
Royal Symphony: History. Good.
Shane: Western. Excellent.
The Sinner: Sexy melodrama. Poor.
The Square Ring: Boxing drama. Good.
The Sun Shines Bright: Drama. Poor.
Take the High Ground: War. Fair.
Thunder Bay: Oil drama. Fair.
Thunder Over The Plains: Western. Good.
Torch Song: Musical drama. Good.
Trouble in Store: Comedy. Fair.
Vice Squad: Police drama. Good.
Walking My Baby Back Home: Comedy and music. Poor.
Wild One: Drama. Fair for adults.

these numbers Peters tells jokes like, "I was teaching the wife how to drive, when all of a sudden she screams and says, 'You take the wheel, darling. There's a tree coming.'" He twits an English orchestra leader named Charles Shadwell whom Peters has gratuitously made conductor of the "resident" orchestra, carries on dialogue with a stage manager named George (actually Peters using another voice), makes fun of the audience and band and in general sounds like an English master of ceremonies. Coincident with these antics, listeners hear applause for the performers, laughter for Peters' good jokes and groans for his bad ones, and the general coughing and foot shuffling indigenous to audiences everywhere.

The fact that some people believe his program originates in an actual theatre with live entertainers still surprises Peters. He makes no secret of the fact that it is a simulated affair. Each show opens with an announcer saying "We take you, in your imagination, to a theatre in the heart of London..." Yet, he has been asked to make personal appearances in various Canadian cities accompanied by his "troupe." Once he was called on to placate an irate fan who had just lost money betting the whole affair was staged in a downtown Toronto theatre.

Even the closing announcement, "This has been another program of recorded variety..." wasn't enough to convince another enthusiast that Peters and a cast of British entertainers didn't fly over from England every week to perform the broadcast. On at least one occasion the illusion even fooled a radio-wise CBC engineer. In 1951, a few months after Memory Music Hall began, Peters made a remark on the air about the Toronto transportation strike. A moment later the operator in charge of master control booth, located in the same building, phoned the studio to ask how this local reference turned up on a British broadcast.

Some of his listeners have not only fallen for the deception but have written to congratulate him on the "genuine" quality of his program. One woman said, "It's so refreshing to hear real people laughing and applauding during your show—not like the phony canned stuff you hear on American shows like Bob Hope, Milton Berle and so forth."

It would come as a shock to this fan to learn that Peters' audience laughter is not only recorded, but is the actual sound made by people laughing at Milton Berle, Bob Hope and so forth. Not satisfied with the artificial-sounding laughter he heard on most sound-effects discs, he talked the CBC into pilfering takes from American comedy shows. As a result Peters is probably the only living comedian who can be rightly accused of stealing, not gags, but whole audiences.

While they were at it, CBC also lifted some substantial and realistic applause — some of it from such eminently respectable sources as Carnegie Hall reacting to a performance of the New York Philharmonic, and Albert Hall in London giving an ovation to Sir Adrian Boult.

The authentic quality of these crowd sounds is important, not only to create an illusion of actuality for the radio audience, but also to stimulate Peters' performance. Working in a small studio, and using an electronic device to achieve the echo effect of a large auditorium, he has only a set of earphones to let him know what is happening in the background. His actual live audience numbers three—CBC producer Ken Dalziel, who supervises the show, a studio engineer who operates the music turntables and microphones

and Ed Vincent who, with five records of crowd sound effects, "reacts" to Peters' remarks.

"During rehearsals I figure out which gags I think are funniest," Vincent explains. "I give Gerry a big 'boff' on these. Of course, I never know when he's going to cross me up." The "crossing up" that Vincent refers to is apt to be an ad-lib line, thrown in on the spur of the moment. If Peters feels Vincent is stingy with laughter, he'll often say something like, "Would you two people who are laughing mind sitting together?" The laugh that follows this line is usually closer to what Peters thinks the original gag deserved.

Occasionally something totally unexpected happens during the broadcast and the adroit use of sound adds to the sense of spontaneity. Once Peters dropped his script while on the air. A combination of his ad-lib remarks and recorded laughter made the situation as clear and as funny as if it had actually happened on a stage.

To achieve the atmosphere he wants, Peters works in the studio much the same way he would in a public performance, waving to the invisible audience, pointing to the non-existent orchestra leader when he addresses him and bringing on his imaginary guests with the traditional master of ceremonies' flourish and bow. When he can, he joins in the laughter and applause, often adding a piercing whistle, for which he invariably admonishes a mythical small boy.

The Sound of an '04 Car

Memory Music Hall isn't Gerald Peters' only sortie into the field of radio make-believe. Every Sunday afternoon for 18 months he tried the interesting if somewhat less successful task of convincing CBC dominion network listeners that he was spending his week ends in the colorful far-flung tourist havens of the world.

"I was a sort of fugitive from a guide book," Peters says, in describing the half-hour program, *An Innocent Abroad*, in which he conducted on-the-spot tours of exotic locales.

For this program the effects were less elaborate, consisting mainly of the sound of a 1904 car. In this ancient model which he called Shasta (shasta have gas, shasta have water) he met his visitors at the airport and drove them to the place's principal points of interest, stopping every few minutes to listen to music from the car's anachronistic radio. The mail failed to turn up any listeners who were taken in by this Peters' hoax, but when he announced one Sunday that he had sold Shasta he received enough protests to justify buying it back for the rest of the series.

One of the cities Peters visited during the run of this program was his birthplace, London, England. He was born there in 1914, the son of an American showgirl and an American vaudeville comedian, Grace and Gerald Peters. Peters was filling a London engagement at the time and when World War I broke out he enlisted. Two years later he was killed in action and when his wife decided to return to the American stage after the war young Gerald was adopted by a quiet and conservative British civil servant, Henry Saunderson, and his name was legally changed to Saunderson.

The very mention of theatre was anathema to the elder Saunderson. Accordingly, when Gerald was twelve, he was installed in London's Dulwich College to be educated for the diplomatic service.

Unhappily for his foster father's ambitions Gerald enrolled with, and soon became the best friend of a boy



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THE Salvation Army
RED SHIELD APPEAL

named Maurice Fournier, whose father A. E. Fournier was the director of several theatres in the West End of London. With the senior Fournier's support and encouragement the two boys converted the top floor of the Fournier house into a miniature theatre and staged variety shows for Dulwich students. His continued success with these shows, coupled with his continued failures in school, soon convinced Gerald, Saunderson Sr. notwithstanding, that the theatre was the only career for him.

On Fournier's recommendation, young Saunderson got a job as stage apprentice in one of London's largest theatres, the Strand. In 1936 he joined a motion-picture chain and managed movie houses until World War II broke out. He joined the British Army in 1940, and almost immediately succumbed to bronchial pneumonia, which resulted in his discharge six months later. After managing more theatres and producing variety shows, the lung infection caught up with him again in 1948 and he was advised to take an outside job or face the prospect of life in a sanatorium.

After a few weeks of fruitless searching, a chance tip sent him to a posh London auto dealer, Warwick-Wright, a subsidiary of the British car manufacturer, Rootes Motors Ltd. He applied for a job as salesman. Warwick-Wright, whose sales staff includes more than one titled lord who augments the income from a threadbare estate by selling Bentleys and Rolls-Royces to Britain's nobility, politely turned down the ex-music hall performer.

"Isn't there something I can do?" Saunderson pleaded.

"How desperate are you?" the manager asked.

"I'll take anything," Saunderson told him.

This candid exchange earned him one of the cushiest chauffeur's jobs in London — driving limousines for another Rootes subsidiary which concentrates on entertaining rich and influential visitors from abroad. During the next two years Saunderson drove potentates and diplomats, international celebrities and millionaires all over Britain and Europe.

It was while he was working as a chauffeur that he heard James L. Cooke, a Toronto car dealer, was looking for someone to sell Rolls-Royces to Canadians. He tackled Cooke in his London hotel room and in five minutes so impressed the Torontonian with his physique and sense of showmanship that he was offered the job on the spot. Cooke's idea was to have someone drive around in a Rolls and answer the questions of the curious.

Saunderson arrived in Toronto late in 1950. By 1951 it was obvious to both him and Cooke that not enough Canadians were asking questions beyond the price of the Rolls (\$18,000) to make the job worth while. A week after they came to this conclusion, Saunderson was back in the theatre business, managing a second-run movie house. A year later an acquaintance from England who knew of his theatre-management experience in that country offered him the management of Odeon's key theatre in Canada, the Odeon Toronto, which he accepted.

Meanwhile, with his lung trouble cleared up, he wanted to return to the performing end of show business. An acting audition for Ford Theatre's producer-director Alan Savage brought him his first chance. Savage, who has a reputation for using and encouraging newcomers, cast him as an Australian soldier in Ford's production of *The Hasty Heart*. In making his Canadian debut he used his father's name, Gerald Peters.

About the same time he met a schoolmate from Dulwich College, Tom Sloan, who is one of the BBC's representatives in Canada. Starting with an idea Peters had for a variety concert featuring recordings of British entertainers, they evolved the first Memory Music Hall. After several abortive attempts to sell the idea to CBC Peters finally convinced Bud Walker, manager of the dominion network, to give the idea a try. Walker scheduled it for a six-week test run in what is probably the worst spot in radio—a Saturday night in the middle of summer. That was July 1951. It's been in the same slot every week since without a break.

For a while Peters found his double role as confusing as it was hectic. Day-times and most evenings he was Gerald Saunderson, theatre manager. Week ends he became Gerald Peters, creator of the fantasy worlds encompassed by Memory Music Hall.

More than once this duality has caused a situation. Because he signs legal documents "Gerald Saunderson" and his radio mail "Gerald Peters" he usually has to think carefully which name to sign. In 1952 he made a trip to Buffalo to interview an actress named Mary Castle for promotion of a movie at the Odeon Toronto. After showing American immigration authorities all his Saunderson identification, he signed his border-crossing permit "Gerald Peters." It took half an hour of careful explaining and a couple of telephone calls to get straightened out.

A Cop from 'Ome

Sometimes, however, being two people has helped. Once, with characteristic disregard for everyday details, he ignored a two-dollar ticket for a traffic violation until it grew to a summons to appear and pay a stiffer fine. On his way to rehearsal he dropped into the police station to leave a cheque for the amount. An unrelenting desk sergeant insisted on cash until the name of Peters and CBC happened to get into the discussion.

"You the bloke wot 'as the program Saturday night?" the sergeant asked in a dialect that gave Peters fresh hope. He admitted he was. "Run along then," said the beaming Peters' fan, plucking the cheque from Peters' fingers. Then, looking at the "Gerald Saunderson" signature, he added, "But remember, next time none of your aliases, see?"

Since the autumn of 1953 when he left theatre management to devote full time to radio and the television program, life has been less complicated for Saunderson-Peters. TV has given him a chance to prove he's as effective with real performers and a live audience as he has pretended to be with his recorded radio crowd.

The Saunderson part of his life is now devoted exclusively to his wife Grace, a tall fair-haired girl whom he met and married in London in 1937, and their three children, Anthony, 16, Dudley, 14, and Sally, who is seven. The five of them, plus a dog Dusty and a budgie bird Peter live a rather crowded existence in a four-room North Toronto apartment where Gerald watches comedy shows on television for material ideas, consumes several comic and joke books every week for the same reason, and memorizes his lines in bed ("the only place where I can get any quiet").

Some of the time, though, he's day dreaming. He likes to think that some day the field for live variety entertainment will be as big in Canada as it has always been in England.

"When that day comes," he says, "I hope my Music Hall will be much more substantial than just a memory." ★

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The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

opposed to those of Europeans. The Indian found the smell of grease and oil, which he daubed all over his body, most agreeable to his senses, whereas it was like carrion to the French. On the other hand, "the rose, the pink, the clove, the nutmeg are insipid to him." The same divergence was to be found in all respects.

Civilized music was nothing but a confusion of sound in the savage ear. The warrior, who never seemed to sing except when under torture or at the approach of death, considered his own heavy and dismal songs "as beautiful as the blush of dawn."

In the matter of food the Indian liked his meat smoked, which gave it to the French palate a taste like soot. "Yellow porridge," the Indian term for mustard, was the most obnoxious of all foods to the Indian since the day when one of their number, offered a dish of mustard, scooped up the whole contents and took it down at a single gulp. Tears which he could not check poured from his eyes but otherwise he concealed his suffering as any victim at the torture stake. From that moment to proffer yellow porridge was a deadly insult.

The Indians admired their own small black eyes and long features. Contrary to the general impression they disliked the white skins of the French. They found curly hair grotesque while beards seemed nothing short of loathsome. A savage would often look into the face of a bearded Frenchman, shudder and say, "Ugh, how ugly you are!" The Indians were surprised at the roughness of European skins; their own were soft and delicate, as a result of the constant application of oil and grease.

In spite of the supremacy of the Iroquois, the credit for producing the greatest individual warrior of that day belongs to the Algonquins. His name was Piskiart.

Piskiart lived in the Ottawa country and had become a Christian; almost certainly, it was said, with an eye to receiving the musket which the French sometimes felt safe in confiding into the hands of converts. If the great Piskiart had taken the vows with an ulterior motive in the first place, he made up for it later by becoming thoroughly devout in his declining years; and certainly he made good use of the musket. He was a tall fellow with the agility of a panther and the face of an eagle; a lone wolf, moreover, for he preferred to fight alone. His greatest feat was when he stole down into the enemy country, a war party of one. Reaching a Mohawk village after night had fallen, he located a huge pile of wood at the edge of the nearby forest and made a hiding place under it. Then he stole into the village and killed all the occupants of one lodge, men, women and children, never using more than a single blow to split open a skull. In his secret and convenient niche under the woodpile, he heard the commotion next morning when the catastrophe was discovered; the lamentations, the shouts of rage, the departure of parties to track him down, the return of the discomfited avengers empty-handed.

The second night, believing that the killer would not dare to return, the village sank again into heavy slumbers and Piskiart repeated his sanguinary feat by slaughtering the occupants of another lodge. The second day was a repetition of the first but when the insatiable and confident Piskiart emerged

from his woodpile the third night, he discovered that a string of sentries had been set about the village. Having to be content with killing one of them, he raised a wild cry of triumph, and departed. The Iroquois sent a party after him. This time he made no effort to conceal himself but boldly set out for his own country. All through the day the chase went on. The pursuing braves followed the usual plan of taking turns at setting the pace so that he was forced to travel at high speed through most of the day. Among his other accomplishments Piskiart seems to have been the fleetest of all runners. At any rate he showed his heels to the lot of them. The pursuing party finally gave up and settled down to a night's sleep in a state of complete exhaustion; upon which the bold Algonquin slipped back and brained them all with his well-



Piskiart, the one-man war party,
once outran an Iroquois tribe.

reddened tomahawk. But the Hurons had no Piskiarts, nor is it likely that a hundred Piskiarts could have saved them once the businesslike Iroquois had resolved to wipe them out.

Of all Indian tribes the Hurons seemed to respond most readily to Christian teachings and in each of the four tribal families into which they were divided, the Bear, the Rock, the Cord and the Deer, the number of converts had been rising in a steady tide. The pagans were still in a majority but counts made in the forties varied from one Jesuit priest's estimate of 8,000 to a more conservative figure of 1,300 baptisms.

This reduced the effectiveness of the Hurons as warriors. The converts, accepting the teachings of Christ wholeheartedly, became gentle and asked nothing better than to hunt and fish and tend their maize and pumpkin patches near the shores of Georgian Bay and to follow the injunctions of their spiritual fathers. As a further handicap, few of them had firearms. By this time the Iroquois were well-supplied with guns and had acquired skill in the use of them.

The Jesuits had established twelve missions in this beautiful country. It was a small corner of Ontario, somewhat less than forty miles deep and twenty miles wide, a land of rolling hills and many rivers with a maze of villages around which the land had been cleared. An attempt had been made to make the chapels attractive because the natives responded quickly to beauty and mystery. Each mission had a bell or as a substitute a kettle

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or any other utensil of metal from which sounds could be produced. Crosses had been raised in forest glades and at junction points of the trails so that the eyes of the natives would be continuously filled with reminders of the faith which held out its arms to them.

The main mission, which served the double purpose of an administrative centre and a retreat for the priests, was that of Ste. Marie. It stood near the mouth of the Wye River, a group of buildings of impressive size.

Although supplies and tools had to be brought in by canoe over many hundred miles of water, the engineers and their mission helpers erected and fortified a cluster of substantial buildings and supplied them with ingenious defense measures, the most astonishing being an underground water passage through which canoes could enter and leave without being seen.

The clump of frame buildings on stone foundations which made up the chief part of Ste. Marie was surrounded by a stone wall with strong bastions at each corner. There was in addition a deep moat protected by a barbican of timber. The stone wall was 175 feet long and 90 wide, a far cry from the wood palisades which had been the main feature of fortifications up to this time. It was believed that the mission could be held against any Indian attack.

Within the walls were two main buildings, the larger being a two-story structure used as living quarters for the priests. The other main building was the chapel which was sufficiently impressive to make it in the eyes of the natives the first wonder of the world. There were also sundry structures of lesser size, kitchens and service buildings as well as storage sheds.

This was only the inner core of the mission. The outer portions, which provided adequate quarters for the natives, were enclosed by a double wooden palisade nearly 800 feet long. Four buildings stood inside the palisades, including an Indian long house where the dusky visitors slept, a hospital of European construction with a large stone fireplace, and two smaller structures which served probably for storage purposes. In this enclosure the hospitable fathers had looked after as many as 700 Christian Indians in a two-week period, feeding them three bountiful meals a day as well as serving their spiritual needs. It was the desire to be tended in illness and buried in death which brought most of them to Ste. Marie. There was a large and well-tended cemetery within the high palisades.

The mission, over which Father Ragueneau presided as Superior, had a rather considerable European population. The highest number recorded was in 1645 when the total reached 58, which included 22 soldiers, 18 priests and a full complement of lay members.

Around Ste. Marie were great stretches of tilled land where crops of grain and vegetables were raised, and fruit trees of all kinds. In the fields the white workers were assisted by converts and the agricultural branch was so well handled that in the spring of 1649, when the threat of Iroquois aggression obscured the sky like a dark cloud, a surplus of food was reported sufficient for three years.

Alarming rumors had come as early as the winter of 1647-8. The Iroquois had broken the peace. A war party of unprecedented size—the Huron scouts said it numbered 1,200 braves—had ascended the Ottawa and were wintering in the country around Lake Nipissing. This intelligence inspired so much terror that free communication with the French settlements in the east

came to an abrupt stop. The fur fleets did not go down the Ottawa as usual. However, the Huron hunters used up their supplies so quickly that they were dependent on the French for their metal weapons and utensils. It became necessary to reach Quebec and in the early summer an effort was made to get in touch with the east. So great was the fear inspired by the Iroquois, that an escort of 250 warriors was provided. The departure of this large body of fighting men, which was a serious mistake on the part of the Hurons, served as a signal to the enemy to begin operations. They came silently down the river, traveling by night, their fierce eyes turned to the west where the nation lived which they had sworn to destroy.

The most vulnerable of the Huron villages was St. Joseph, or Teanostaiaie, because it lay on the extreme south border and could not obtain assistance quickly. Normally, it was the largest, having 2,000 inhabitants, but many able-bodied men were with the party going via the Ottawa to Montreal.

On July 4, Father Antoine Daniel, the Jesuit in charge of the St. Joseph mission, was celebrating early Mass and an unusually large gathering filled the chapel. It promised to be a warm day and already a strong sun was flooding through the windows and lighting the interior. Suddenly the resonant voice of the priest was interrupted by a cry from the palisades, "The Hotinonsionni! The Hotinonsionni!"

The Arrow Foiled Them

Father Daniel raised his hand as a signal that the service could not be continued and then hurried to the door of the chapel. To his dismay he saw that the Iroquois had already made a breach in the palisade and were pouring into the town. Naked warriors, armed with guns and mad with blood lust, were pouring through the breach. The din was unearthly, horrible, indescribable.

The priest realized that this was the end, for the village, for his flock and for him. He went back and baptized the panic-stricken people who crowded about him, pleading for protection. Then, in his white alb and red stole and carrying a large cross in front of him, he strode to the entrance.

By this time the Iroquois were in almost complete possession and the work of butchery had begun. The screams of the victims mingled with the bestial cries of the attackers. It is said that the Iroquois paused when they first glimpsed the figure of the fearless priest emerging from the chapel with unhurried steps, raising the cross high above his head. If they did, it was for a moment only. They surged about him and an overzealous arrow (the accurate aim robbing them of what they desired most, a Black-Gown as a captive) struck him down.

The town was set on fire and for a day and night thereafter a heavy pall of smoke rose above the treetops to tell the rest of the Huron country that aggression had struck. The victors then made off as fleetly and silently as they had come, taking 700 terrified prisoners. The mind recoils from contemplation of the orgies which followed when they reached their villages among the Finger Lakes in what is now northern New York.

The summer passed with no more than small and sporadic attacks but in the fall a second Iroquois party made its way up the Ottawa, to winter in the woods of the north. This meant another attack and the Hurons had no difficulty in deciding where it would fall. The eastern frontier was open to attack and the enemy might be ex-

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The White and the Gold - Part V

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

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pected to cross the Severn and, putting the North River and the Coldwater behind them, fall upon St. Ignace and St. Louis and the nest of smaller villages scattered about them. An idea of the compactness of the Huron country is supplied by the fact that St. Ignace, which was regarded as dangerously exposed, was only eight miles east of the stone ramparts of Ste. Marie.

Had a little more time been granted, the village of St. Ignace would have been made impregnable to any attack the Iroquois might launch. It was situated on a high flat ridge, six acres in extent, which protruded from the wooded hills behind it like the blunted head of an arrow. The sides of this elevated ground were so steep that they could not be scaled. To defend the relatively level approach, the elder statesmen of the community had planned strong fortifications across this strip which was no more than a hundred yards wide. There were to be triple palisades with bastions extending out far enough to cover all approaches, and the main entrance was to be massive. It was intended, in fact, to make St. Ignace an outer fort of great strength for the whole of the Huron country.

The Best-Loved Father

Such was the plan. There had been much procrastination during the winter months, however. The men of St. Ignace had hugged their fires according to custom and had done little. This must have dismayed the two priests who were responsible for the welfare of the nest of villages which lay behind St. Ignace. Father Jean de Brébeuf had this part of the country in his charge, with the assistance of Father Gabriel Lalemant.

St. Louis lay halfway between St. Ignace and Ste. Marie and here the two priests had established themselves. Often during the long winter the brave pair left their small fire at St. Louis and tramped over the rolling hills to the outpost village to urge that the work be continued. They presented a marked contrast, these two faithful shepherds. Father Brébeuf was a massive man, far above the average in height and strongly built. Father Lalemant was small and of uncertain health. The older man always strode ahead, his puny assistant following at his heels. The Hurons had great respect for each of them; but nothing could stir them out of their apathy, not even the prospect of an attack when the snows melted.

Jean de Brébeuf was, without a doubt, the best loved of all the missionary priests. A Norman by birth and of good family, he had joined the Society early. He had now been 22 years in the mission field and during that time he had been unfailingly kind

and brave, bringing to his work the devotion of a sublime faith. As the years rolled on and the shoulders of the tall priest became a little bent and his dark hair and beard turned to grey, the Hurons grew so attached to him that his absence would seem the greatest of misfortunes. They called him affectionately Echon. Once he had been away from them on a long journey and when his tall figure in its tight black soutane was seen approaching through the woods, they rushed out to greet him.

Everyone in the village saluted him, touching his hand and saying over and over, "Echon, my nephew, my brother, my cousin, hast thou then come again?"

On the trail he always took the heaviest loads at the portages and made the most frequent trips. He rowed or paddled without stopping from the start to the finish of the day.

"I am an ox," he would say, referring to his name, "and fit only to bear burdens."

Because he often said, "God has treated me with so much mildness," it was in his thought that he would die by violence. At times he had been visited by a recurring vision, Death attached to a post with hands bound behind.

The blow fell on the morning of March 16 of this sanguinary year 1649. Although they were prepared in Huronia for an attack there was no thought it would come as early as this. The ice had not broken on the rivers, there was still heavy snow on the ground, the winds from the north still blew with relentless vigor. The elder statesmen at St. Ignace drowsed over their pipes and the permanent palisades had not been raised over that hundred-yard strip. So many of the able-bodied men were hunting in the woods that most of the houses were unoccupied except for the very old and the very young.

The tall priest and the puny one were at St. Louis, having walked over together the night before from a week end of retreat and contemplation at Ste. Marie. The community was roused before dawn by the frantic cries of three Hurons who came racing through the woods, their faces filled with terror. The Iroquois had struck St. Ignace, scaling the makeshift walls before anyone in the doomed village was awake. These three alone had been able to get away and the answers they gave to the hysterical questions showered on them contained no grain of comfort. The men of the Long House were as numerous as the empty shells on the shore (there were, it developed, a thousand Mohawk and Seneca warriors in the party) and they were all armed with guns. They would soon be swarming through the woods to add the destruction of St. Louis to the

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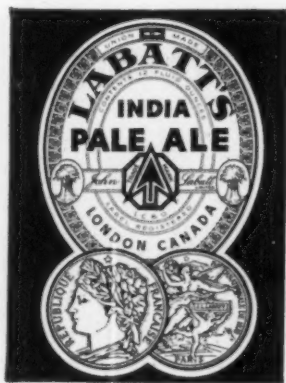


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In this small corner of Ontario the Iroquois slaughtered the Hurons. St. Ignace was actual execution spot of the martyrs.

Father Brébeuf was to die first; Lalemant, for a time, was to watch. The tall priest kissed the stake before they chained him to it, and in a loud voice he exhorted his companions in misfortune to keep stout hearts. He was first scorched from head to foot with blazing torches and all the nails were torn from his fingers. A Huron renegade, who had been baptized by the good priest, cried out, "Echon, thou sayest that the sufferings of this life lead straight to paradise: thou wilt go soon, for I am going to baptize thee." The renegade then took kettles filled with boiling water and poured them over the grey head which was held so high, crying out with a mad delight, "Go to heaven, for thou art well baptized."

Then they proceeded to encase his mutilated body in a bark weasand belt which had been made inflammable with pitch and resin, and to this they set fire. His flesh, already torn and scalded, began to roast in this sheath of fire but his deep voice never faltered nor broke as he continued to exhort the watchers and to beg forgiveness for them. To stop that brave voice the angry tribesmen cut off both his lips



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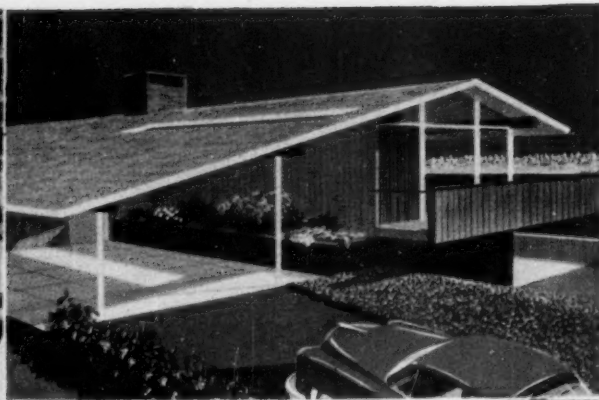
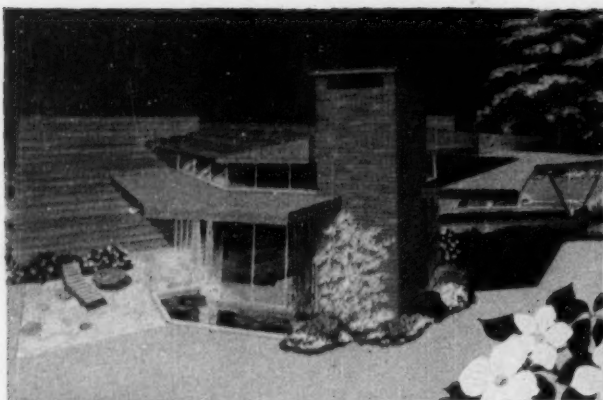


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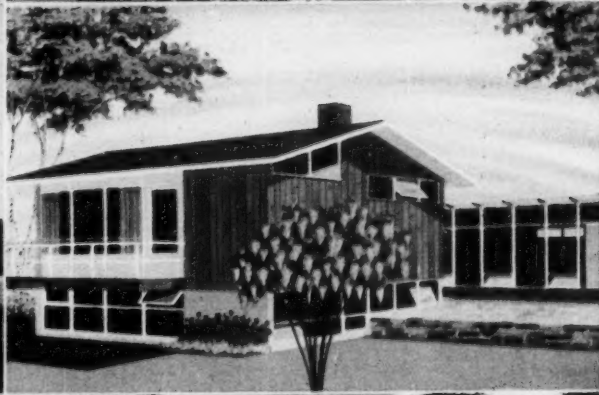
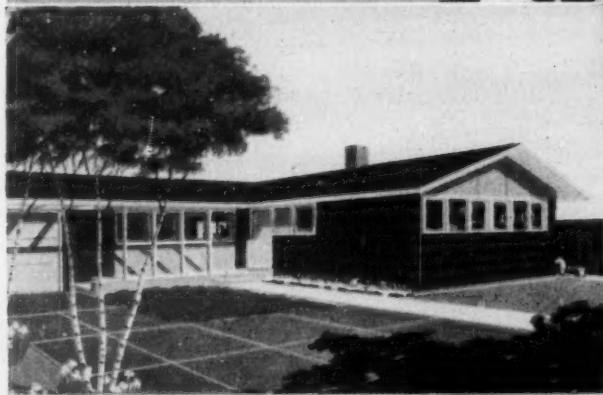
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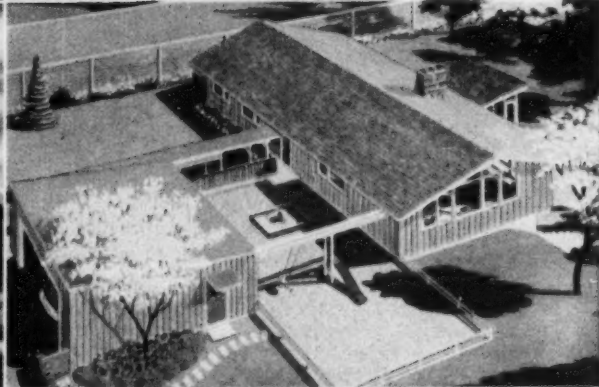
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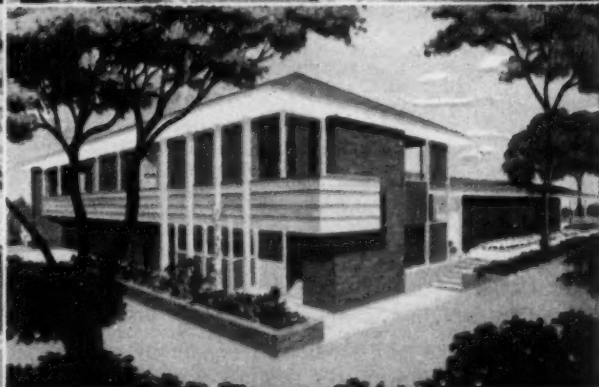
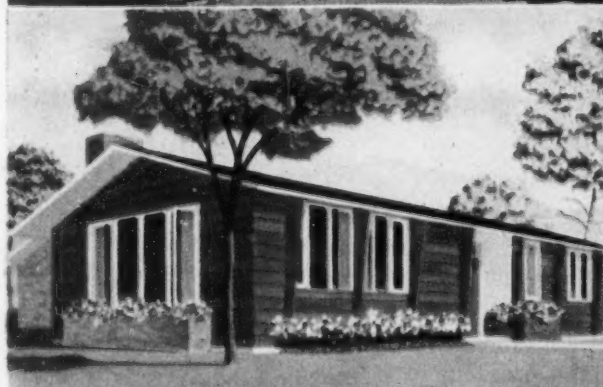
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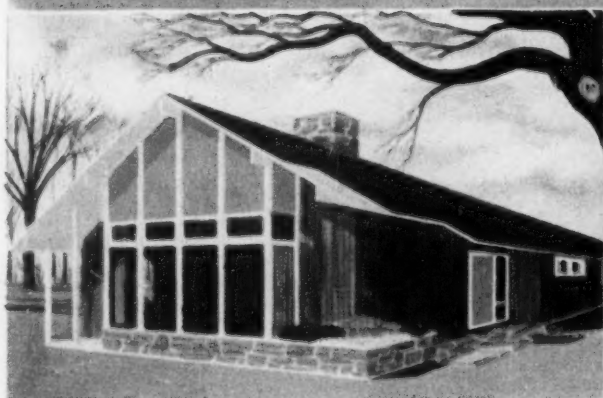
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and part of his tongue. Then they stripped the flesh from his thighs and arms, roasting it in the fire which was consuming him and eating it before his eyes, in which a faint spark of consciousness still burned.

Father Brébeuf had been the most conversant of all the priests with the native tongues and one of his labors had been the translation of the Lord's Prayer into Huron. Perhaps the strange words came back into his tortured mind and, while his lips still held a power of utterance, he began to pronounce them; a final act of devotion as the shades closed about him:

"Onaistan de aronhise istare. Sasin tehon . . ."

Father Brébeuf, the much-loved Echon, was tortured from noon of that red and wrathful day until four in the afternoon. When his heart had been torn from his body and eaten—it was scrambled for because he had died so bravely—they threw his broken body into the flames; but the embers were dying down about the stake and what was left of him, resolute even in death, refused to be consumed.

The frail body of Father Lalemant, who was called by his flock Atironta, resisted death for eleven hours.

Only Thirty Hurons Survive

Following the capture of St. Louis and the killing of the two priests, Huron warriors from other parts of the country came up to assist in repelling the attacks. The largest band came from the populous village of Ossossané, the headquarters of the family of the Bear. They drove the invaders who had remained at St. Louis back into the smoking ruins of the stockade. Iroquois scouts carried the word to St. Ignace. The men of the Five Nations, glutted with blood and their victory feast, turned savagely to meet the attack. The Bear warriors found themselves outnumbered three to one and were surrounded in turn. They fought bravely and the struggle lasted for the better part of a day. In the end, of course, numbers prevailed and all but thirty of the Hurons were killed.

This bold effort, without a doubt, saved Ste. Marie. Since the tragic moment when the smoke of St. Ignace had first been visible above the tree-tops, the Frenchmen had stationed themselves on guard on the stone walls, forty in all. They expected to be attacked at any moment and had small hope of withstanding a siege by such a large band. At one stage they sighted Iroquois scouts in the edge of the forest and they looked well to the priming of their guns, thinking that the moment had come. At this point, however, the rescue party from Ossossané struck at St. Louis and the struggle there engaged the full attention of the invaders.

It was then that a strange misapprehension took possession of the Iroquois leaders. They had everything in their own hands. Only a few small Huron parties remained at large in the woods. Somehow the invaders became convinced that large forces were gathering to hem them in and a sense almost of panic showed itself in their councils. It was decided that they had accomplished as much as they could hope to and that the time had come to retire to their own country. They moved with extraordinary speed. With savage temper they drove their prisoners before them, dispatching any who showed physical weakness or an inability to hold the pace.

The unexpected withdrawal of the Iroquois came too late to save the Huron nation. Certain that the relentless warriors from the Finger Lakes would come back, and keep coming



G-E's NEW TURNOUT SHELVES

Bring all foods out in front



With the new G-E Twin-System Refrigerator—there's no more searching or reaching for food! New "Turnout Shelves"—with up to 13% more area than conventional shelves—turn like a lazy-susan. Simply swing the shelf around and the food you want is right at your fingertips.

As well, these shelves are adjustable, up or down, by simply pushing a button and turning the shelf (just as you would

adjust a piano stool). Now tall food items fit any shelf.

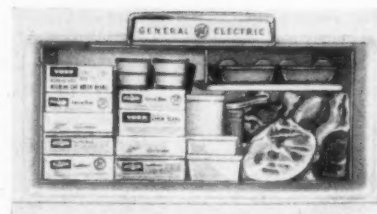
G-E's Twin-System COMBINATION gives you two appliances for the price of one—a true zero-degree food freezer—plus a completely automatic-defrosting refrigerator.

Ask your G-E Dealer to show you the other new features . . . Mini-Cube Ice Trays, Fold-Away bottle racks, Meat Keeper, Vegetable Crispers, Butter Conditioner, Stor-a-Dor shelves, many more!

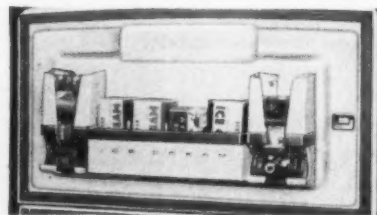


GENERAL ELECTRIC
Twin-System
REFRIGERATOR

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Freezer compartment is a real zero-degree food freezer with separate door, separate system—stores 77 pounds of frozen foods safely up to a year. You get two appliances combined in one—a true food-freezer and a no-defrost refrigerator.



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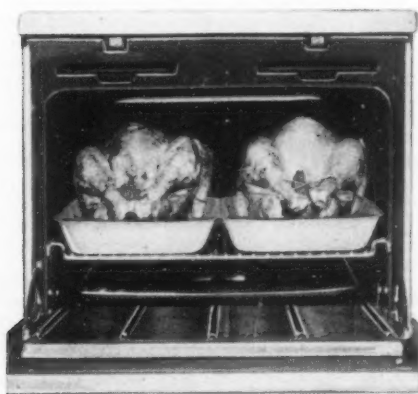


NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC *Spacemaker* RANGE

with "BIG RANGE" features...saves kitchen space



Like All 1954 G-E Ranges this "Spacemaker" offers the magic convenience of push-button cooking. You simply touch a button to select the exact heat you need. These modern push-buttons take the guesswork out of cooking.



Two-Turkey Oven . . . Newly-designed, wide-opening Giant Oven—so big you can cook an oven-meal for 24 servings—or even two turkeys at a time! New "Focused-Heat" Broiler produces delicious charcoal-type broiling results.



Today's trend to smaller kitchens demands a compact range such as the G-E "Spacemaker"—designed to save kitchen space—yet with "BIG-RANGE" cooking capacity. This new "Spacemaker" has an oven *so large* that you can cook two turkeys at the same time!

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Your G-E Dealer will show you all the other deluxe features . . . "Focused-Heat" charcoal-style broiler, new simplified automatic oven timer, new roomy warming compartment, new removable washable bake-and-broil units. You'll be pleased, too, with the low, low price.



GENERAL ELECTRIC Push-Button RANGE

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

back until no one was left to oppose them, the despondent Hurons began to scatter. Not knowing what to do, the homeless Huron Christians, most of them women and children, wandered into the Petun country and begged to be taken in. Others migrated still farther south, after burning their villages and destroying their crops, to find sanctuary with the Neutrals and the Eries. The few who remained betook themselves to Ste. Marie where the busy mission staff had to serve 6,000 meals in the first few days.

The few survivors had no will to remain in their own land. They moved to a large island off the northern tip of Nottawasaga which the French named later St. Joseph's. It was a large island and capable of accommodating the refugees. The thoroughly demoralized Hurons, believing they would be safe there, urged the mission staff at Ste. Marie to follow them.

With the utmost reluctance the Jesuit fathers at Ste. Marie decided they would have to move. Their charges had deserted them and they could serve no good purpose by remaining in the desolation to which this once populous land had been reduced. On May 15 they set fire to all the buildings and removed to the island, using one fishing boat and a very large raft for the transportation of their livestock, and a large store of corn and vegetables.

It became apparent at once that the food surplus would be needed. The poor Hurons, who seemed to have lost all energy and initiative, were subsisting on acorns and a bitter root they called *olsa*, sometimes being reduced to living off garlic which they baked under ashes. Fish abounded in the waters about the island but they lacked boats to take advantage of this and were not attempting to build any new ones.

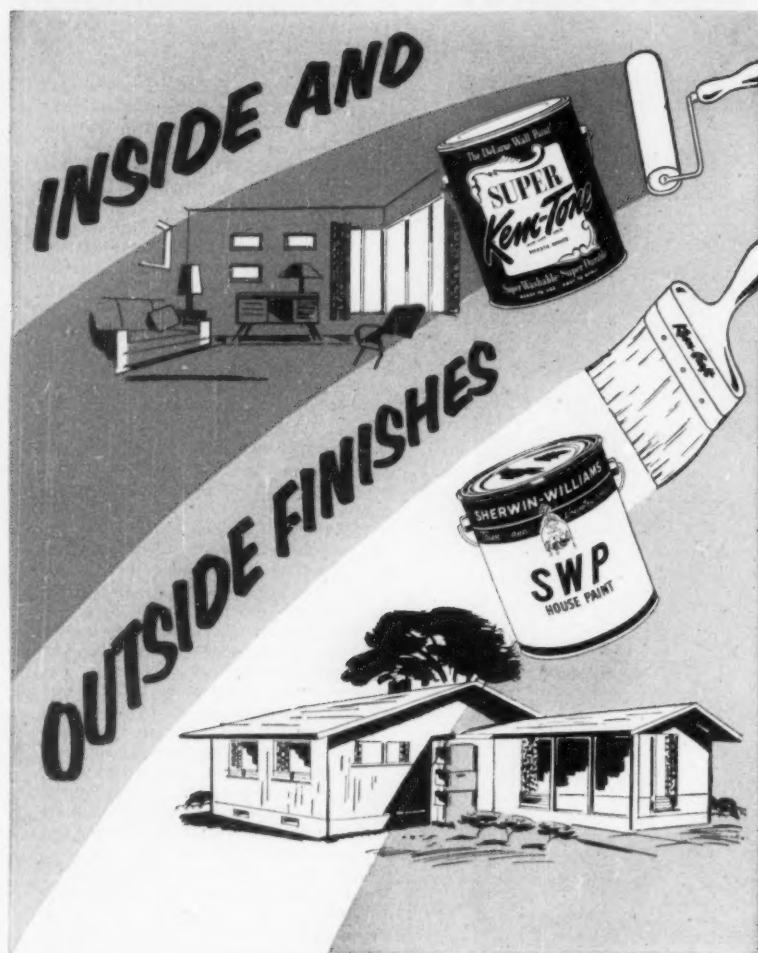
The Jesuit fathers provided food for the starving refugees and they began to build a very strong fort against the possibility of future attacks which they named Ste. Marie II. Their own tragic losses in no wise deterred the Jesuit missionaries. More came eagerly to the perilous task, asserting "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." They received the one reward for which they might have asked: The Hurons, in their despair, turned to the teachings of the missionaries. During this tragic period more than fourteen hundred were baptized and admitted to the church.

But the first objective of the Iroquois had been achieved. The Hurons no longer existed as a nation. Scattered in all directions, they would never again draw themselves together. A few remained permanently on the islands of Georgian Bay and more still moved westward to Mackinac Island at the northern end of Lake Huron. Those who had taken refuge with the Neutral Nations gradually lost their identity. For 22 years the missionaries had labored among them and now not a single living soul was left in all of that once beautiful land. The forests were as silent as before the coming of man. The only evidences left of Huron occupation were the trails through the forest, the blackened ruins of the villages, and at St. Ignace, perhaps, the charred stake where Jean de Brébeuf had given up his life. ★

NEXT ISSUE • PART FIVE

The Heroic Stand at
Long Sault

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS



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INSIDE: Your home too can have a "Trend House" color scheme by decorating with Super Kem-Tone, the Superior rubber base wall finish and Kem-Glo, the Miracle Lustre enamel that looks and washes like baked enamel — products which contribute to more gracious living... they are all you need to decorate in good taste.

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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

A Hill of Solid Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"Good aftanoon, sar," he said.
"Good afternoon," I replied.
"Me name Caraque, sar."
"I'm Leacock," I said with a smile.
"What are you doing on my concession, Caraque? Are you killing off all the animals hereabouts with that blunderbuss of yours? Where's the meat you brought me, man?"
"No get meat today, sar."
"I see. When next you shoot anything don't forget me and the gang."
"All right, sar."
"Are you going to spend the night here? I'll tell my cook to give you a good supper."
"Yes me spen' night, sar, but me want ask you somethin'."

He laid his weapon on the ground and quietly unwrapped his parcel. He handed the contents to me.

It was two pieces of quartz. I didn't need to examine them. Both contained two thick gleaming layers of gold. They were, I perceived, freshly broken off from some larger piece of stone. I never before saw quartz so rich and tantalizingly beautiful.

"Where did you find these?" I demanded.

"No far," he replied, smiling. "Wha' kind thing dey in tha' rock, sar? Me want fo' know, that's why me bring to you."

"It's gold, Caraque—real, rich, red gold!"

The boys had become curious and had surrounded us by now.

"Tha' gold, sar?" the Amerindian asked doubtfully.

"Yes. Where did you find this? I bet it's somewhere in my concession. All these hills belong to me."

He paused. "Me no find it far, sar. Me find it 'bout one day walk from here. Plenty, plenty stone like tha' me see 'pon tha' hill. Me break this off from one big rock, carry home fo' me chilran play wid. All over hill—high, high hill got plenty, plenty rock like tha'. When sun shine he want blind you eye, same yellar, yellar color."

The Negroes stood on their splay-feet dumfounded. Eyes expanded. Sausage lips watered. I couldn't contain myself either.

"Here," I said to the foreman Jim Branch, as I tossed him a piece of the quartz. "Here's something to make Pigeon Island Brown and Caburi Thomas roll in their graves with envy."

To Caraque I pleaded, "Can you take me back tomorrow to that hill? I'll give you your full day's pay and as much sugar and salt as you can carry."

Caraque bent his head in silent wonder.

This, according to his description, was unquestionably a dream come true. The long-looked-for El Dorado—the hill glittering with gold nuggets like a constellation on a tropical night—the hill which the indomitable Walter Raleigh and countless Spanish adventurers sought in vain had at last been found. A naked huntsman was the first to ascend its garnished peaks.

"Let's go direct to my camp, Caraque. We must sit down and talk this over. What do you drink, brandy or whisky?"

The boys followed us. Caraque sat on a stool and surveyed us quizzically as we feasted our eyes, rather our hearts on the two pieces of gold brick which, clearly, in his opinion were not worth a pound of salted meat.

Jim Branch did all but swallow them. "You said it's about a day's walk

from here, Caraque?" I again enquired.

"Yes 'bout that, sar."
"Then I'm counting on you to take me there tomorrow morning rain or shine."

He smiled with apparent surprise. "Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow."

"But me wife no so well, Mr. Leacock. Me no know if me can go tomorrow. Me got fo' go home too fo' plant me field," he declared after a painful pause.

"Oh, I'll send my men to help you with the planting," I said. "What's wrong with your squaw? I can go myself and treat her. I can mix medicine you know."

"Never mind, sar. You can't go. She get young baby."

"Oh, yes. I have tools here to deliver any baby. Say that you'll go and I'll do anything in the world for you."

I turned to Jim with a knowing wink. "Go to the magazine and get Caraque a tin of salmon, some toffees (a good handful of that), two packets of cigarettes and a few lumps of crystallized



MACLEAN'S

sugar, and don't forget the bottle of whisky I told you I was keeping for him."

When Jim returned with the luxuries, after a few drinks I stepped outside a bit. I began to project my plans: transport, equipment, workmen, rations, fame. I addressed two letters mentally, one to my wife and the other to my superiors in Canada.

Later I ordered the boys to their camp, took out a new hammock and blanket, tied it up for Caraque. The cook brought in supper and loaded the discoverer with a palatable combination of dishes which he ate with his fingers. Then he flung his nude carcass in the hammock and demanded the remainder of the whisky in the bottle.

That night the Negroes sang spirituals and played on their guitars. About a gallon of rum left the magazine against my express orders. They ended it up in the small hours of the morning with a Bamangwato jungle dance.

I couldn't sleep. I kept on thinking of the grandeur that was awaiting me on the summit of Caraque's hill. By morning I was confident that my inducements would persuade him to make the journey.

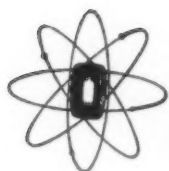
Around five o'clock he got up, untied his hammock and said flatly to me: "Mr. Leacock me bery sorry, me no go tha' place today. Me bin' change me mind but me change am again. Me get bery bad dream. Me go 'ome. Me hope you no bex wid me."

"How can I, Caraque? But of course we counted on you so much. Besides I'm prepared to give you anything you want. Look, you need clothes, you have children to be sent to school. Wouldn't you like to get out of here and live another kind of life?"

Looking steadily at him as I spoke I observed his pride was stung to the quick: "Mr. Leacock," he answered in a tone of gentle reproof. "Me born



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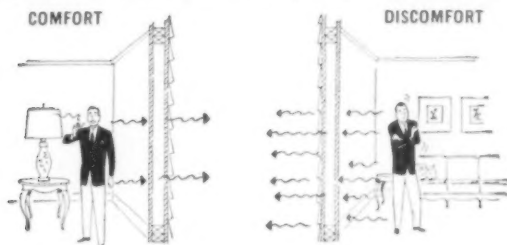
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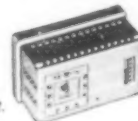
With an outside temperature of 50°, occupants feel comfortable when indoor temperature is 71°. But as it drops, heat loss increases, so higher indoor temperature is needed to compensate for colder walls. Moduflow does this automatically by raising control point of indoor thermostat so more heat is supplied.



This is how Electronic Moduflow works:



1.



2.



3.

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"Gay and practical for kitchens, bathrooms, playrooms, hall's ..."



P. C. JOHNSON
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"... used Dominion Inlaid Linoleum as basic flooring throughout and am satisfied with results."



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nd Flooring ... chosen by architects of Canada's "Trend" Houses!



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more comfortable living."

here, sar. Me neber go school. Me chilran got fo' larn fo' hunt an' plant field. Me neber wear clothes. Me no want me chilran fo' wear clothes."

I hastened to correct my blunder: "Wouldn't they become sick, naked as they go around, Caraquel? I guess your wife too is naked."

"Them sleep near fire. Them no ketch cold."

"But tell me still. Do you believe in dreams?"

"Yes, Mr. Leacock."

"What good dream would make you run away from your fortune? You

found the hill—you came to us, we told you it was gold—and now—and now—"

"Neber mind wha' you say, me can't go today Mr. Leacock."

"Then when will you go?"

"Nather day."

"Say when."

"When me go 'ome and see me wife me come back and go wid you."

"When will that be?"

"One week time."

"I'll wait for you. Would you like some provisions to take home?"

"Thank you, sar."

"I'll send the boys to help you."

He paused. "No, sar. Me no like black man—black man bad."

"What if I come with you? I'll bring my camera along and take some pictures of the family."

He reflected again. "No sar, you can't go. Place far. Me come back. No frighten. Seven day time."

"As you say, Caraquel. Go and call for whatever you want in the magazine—as much as you can carry. I'll give you some silver money when you return. If there's anything else you need let me know."

"Thanks bery much, sar."

The cook brought breakfast. We ate. I called the foreman and issued the orders.

Caraquel went down and took canned meat, butter, dried milk, preserved fruits, liquor, sugar, salt, cheese, ham, rice, shots, gunpowder, soap and beads—a weight of about 250 pounds. I looked on silently, wondering how he would manage to move off with such a burden.

But the aborigines of the Takutu are a healthy race. The finer physical specimens can walk comfortably under a load of 300 pounds. This is no exaggeration. Even the women move off with their 200 pounds. They pack the cargo in an osier basket, known as a *warishee*, which is attached by straps to the shoulders.

One such basket was found for Caraquel. He went under the weight, smiled infectiously, shook hands with all, then he reminded me of the two pieces of quartz—the toys for his children. I handed them over with a mild protest. Another set of handshakes and he turned his back on us—the overlap of his scarlet *lungi* laughing in the wind.

Jim Branch had no misgivings: "If you can pawn your honor on anything, sir," said that macrocephalous Negro, "you can pawn it on the promise of one of these bushmen. They're too silly to tell a lie."

These words dispelled whatever qualms I was unconsciously harboring. "You boys," I said, "can have the next seven days holiday at full pay, but no man is to leave this compound."

THE ENSUING DAYS were days of suspense. Our hearts were panting to ascend the richest mountain the sun beholds. Caraquel's name became the byword in camp. Twice in my dreams he was portrayed leading me by the hand to Golconda.

The boys came again and repeated their stories of discoveries and lucky strikes in days gone by. I listened apathetically.

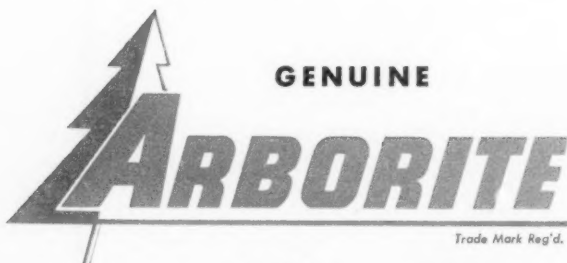
"No matter who discovered what," I boasted, "you must admit your boss discovered the man who discovered the El Dorado."

I wrote my wife a twelve-page letter. "Tell all Canada," I commanded her, "tell all the world your husband is coming home to cover you in solid leaves of gold."

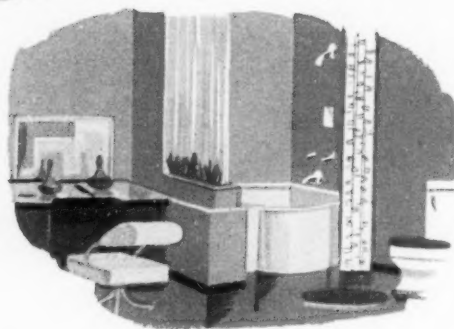
To my directors I sent a dispatch: "A hill, unprecedented in richness, in vastness, has been found in hinterland Guiana. Prepare Canadian workmen and technicians to come over at the earliest date. The name of the hill is El Dorado."

Six days elapsed. On the seventh morning our eyes never left the spot from which Caraquel had made his advent and his exit. Up to late that evening he did not put in an appearance. Night came on and we still kept on watching, hoping. Next day we resumed our vigil at dawn. He did

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not emerge that day nor the day that followed. We lost ourselves in a labyrinth of conjectures. A whole week went by and Caraque! was still absent.

I couldn't bear it any longer. Had he perished under the strain of the provisions he took away? I wondered. Was he bitten by some venomous serpent? Was he ambushed and killed? Or had a tiger made off with him? The jungle has so many ways of disposing of her children.

I sent my boys to comb the forest for Caraque!. I felt certain he was detained against his will.

"Don't forget that man holds the key to your destiny and mine," I told them. "Find him and return with him to Jumratta if you have to carry him."

Five days they searched from dawn to twilight without success. They reported coming across Amerindian settlements on both banks of the Takutu, but enquiries elicited no information about our discoverer.

I twisted and turned for another two days, then I made up my mind: "Boys," I said, "I firmly believe Caraque!'s story was true. He did find the El Dorado. He went home, as you know, intending to return, but he lost the way. We must now take a longer chance. We must find that hill ourselves. It's a day's walk from here—between fifteen and twenty miles. We will take the Jumratta as our base and open trails on every point of the compass and one of our trails is bound to cross that hill. If it takes us six months, find it we must. We have provisions and I'll double every man's pay in this undertaking. Are you fellows with me?"

They all were, except my cook, Danny Griffin—a loquacious twerp from Barbados—with a head as big and ill-formed as a tapir's. His indispensability in the kitchen prevented me cutting him loose from the outfit that very moment. As we packed and prepared to go, he said with a touch of corrosive cynicism to the hearing of all: "A good Injun is a dead Injun."

"Then you don't believe Caraque!'s story at all?" I shot back.

"I believe in the two pieces of bricks Caraque! showed you, sir; further my eyes would have to see. But I'm working with you and when you find the El Dorado I'll help to fetch the gold."

Jim Branch saw crimson at the impertinence. "I would advise you to discharge him right away, Mr. Leacock," he snapped. "I have been in the jungle since I was sixteen and that's twenty years ago. I think I know the Amerindians. When I say Caraque! didn't lie I don't mean maybe. If I had a million dollars I'd gamble it with you in this setup, sir."

"That's the pioneering spirit, Branch," I told him.

The others were willing to die with me. They respected me as a white man and in spite of my inexperience my opinions on jungle matters were at all times unquestionably accepted.

We began to traverse the wilderness of Takutu day after day on every point of the compass. I followed those tireless black trackers in the rear with my knapsack and rifle, over mountains, hills and valleys, through dense snake-infested morasses, and boulder-studded water breaks. Often we ate our meals standing. We climbed high trees to see if we could locate anything. At night the Negroes prayed to God to lead them on to the golden eminence.

One week ended and another began and yet another and another. After five weeks of unremitting toil we were no closer to the El Dorado than the day we first saw Caraque!. But my determination was still supreme. I couldn't sleep, I hardly ate. I laid

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down my rifle and took a machete and worked side by side with the boys. I offered a prize of a hundred dollars to the first man to sight the El Dorado. No dice. I spent another three weeks of unsuccessful hunting. My boys never complained. Many were the nights they had to bivouac in blinding storm and rain.

Gold indeed has a strange fascination for men, white or black. Every member of the party had a bone to chew when we got on top of that golden pile, except of course Danny Griffin who did only his cooking and snatched as much rest as we permitted him.

"You'll never see the El Dorado if you live another century," he told me point blank one day.

"Why, Griffin?" I rasped in disgust. "Because it doesn't exist, sir. That Injun lied. All Injuns lie for fun."

Had I not interposed Branch would have blown out the cook's brain with my rifle. The failure of the expedition was shattering the foreman's nerves. He wanted badly to get married to a buxom girl he told me he had met in a restaurant in the city but it was evident the only way to the lady's heart was the yellow way.

Two months later the directors in Canada recalled me. I had exhausted every cent of the estimate and had to apologize for the senseless dispatch I had sent them. I couldn't think of going home.

I called a council and made a drastic inventory of supplies. We had enough to pull through for one solid month. Two weeks of that month were spent roaming blindly through the jungles like wild animals and the other two saw our withdrawal from Takutu.

IN GEORGETOWN I endeavored to raise supplies from local commercial undertakings but failed. Nevertheless I resolved as soon as conditions permitted I would retrace my steps to the Takutu.

Thus I took leave of my faithful crew, giving them what reward I could, and accepted a post as second mining engineer with the Warimaree Gold Mines on the Venezuelan border. Paradoxically Danny Griffin went with me. I didn't like him but he was a culinary expert of the first magnitude.

Within a year I acquired the funds necessary to fit out a private expedition for a last desperate attempt at finding the El Dorado.

One week before my contract terminated with Warimaree I was called to the office around midday. Griffin brought the message.

The superintendent of the mines sat before his desk scrutinizing with amazement two pieces of quartz. Before him stood a naked Amerindian.

"Get a look at this, Leacock," said the boss flinging a piece of the stone to me. "This Indian has only yesterday discovered what I consider the richest deposit of gold—about a day's walk from here."

As I scanned the gold-embellished stone a burning sensation seized me.

"And imagine, Leacock," the boss continued, "our discoverer wants to know if these rocks contain gold."

I glanced around at the discoverer. He had grown a little more abdomen as his race always does with the advancing years. His countenance was just as craftless.

"Have you ever been on the Takutu?" I asked him.

He avoided my reproachful eyes. "No, sar. Me neber been Takutu. Me think me must go Takutu some day before me dead."

"Caraquel," I almost screamed, "don't you remember me?"

"No, me neber see you."

Danny Griffin smiled. ★

Down the Yukon in an Open Boat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

back to town again, thoroughly fed up with a life that so many men and so few women in the Yukon enjoyed. She did not trust the land. When she became pregnant she determined to have her child Outside. She went to a proper hospital where, ironically, she died.

The whole situation made me furiously angry. I decided that come what may I would spite the chattering women and live through my labor. My expression became ferocious and the nurse looked startled. The baby was coming and she was sweating as profusely as I when suddenly a knock came on the door. The nurse swore, rushed to the door and shouted "Go away! Go away!" in a strained voice. Then she returned, looking grim, and bearing an engraved calling card on which the ubiquitous Mrs. Fortesque had written, in her careful script, "With kindest enquiries." I am sure she had another one ready "With deepest condolences" for Frank.

A few moments later the doctor arrived and delivered me of a healthy boy. But before I was out of hospital the doctor had left town and I was back to the drugstore man again.

Shortly after this, the government recalled Frank to the Dawson mining recorder's office. At first glance, the town looked just as it had on the day I first saw it—the same grey-roofed buildings, the same helter-skelter of cabins. But on second glance there was no doubt we were living in a decaying town. The gold fever was over and the population was now down to eight hundred, though there were still build-

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ings for ten times that number. Dozens more houses stood empty, dozens more lots were vacant, dozens more buildings were slowly falling to pieces. The town seemed to have shrunk in toward the core. The north end was a desert of boarded-up cabins, and Klondike City—or Lousetown, the old red-light district across the river—was empty. When I had first arrived in Dawson the dock had been crowded with young men. Now they were all past middle age, like the town itself.

Here, at the age of 45, I again confronted the pessimists by bearing a healthy eight-pound baby girl. The hospital was modern enough, and the Sisters of Ste. Anne skilled and patient, but it faced hazards that plagued every institution in Dawson in those days: it had difficulty attracting competent help. As a result my baby almost died in her first week. My suspicions were aroused when the child suddenly dropped off to sleep after a crying spell. Her only attendant was a German assistant with no training. I finally got the regular nurse who found it impossible to waken the baby. By now a strange rattling in the child's throat signaled the alarm. The doctor was called post-haste and he immediately ordered hot bottles. Early next morning he brought her around but it was a close thing. The German woman had given the baby a hefty dose of soothing syrup and it had been the death rattle that I heard in her throat.

I settled down to keeping a house that, apart from electricity, had no modern conveniences. Our water was delivered in the winter by two men on a cart. They came in the darkness of the early morning, a great cold blast of air sweeping through the house as the double doors swung open. Then the two of them would trudge in, their clothes caked with snow and ice, their

mustaches iced, bearing two wire-handled gasoline tins full of water which they hoisted and slopped into a tank in the corner. A great deal was spilled onto the floor where it instantly froze into a thin sheet. It cost twenty-five cents a bucket and to this day I still find myself hoarding half jugs of water.

To add to the confusion our kitchen floor was broken by a trap door leading to an underground world as important and as crowded as the house proper. Here was the vegetable room, filled to the bursting point each August with our garden's produce. It was kept just above freezing point by a careful adjustment of ventilators invented by Frank, one set opening into the furnace room, the other outside.

Sometimes I wonder how children ever grew up in Dawson, especially in view of all the present-day hullabaloo about pasteurized, homogenized, and vitaminized milk. We bought our milk from a wan pioneer woman who kept a few cows, rarely if ever inspected, up the Klondike Valley. She brought it around three times a week in old whisky bottles stoppered with ancient corks tied together with string. The price was twenty-five cents a bottle. I am afraid she had neither time nor energy nor equipment to clean the bottles properly. At first I tried to boil out the corks but my time and energy also ran out.

Bottled Spinach in Winter

There was an old man up Hunker Creek, a Klondike tributary, who tried to sell us goat's milk and once gave me a free sample. There was a good inch of dirt in the bottom of the bottle.

For years I attempted in an amateurish way to pasteurize all our milk but I doubt that I was very successful. In the end when several children in the neighborhood came down with glandular trouble we switched to powdered milk and for several years our children didn't taste the fresh variety.

We had greenstuffs in abundance all summer, then went without them for most of the winter. After Christmas we depended pretty well on bottled spinach. Except for berries, which we froze ourselves, our only winter fruit was apples and oranges, and even these gave out long before spring. Green salads were unknown during the winter.

I have reason to remember the orange shortage because it was in May at the end of our second postwar winter in Dawson that our son came down with pneumonia. He became delirious and parched with fever, crying continually for orange juice. There wasn't an orange for sale in town and though his cries echoed down the hospital corridors we were powerless to do anything. Succor came from an unexpected quarter. In the next room, a middle-aged prostitute lay critically ill. Through those paper-thin walls she heard the child's cries and when told about the dearth of oranges, sent him some from her private supply. The cries stopped and we were thankful. I was less broad-minded in those days than I am now and to my eternal shame I could not bring myself to go in and thank her.

With the coming of the first boat in the spring we had fresh fruit again but oranges still retailed at a dollar and a half a dozen. Prices were always high in Dawson, the result mainly of heavy freight rates and seasonal shortages. There were no coins in town smaller than a 25-cent piece and "two-bits" was a common word. A newspaper was two-bits. So was a bottle of soda pop. A package of needles, a loaf of bread, a beer bottle full of milk—all were two-bits. (A beer bottle full of beer was 50 or 75 cents.) Movies, dances and con-



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certs were each a dollar. Funerals were the one entertainment that was free. As the years went on there were more and more of them. The graves all had to be dug each fall, for frozen ground is as hard as granite. It was a grisly experience to walk past the cemetery and see all the yawning holes and wonder which of us would occupy them before spring.

Thus as the ground alternately thawed and froze again, as the children grew taller and the sordidness grew older, our life in the Klondike moved on, punctuated by minor alarms and major excitements. The greatest excitement of all was a four-hundred-mile trip down the Yukon River in a poling boat in the summer of 1926.

The Yukon is the deadliest river I know, a slate-grey watercourse that flows majestically north for 2,200 miles from its sources in British Columbia to its mouth at the Bering Sea. In places it is so narrow a boat can hardly slip between the rocky walls; in other sections so vast a man can lose himself for a lifetime in its channels. In some spots its banks tower above the three-story river steamers; in others the river slops for miles over the surrounding countryside. It rushes at express-train speed over rapids and meanders leisurely through wide moose pastures. In the summer its channel is thick with caribou, its sloughs black with ducks, its bars speckled with snipe and plover, its banks pocked with swallows' nests. In the winter it is a rough washboard of ice blocks.

The Yukon is the lifestream of the north. But it is a deathstream as well. The man who falls in seldom comes out for the bitter water chills to the marrow and the nests of whirlpools drag the unwary under. A stick thrown in at many points will vanish at once, sucked to the bottom by the undercurrent. For all of its length, the Yukon hisses and boils, a witch watercourse which the Indians named "greatest river."

I had decided to take the children out to see their grandparents in Toronto in the fall of 1925. Frank announced that he would meet us in Whitehorse on our return the following summer and that we would buy a small boat and float down to Dawson. We would live in the open, go to bed in sleeping bags, eat meals on sand bars, catch fish and see wild animals.

He was waiting for us in Whitehorse the following June and he had the boat.

"She's an old poling boat, the biggest I could find," he said jubilantly. "She's good and long and has a flat bottom. Hardly draws any water at all and that should make it easy at the rapids."

Up walked Isaac O. Stringer, the Bishop of the Yukon, whose feat of eating his boots on the Rat River Divide years before had supplied Charlie Chaplin with a famous scene for his movie, *The Gold Rush*, which had just been released.

"What's all this about the lot of you going downriver by poling boat?" the bishop asked.

"All the way," Frank said.

"You've got a good engine?"

"No. Going to drift."

"What about Laberge?"

"I'm fixed for that. I've got a sail I'm going to rig up. We came through that way in '98 in less time than you can shake a stick at."

"All I can say is I hope you have a good wind. You may find yourself rowing for thirty miles."

"I doubt that."

"Well, watch for squalls and keep to the left bank. And be careful of snags in the main river. You know what they're like. And better get a good mosquito bar."

For this last advice we thanked the bishop and his Lord for every night of

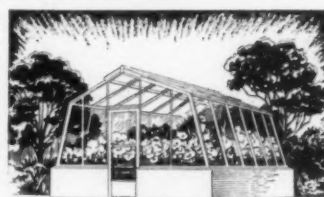


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the journey and many nights thereafter.

The whole town knew of our expedition and thought us all utterly crazy. Many men and a few women had drifted down the Yukon in a variety of craft but this was the first time a family of four, including two children both under six, had made the journey—and for fun, at that.

At our hotel we found a Mounted Policeman waiting to see us. It was customary, he explained, for the force to keep details of all river journeys: the names of those participating, destination, estimated time of arrival, identification and so on. The suggestion made me uneasy. It reminded me of an operation I'd once had when just before going under the ether, a brisk matron had arrived to ask my religion and the names of my next of kin.

Our adventure began the next day at noon, the boat laden down with tent, sleeping bags, blankets, boxes of food, axe and shovel, pots and pans and toys for the children. Frank gave a hefty push, we swept away from the bank out into the main channel of the swift glacier-blue river, and a moment or so later we were around the bend and alone with the wilderness.

It was a brilliant day with an exhilarating breeze, the atmosphere so clear that the snow-covered peaks sixty miles away and the closer granite mountains appeared almost unreal. I felt I was looking at a freshly painted stage curtain and the effect was enhanced by the new green of the spring foliage, the bright splashes of wild flowers on the banks and the flocks of swallows skimming by.

The Life of a Nomad

Swollen by spring freshets the river sparkled and danced, gurgling under the boat's flat bottom and hissing from its hundreds of whirlpools. Logs, pieces of driftwood and whole trees torn up by the roots raced along with us. We passed a submerged island with only a few treetops visible; we grated on a sand bar; we got caught in an eddy under the bank. On we went, past sloughs, past islands, past thickly wooded gullies. An old man sitting in the door of a mud-roofed cabin gazed at us without blinking. A group of brown little children ran down to stare at us from an Indian camp and scrambled for the oranges that we threw to them. A flock of ducks rose from a quiet backwater between two islands and skimmed across our prow.

The children were tucked together in the prow of the boat. I sat amidships. In the stern, paddle in hand, watching the river, was Frank. I began to experience a sense of excitement and adventure, and the feeling of foreboding that had been strong within me at Whitehorse now passed.

As the warm afternoon sun rose in the sky the children settled down on cushions in the bottom of the boat and went to sleep while I lay back on a roll of blankets and gave myself up to the shifting world of trees and rocks and islands and sky slipping past us. Soon I too dozed off.

Frank was calling out.

"It's nearly five. We ought to be looking for water. Keep your eyes peeled for a gulch and remember to tell me in plenty of time. I've got to get over to the bank, remember, and we can't navigate upstream."

"There!" I cried, pointing.

"No good. No shore for the kids to run. Anyway, you spoke too late."

Farther on we spotted a perfect cove. Here we filled our pails from a gurgling freshet.

"Let's camp here," I said. "It's lovely—and look at all those flowers."

"Camp here? Among all this green stuff? No thanks! We'd be eaten alive by mosquitoes. We'll have to find a sand bar in the middle of the river."

We finally found a wind-swept gravel bar devoid of both mosquitoes and kindling wood, and here we camped. Frank took the boat for wood across the river, then cut poles for our ten-by-twelve tent, while I made supper. After the meal I cooked up a pot of porridge, clamped the lid on tight, covered it with an insulating garment of moss and buried it deep in the sand. In this primitive fireless cooker it would cook

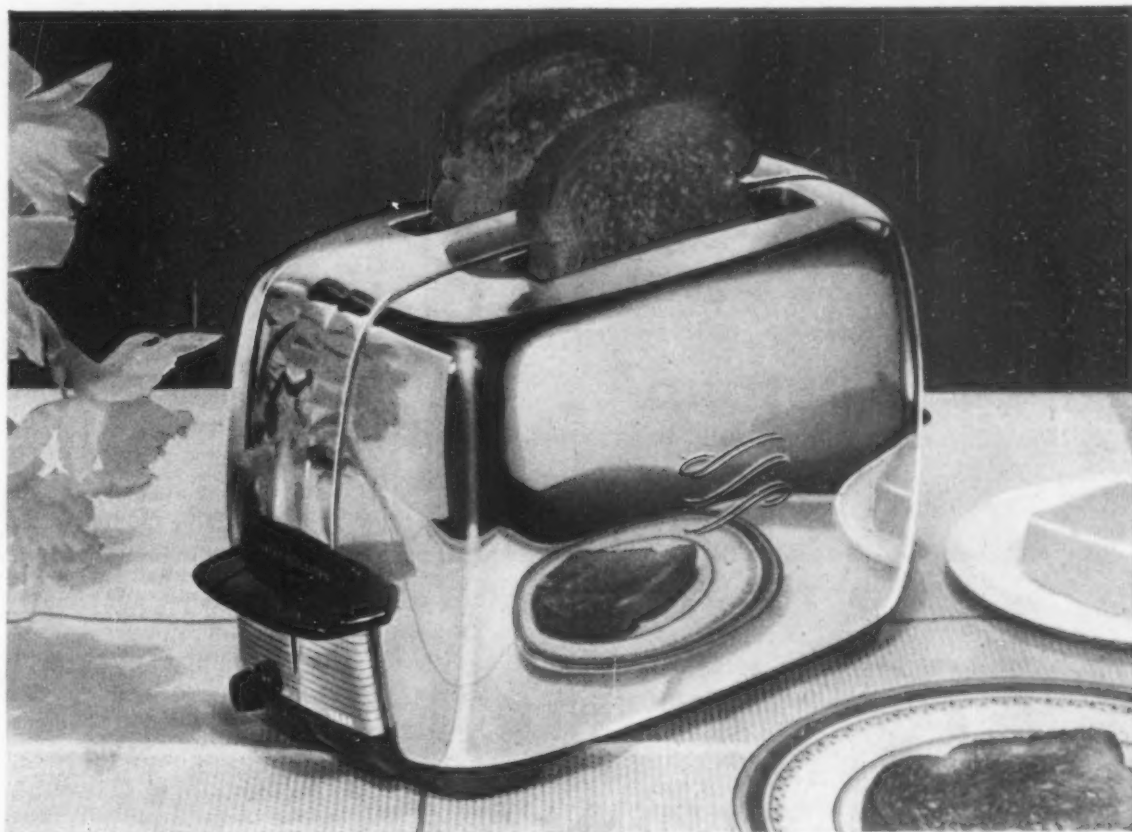
all night and be a fine thick jelly in the morning.

And here we slept through the sunny northern night, rising early next morning to reach Lake Laberge while the wind was fair. Yet, hurry as we did, it was still ten-thirty before we pushed off. In spite of the nomadic life the same old round of housework—fires, meals, dishwashing—pursued us in the woods.

We fed well. We ate our lunch that day on a long clean sand bar and I cooked a substantial meal on a driftwood fire. I cooked soup, mutton chops

with carrots and potatoes, boiled custard and preserved strawberries. It sounds simpler than it was. A swarm of houseflies descended on me as soon as I unpacked the meat. Halfway through the cooking operations the children buried each other in sand and had to be thoroughly whisked, washed, brushed and combed. Just as we sat down with a full dinner plate—on a table cloth held down with stones and brushed clean of insects—a wind sprang up and we found ourselves caught in a river sandstorm. I have never since been able to eat a mutton

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chop without feeling I'm tasting grit. That evening we camped at the entrance of Lake Laberge, pitching our tent on a high bank above the river. As we ate supper the thin drone of a motorboat could be heard approaching. It was the first craft we'd seen since leaving Whitehorse so we watched it with interest.

The boat contained four Indians. They tied up to the bank, climbed out, filed up the cliff, responded to Frank's greeting with the merest grunt, then plumped themselves down on the ground. I offered them supper; they shook their heads solemnly. We began to resume our meal; they sat and watched us silently. We occasionally tried to make conversation; they replied only with a "yuh" or a "nuh." Yet they were obviously enjoying themselves for their eyes followed our every movement with fascination. They sat thus for an hour watching us. Then as if by unspoken command all four stood up and filed off as silently as they had come.

Lake Laberge is thirty miles long and up to five miles wide. It is ringed by mountains and on the right-hand side they sweep right down to the water's edge to provide scenes of unparalleled beauty. As dangerous squalls spring up frequently, it was to the left side with its sheltered coves that we steered our boat the following morning. The wind was due south and Frank swiftly raised his sail. He had hardly done so when the wind switched to the north and to our disgust stayed this way for our entire trip down the lake. The sail, except for very brief periods, was useless and Frank had to bend to the oars. Instead of the five hours in which we had expected to navigate the lake we spent five nights on what Service describes as "the marge of Lake Laberge."

At the head of the lake we had our lunch by an old derelict steamboat, half buried in the sand. This was the old Olive May, later to become famous as the Alice May in whose boiler Sam McGee was supposed to have been cremated.

When we were halfway down the lake I made the distressing discovery that our flour had disappeared. Undoubtedly we had left it behind at our last camp. We still had a good fifteen miles to cover before we reached Lower

Laberge where we could buy flour and bread at the telegraph station.

"We'll have to speed up a little," Frank said. "In the meantime—rations. The children can have the bread that's left. We'll get by on biscuits and rice."

But it was another two days before we sighted the log cabin that houses the Lower Laberge telegraph station. Fortunately we caught a salmon-trout two feet in length which did us for three meals. Laberge is noted for its fish and as much as a ton and a half a week has been shipped from the lake to Dawson and Whitehorse.

We didn't see a soul the entire length of the lake, which was as still and as empty of life as it had been in the days before the flotillas of the gold seekers crossed it in June of '98. Only on the fifth day did civilization, in the form of the steamer Casca, cross our path. We looked up at the boat and waved to the tourists and they waved back, wondering, I have no doubt, who this strange family was, and what they were doing with two small children here in the wilderness.

Given Up for Dead

At the foot of the lake we saw a single log cabin in a small clearing. This was the Lower Laberge telegraph station and here we put in. We were mildly surprised to find that the telegrapher was expecting us. Indeed he knew all about us, as everyone on the river did. We had been so long coming down the lake that the Mounties, who were always vigilant about such things, had become worried and wired ahead to the station to see if there was any word. In Dawson, I discovered later, we were given up for dead.

We pitched our tent on the bank in front of the telegrapher's cabin. Across the river in the light summer dusk a campfire glowed brightly. We waved at the two figures standing beside it and they waved back. Then a boat moved out from the bank and came across to our side of the river. The two men in the boat turned out to be medical students from the University of California. They were traveling down the river selling a medical book on first aid and from its proceeds they hoped to continue their studies. At first their trip sounded mad to us, as ours must



The Wonders of Scotland . . .

Dryburgh Abbey (On the River Tweed), The burial place of Sir Walter Scott and of Earl Haig of Bemsyde.

Photographed by ANDREW McDOUGALL



37 K

THE OLDEST NAME IN SCOTCH

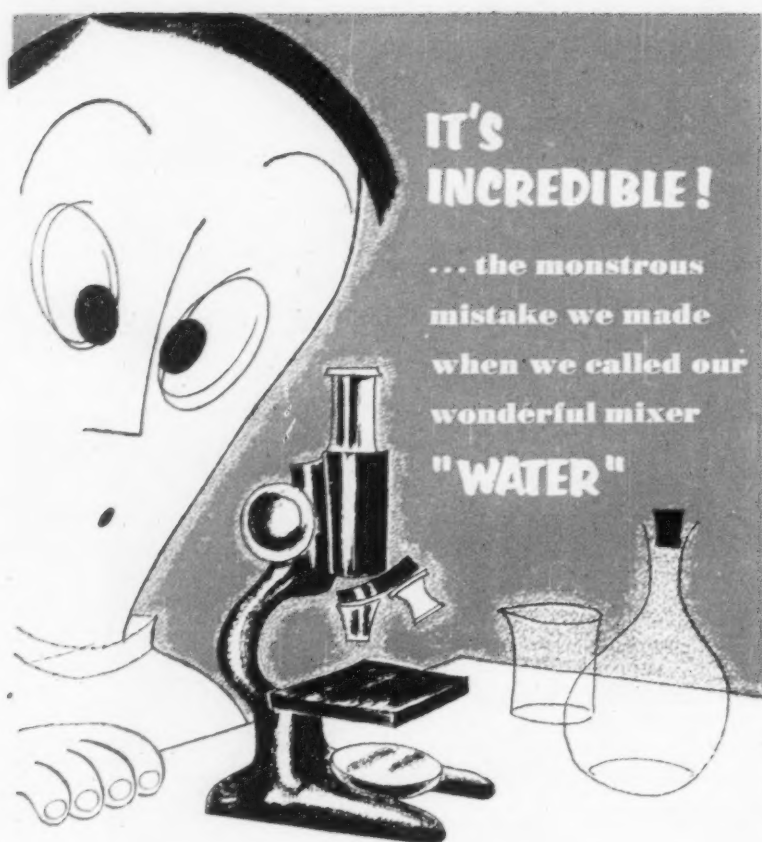
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AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES



And it's all so utterly misleading because water (the wet stuff that you or I know) is only one of some fourteen ingredients that make up the secret Sparkling Canada Dry Water formula. Every bubbling drop of our magical mixer is carefully processed through an awesome array of tubes and caldrons, and the tested result is the happiest surprise that ever added tang to your highball. Taste it alone and you'll see what we mean. That tingly sensation kind of wakes up your taste buds . . . makes the flavor of whatever you add, more so. And it adds a special zest to the goodness of any drink. No matter what base you swear by, we're pretty sure that you'll prefer Canada Dry Water. As a matter of fact, we're so convinced we'll even crawl out on a limb, and pardon us if we sound cocky, but we're not too worried. Here's our limb:

Make a Test Today

Mix a couple of small ones. Make one your old way, the other with Sparkling Canada Dry Water. Then sip from both. If you prefer your old way, we'll be flabbergasted. But we'll be good sports too . . . send us the label and we'll mail you 25 cents. Think how much tap water that will buy! Make Sparkling Canada Dry Water the important 4/5ths of your drink.

**Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER**

CD-114



have to them. But it turned out they were doing very well. The customers, to be sure, were few and far between but every single man on the river had bought their book. This was not to be wondered at for it was a practical book for people living on the river without recourse to medical aid.

I bought some flour at the station and the next morning we made our way to a pretty little island set in a maze of shallow sloughs. Here we decided to set up housekeeping for a couple of days. I had a good-sized bundle of washing to do as well as a batch of bread to make.

As we were using dried yeast cakes for the bread, the question arose as to how to keep it warm through the night. For although the days were hot enough to peel our faces with sunburn the nights were chilly. We solved the problem by taking the bread to bed with us. There, wrapped in an eiderdown and a hot-water bottle, it reposed cosily until morning. Unsanitary, perhaps, but it rose.

After breakfast I made up the loaves in coffee cans and set them out in the sun. In the meantime Frank prepared an oven. First, he scooped a hole in the sandy bank and lined it with flat stones. Inside this he built a fire. When the stones and sand were thoroughly heated he raked out the coals and inserted the covered tins of dough. He closed the opening with a large flat stone and banked it with more hot sand. After an hour I removed the loaves. I doubt if they would have won a prize in a baking contest but they were good eating all the same.

The next section of the Yukon is known as the Thirtymile and we found it the most scenic part of the entire trip. The swift glacial water was a brilliant Mediterranean blue and so clear that gazing down into it we could count the pebbles on the bottom. The beauty was deceptive for the channel was narrow and the river a maze of snakelike twists. Capt. Campbell of the Casca once told me he considered the Thirtymile the most dangerous piece of river in the world. But in our little boat there was less danger. Indeed, coasting down the swift narrow Thirtymile with its sudden twists and turns was quite like taking a long toboggan ride on a watery slide.

At the end of the Thirtymile, at its junction with the Teslin, we came to another famous old ghost town, Hootalinqua, at the end of the Stikine Trail of the gold-rush days. In the spring and summer of '98 there had been thousands of men here; now there was only a handful of crumbling cabins and one old unwashed man. He came down onto the bank and, as it was wet and chill, suggested we carry our blankets into the deserted telegraph station and camp there for the night. Then he disappeared.

We found several rooms containing bunks and Frank and the children were soon asleep. I lay awake listening to the familiar roar of the river which had been part of my life for most of two decades. Suddenly I heard the high-pitched whine of an approaching motorboat. I peeked out and to my astonishment saw eight men jump ashore and come up to the cabin. Unaware of our presence on the ground floor they trooped upstairs and began lugging down heavy boxes and packing cases which they hoisted into their boat. Then they built a campfire, cooked and ate an enormous supper and washed it down with several bottles of Scotch whisky.

I could contain my curiosity no longer and woke Frank. He joined the party and found they were a big-game hunting expedition from New York headed by a man of great wealth, great

vigor and great age named Packard. He was eighty-seven. They had several guides and were heading up the Teslin. They had come here to Hootalinqua to collect their outfit which had been freighted up ahead. They were off before we rose next morning.

As we continued to drift north the days lengthened until there was no longer any twilight. Throughout the long midnight hours the broad daylight was enriched with the vivid colors of a continuous sunset-sunrise. These were beautiful evenings and often we put the children to sleep in the bottom of the boat and drifted on down the silent river through the amber glory of sun and water. It was like a golden river now and we caught something of the feeling of enchantment.

One evening a little motor launch passed us on the other side of the river and two familiar figures in the back waved. There were Bishop Stringer and his wife heading on one of their restless trips to the headwaters of the Pelly in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. The same evening we passed a camp on the bank and there were the two medi-

PARKING PROBLEMS

Though crime be rife and pockets
picked
Policemen shun these regions,
But when a fender I have nicked
They throng around in legions;
And as for parking overtime,
Can it be right and proper
That I, who didn't have a dime,
Should find so prompt a copper?

DUNBAR HEDDLE

cal students sitting on the bank, reading their Bibles and waving to us. They were Seventh-Day Adventists and as it was Saturday they were observing a day of rest.

The Yukon seldom runs in any direction for more than a quarter of a mile. Often the sun was behind us, then it would appear on our right or our left and occasionally, when the river turned south briefly, it would be directly in front of us. Low sand bars poked grey noses from the river in many spots and often the channel widened to a mile and was choked with little islands between which ran placid sloughs where ducks swam and sandpipers ran about.

The Yukon is a lonely river and on this trip I came to realize how much it had become a river of graves and ghosts. The graves were dotted all along the banks, marked sometimes by a crude cross, sometimes by a bleached wooden slab, sometimes only by a mound. The Indian graves were more picturesque—little houselike structures built over the graves and surrounded by a fence to prevent animals from plundering the gifts placed within.

Even more desolate than the graves were the empty cabins along the river, waist deep in weeds, their sod roofs caved in by the snows of winter, their doors and windows gone. Ghost cabins they were, and there were ghost ships too, beached forever, sitting up against the bank or bleaching like skeletons in the sun. Occasionally we saw a thin wisp of smoke curling up in the distance serving to emphasize the emptiness of the land around us. Somewhere out there lost in the waving ocean of spruce was a man living in a shack with only a dog for company. The land seemed to roll off endlessly from the river bank, a rough carpet of dull green merging with the smoky mountains in

the distance. Except for the slap of waves against our boat the world about us was silent as the tomb. We would drift around each bend in the river and a new vista would unroll before us, as silent and as empty and as mysterious as the last.

Sometimes we came upon a river postbox, simply a gunny sack nailed to a tree, or half of a milk case perched on the bank. Steamers occasionally stopped here with letters. Only the box and a thin trail leading into the woods gave a hint that somewhere back behind the green cyclorama of wilderness lay a pinprick of civilization.

On June 21, the year's longest day, and a day we always observed by staying up all night, we drifted past a band of Indians camped on a bluff high above the water. They too were celebrating the solstice, dancing and singing around a bonfire to the music of a victrola. The effect was stagelike, the black figures leaping and bounding against the firelight, the bright blue sky streaked with the orange of the brief sunset, the curiously incongruous sound of jazz filtering through the birch trees.

At three that morning we drifted silently into the bank below the sleeping town of Carmacks, climbed up with our tent and pitched it in the middle of what passed for the main street. Nobody was surprised to find us there in the morning for everybody was expecting us. We stayed half a day, picked up a haunch of moose meat, then pushed down river. At the mouth of the Nordenskiöld River we saw a man standing on the bank, waving madly. He had obviously been watching for us.

"Come on over," he was calling. "Come on over and see us. Please come over."

His name was Thayer and he owned a fox farm farther up the Nordenskiöld. He insisted we go up to his house and have lunch. His wife, a lively New York woman, was starved for news—about styles, jazz, Whitehorse gossip and the Outside. They lived in a luxurious house built of matched peeled logs with a wide veranda enclosed in wire netting. There was a governess in charge of several children. Why they were here in the wilderness raising foxes I could not imagine but looking over the house I could guess that the wife was probably more content than many city women in tiny apartments.

They had a baby and when I admired it she told me the child had been born in Whitehorse the previous winter. The question arose, of course, of bringing it home in the sub-zero weather. They had solved it simply. The new baby was tucked cozily into an egg crate and carried home in the warm-storage stage along with dozens of boxes of perishables bound for Dawson. This stage normally carried no passengers but was used to bring in eggs, fruit and certain vegetables, and was kept warm with large caribou heaters. The baby was dropped off sleeping peacefully at their doorway.

"Well," said Frank enthusiastically, as we pushed off again. "Five Fingers in the morning."

He saw my expression of foreboding and laughed.

"Nothing at all to it, as long as we're careful."

But my mind continued to dwell on the fate of those who hadn't been careful—or hadn't been lucky. We spent the night, an uneasy one for me, at Tantalus, another abandoned town where the scar of a disused coal mine, one of the few in the Yukon, stood out blackly against the bright green of the hillside. Like almost everything else on the river Tantalus was shut tight, the shafts crumbling, the buildings rotting away.

We were up next morning early; not

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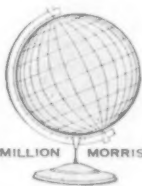
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at dawn, for dawn begins at one a.m., but before eight. Frank was working in the boat, preparing it exactly as he might have if he were about to take it over Niagara Falls. Everything; oars, boxes, luggage, tent, cushions, he tied down securely, generally clearing the decks of movable objects and packing all the small effects tightly into crates.

A short time later we were on the river again with the four grey pinnacles of rock looming up directly ahead of us. In the morning sunlight the great rocks and the fingers of rushing water no doubt looked beautiful enough but to

me the high water caused by the June freshets together with our rapidly accelerating speed made the five channels seem unusually menacing.

"Look," said Frank, "I tell you what I'll do. I'll put you out on the bank and you can walk around the rapids and we'll pick you up on the other side."

I refused this suggestion. If we were to go to our deaths, I said stoutly, we would go together.

The boat was racing now, fairly leaping through the rough water. The prow was pointing directly toward the centre rock and Frank kept it in this

direction. I understood the manoeuvre thoroughly but still it dismayed me. We seemed about to crash into the granite pinnacle, though I knew that only by this method could we get into the current which would then sweep us through the narrowest of the five channels on our right. Many men in '98 took the widest channel as being the easiest and so met their death. The old river hands all knew that the narrowest channel was the deepest and best.

And now we were into it. At the last possible moment the current seized us, twisted us over to the right and hurled

us between the walls of rock now sweeping past us. We were wet with spray and the roar of the water was loud in our ears. I squeezed the delighted children tightly to me and then, just as suddenly, we were through into the relatively calm water below. "Do it again, Daddy, do it again!" the children were squealing. But I was happy it was over safely.

A second set of rapids had to be navigated a few miles farther down—the Rink Rapids, less spectacular but considered more dangerous. In the early days the government had spent a hundred thousand dollars deepening this section of the river but it was still wrecking boats. The river steamer Dawson, and later the Casca were both sunk in these rapids. But our own little boat passed through without incident.

Now the banks grew higher and a strange phenomenon appeared on them. Several feet down from the top on either side of the river was a wide white streak six feet deep, as if someone had drawn a giant whitewash brush along the bank for miles. This was a layer of volcanic ash, a reminder that once, thousands of years before, a volcano had exploded and smothered half the Yukon in a hot white blanket.

We were approaching Selkirk, at the mouth of the Pelly where it joins the Lewes River to form the Yukon proper, though actually the entire watercourse from Whitehorse down is known as the Yukon. Now the water which had been a bright blue turned grey as the muddy Pelly joined with it. For the rest of its length the Yukon is muddy.

A Bear in the Tent

While we were camping at Selkirk we heard reports of bears in the area. The storekeeper told us a traveler coming upriver had seen seven but Frank claimed the children made so much clatter we probably wouldn't be bothered.

That night we pitched our tent in a clearing near a forested hillside. Perhaps I had bears on my mind for I awakened at three o'clock to the sounds of a clattering of pots and pans outside and the unmistakable pad-pad of feet prowling around our tent. I was terrified and reached to wake Frank when the canvas began to shake violently and a large black snout appeared under it. I could feel my scalp prickle and my throat grow dry. I dug my fingers into Frank's shoulder and he let out an exclamation and jumped up. The snout vanished and by the time Frank was out of the tent there was no sign of a bear. Frank insisted I had dreamed it all until he saw the paw marks around the tent where the animal had tried to get at our box of bacon just under the canvas. The children slept on, oblivious to it all.

The next night the children remarked on the barking or howling of dogs in the distance. We could hear them over the hills quite distinctly, very like the huskies who howled at the moon in Dawson. It was not until the next day that Frank told me that what he had heard were timber wolves.

At noon we reached Kirkman Bar, a treacherous obstacle on the river where as many as seven steamboats at a time have been trapped. Opposite the bar was the town of Kirkman which consisted of a single cabin—a post office—and one curious man—the postmaster—who could now be seen standing on the bank waving frantically to us. This was an old French Canadian named Laderoute, a picturesque character in a loose blue blouse, with a long grey beard and huge gold rings dangling from his ears. A herd of goats and

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Saint John to Edmonton.....\$3.00	Regina to Toronto.....\$2.20
Montreal to Halifax.....\$1.40	Calgary to Montreal.....\$2.80
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sheep followed him about like pet dogs, eyeing us curiously. We had interrupted his dinner and he insisted we share it with him. We had already lunched but we knew better than to refuse river hospitality and so we joined the meal which consisted of porcupine stew, hot and very gamey, not unlike pork with a suggestion of chicken. As we sat down at the table we saw that the goats and the sheep had followed M. Laderoute into the cabin. Indeed they never seemed to leave his side.

Then I recalled some of the stories I had heard about the postmaster of Kirkman. He claimed to be the seventh son of a seventh son which, to a French Canadian, meant he could put a curse on people. The steamboat men were afraid to cross him and sometimes the steamer wouldn't bother to put in for the mail because Laderoute would be standing on the bank calling down curses on one and all. There was plenty of free gold up Kirkman Creek and Laderoute, who did a little mining, would leave a poke of dust on the bank for the pursuer to collect when the boat stopped. The pursuer would weigh it out, sell it, and use the money to buy provisions which he took back to Kirkman.

When Laderoute's son-in-law died in Montreal, he sent for his daughter to keep house for him. She was glad to come. Kirkman appears in large letters on the map and she assumed her father was the wealthy mine-owning postmaster of a large and prosperous community. The steamboat dropped her off on the shore one dark night and she was faced with the strange old man, the single cabin and all the sheep and goats. In dismay and horror, she took the next steamer back for the Outside but in Whitehorse met and married a fellow Quebecer and settled down there to a happy life.

"How about making Stewart our next camp," Frank said, as we waved good-bye to Laderoute and his animals. "There are some fine mooselicks around there, and with a bit of luck—"

"With a bit of luck we might get home," I told him for by now we had been more than two weeks on the river and I was anxious to return to a regular routine. "Stewart tonight, by all means; and then Dawson."

We decided, as a result, to drift all night until we reached Stewart City. Early that evening we passed the mouth of the White River, a watercourse which seems to be flowing with pure milk, hence its name. Its startling color comes from volcanic ash. The river is fed by glaciers and is thick with this white volcanic sediment.

It was nearly midnight when we approached the mouth of the Stewart. We could hear it roaring far over on our right but it was a wicked night and we could hardly see the far bank. The sky was black with storm clouds, the wind was coming in gusts and the rain was lashing down across our bow. It was now Frank's task to bring the boat around and try and get across the Yukon to the right bank where the town of Stewart was located. This was rendered more than usually difficult by the wind which was blowing us to the left and the strong current of the Stewart coming from our right and pushing us in the wrong direction. In the uncertain light from the overcast clouds, distances were deceptive and objects hard to distinguish. I was glad the children were asleep.

"This is bad," Frank called from the stern. "Get up there in the bow and watch for floating logs. Sing out if you spot any."

By now the rain was driving down in sheets and it was impossible to see for more than a few feet. The wind increased and we now met the full force



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The One-Horse Town That Spawned a Giant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

province in which the company sells direct insurance.

Back in 1932 Wawanesa was the first company to introduce a policy aimed at preventing arson. Under it a man could insure his buildings at a special rate providing he promised to rebuild them within a given time after a fire. If he failed to rebuild he collected only half the normal payment. This discouraged the man who purposely set fire to his property.

Since 1929 the company has manufactured in Wawanesa a dry-powder fire extinguisher which is loaned to policyholders in unprotected areas with every one thousand dollars' worth of insurance. For a while, in line with fire prevention, it also gave away match-box containers and once distributed the "Little Wonder Lantern Snuffer," a gadget that fitted around the wick and extinguished the flame if a lantern tipped over.

During the past few years most auto insurance companies have levied higher premiums on drivers in the accident-prone under-twenty-five age group. The Wawanesa Mutual introduced this idea in 1937. In 1953 it moved ahead of the field again by offering reduced premiums to British Columbia motorists under twenty-five who have completed high school driving training or an AAA-approved driver-training course. This plan has also been introduced in Alberta and Manitoba and may be extended.

In spite of these constant and apparently radical new ideas the Mutual tempers every move with good old-

of the Stewart current on the starboard. In spite of Frank's frantic paddling we found ourselves washed into a shallow slough from which great snag piles stood out dimly against the sky. These snags are the most treacherous obstacles on the river. They are formed by the roots of trees and drifting logs piling up on the small sand bars season after season. The effect in the wet dusk was ghastly, for the skeletal branches and roots, bleached white by the elements and animated by the wind, seemed trying to clutch at the boat as Frank snaked in between them.

Suddenly, looming directly ahead, there appeared the silhouette of a terrible snag pile, twenty feet high—a thick, evil, shapeless tangle. The wind and current were blowing us directly onto it.

I screamed. "Frank! Quick!"

I could hear him mutter "My God!" and gasp for breath as he renewed his efforts with the paddle. I held my breath as we plunged on, praying that he could keep us off.

Then slowly the gap widened and with just six feet to spare we swept past it and out into the main channel again. All this takes time to relate but it happened in an instant and when it was over I found I was sweating heavily.

Dawson Like New York

Through the rain we could now see the lights of the roadhouse at Stewart. This in itself shows how dark the storm had made this particular June night. We decided at once to spend the rest of the night under a roof for we were all in and had no stomach for the tent. It was, as it turned out, the most uncomfortable night we spent on the river. The four of us were crammed into one tiny room infested with mosquitoes and we had left the mosquito bar in the boat. I didn't get much sleep.

The last seventy-mile stretch was quiet and uneventful. We left Stewart about noon. At three the following morning we saw once again the grey roofs and clustered cabins of Dawson City nestling under the scarred midnight dome. After the river settlements it looked like New York with its big grey warehouses and its government buildings and its ferry tower and its checkerboard streets.

Our arrival was timed for early morning at my insistence for I had no wish to meet the inevitable throng of townspeople, dressed as we were in our soiled khaki outfits, I in baggy bloomers and the children looking like unkempt Indians without being half as picturesque.

The town was sleeping when we slipped into the bank and tied up the boat. The sun was brilliant, the robins singing and the streets fragrant with the scent of briar roses. We made our way through the willows edging First Avenue and with our gear on our back walked up the hill to home. A feeling, half of relief, half of elation, not unmixed with a certain sadness came over me as we entered the house. I was beginning to realize that these two weeks on the river had been among the happiest of my life.

All this took place almost thirty years ago but the memory of those lazy days drifting with the current through that silent wild country with my children young and my husband in his prime remains as vivid and as sharp as if it all happened a week ago. Wishing is futile, but I would give a great deal to be able to do it all again. ★

NEXT ISSUE CONCLUSION
The Setting
of the Midnight Sun

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Gilbey
time

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GOLDEN SPECIAL



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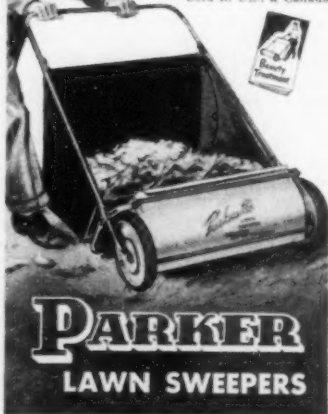
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fashioned business sense. It is a lone-wolf company in most respects, flexible enough and shrewd enough to adapt itself to every situation. But it never forgets that the customers are always—or nearly always—right.

Long ago the Mutual found it could not control all its business from Wawanesa, Man., so it gave wide authority to its branches in Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal. These offices keep their own records, maintain closer touch with agents and policyholders and adapt their techniques to local conditions.

Similarly most insurance companies belong to some national insurance organization. There are about a dozen associations in Canada, some national and some provincial in scope. The Mutual belongs to one in Ontario and another in the prairies but to none on a national scale.

"There are some advantages in belonging to an association but we prefer to be the independent outlaw," says assistant general manager Howard S. Ferris, a short friendly man of 51, who was raised in Wawanesa. "We are free then to make alterations in rates and regulations and bring in new features on a moment's notice. Members of organizations must be uniform or else secure permission to deviate."

"We can turn on a dime here if we want to," adds managing director Milton C. Holden. "If at nine in the morning we get a good idea, well, at nine-thirty we can be away."

Yet the Mutual never moves without considering the effect on the Wawanesa name. The name itself is an asset. Wawanesa is an Indian word that has been variously defined as "bend in the river" and "home of the whippoorwill." Whatever the origin, it's a name people never forget once they learn to pronounce it (Waw - waw - knee - sah).

The firm claims its policyholders always know the name of their company whereas people insured with other firms generally remember only the name of the agent who sold them the policy.

Only once has the name caused the company embarrassment. About fifteen years ago a west-coast firm manufactured a brand of toilet tissue under the trade name "Wawanesa." The brand was soon discontinued but while it was out rival insurance men gleefully bought it by the case and presented complimentary rolls to agents who were able to lure business away from the Wawanesa Mutual.

Apart from that the name has remained spotless and has a devoted following in the prairie provinces where the company sells forty percent of all fire insurance. Some prairie farmers swear by it. In Moose Jaw, Sask., one day, a farmer entered a general agents office to insure his wheat against theft. The agent began writing out a policy.

"But that's not with the Wawanesa," complained the farmer.

"Wawanesa doesn't insure against grain theft."

"Why not?"

"Well, I guess they consider it a bit hazardous."

"Well, if the Wawanesa thinks there's something wrong with it then there must be," said the farmer. "I won't take it."

The Customer's Always Right

Farmers are particularly drawn to the Wawanesa Mutual when they learn that it's run by people like themselves from a town like hundreds of others on the prairies. The Mutual's directors, elected annually, are currently: Alman J. Elliott, a mild white-haired retired farmer; A. D. Naismith, a broad-shouldered ex-farmer in his seventies and one of the company's founders; another ex-farmer, George H. Stephens; Harold F. Stevenson, a Wawanesa boy and former municipal secretary, now running the company's Brandon office; A. T. Hawley, QC, a Winnipeg lawyer; C. C. Gorrie, a Wawanesa druggist; G. H. Grant, a druggist in nearby Souris; A. B. Knowlton, a Brandon shoe-store owner; and managing director Holden, who was raised on a Manitoba farm.

Over the years these small-town executives have never forgotten that, as a mutual, the company is owned by its four hundred thousand policyholders. In 1900, when a Manitoba farmer named Francis Noble claimed a windstorm had damaged his barn, the Mutual's board of directors jogged out to the farm in buggies. After one look they decided the barn was no more dilapidated than before the storm and that Noble didn't have any insurance coming. Still, to keep the customer happy, they awarded him a three-quarter-inch iron rod to bolt through his barn and hold the walls together.

Since then the Mutual has favored the policyholder in several borderline cases. Once a Red Deer, Alta., farmer let his fire insurance elapse for a month until he scraped up the cash to renew it. In the interim his barn burned down. He was a long-time customer so the company back-dated a policy and paid him anyway.

Such practices over the years have solidified the Mutual's reputation for shrewd business sense and boundless imagination. The latter is probably the key factor in the Mutual's success: Wawanesa men, although not always insurance wise, have never been hide-bound in their thinking, a tradition handed down by the company's founder, Alonzo Fowler Kempton.

Kempton, a swarthy barrel-shaped man with a blustering voice and a



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bulldog jaw, came to Manitoba from Nova Scotia with his parents in the early 1880s. He began cutting firewood near Wawanesa and immediately established himself as a character. In the abandoned cabin where he stored his logs hung the motto, "God helps those who help themselves." Then somebody stole his firewood so Kempton amended it to, "God help anybody who helps himself."

His father bought a farm but young Kempton's head was full of grandiose schemes and he soon took to selling washing machines, then insurance.

When sober, he was an excellent salesman with a bluff but likable personality and a talent for sizing up the other fellow's character. Unfortunately Kempton craved alcohol and his career was marred by sporadic benders during which, if whisky was not available, he drank vanilla extract or shaving lotion.

"He wasn't a constant drinker," says assistant general manager Howard Ferris, who grew to know Kempton well in later years, "but when he drank there was no messing about. He'd get a case of whisky and stay with it until it was finished."

Nevertheless, Kempton's best idea developed over a bottle. In those days fire insurance, as sold by stock companies, was too expensive for most farmers. In stock companies people buy shares and profits go back as dividends to these shareholders who are not necessarily policyholders.

The stock companies, out to make a profit for their stockholders, charged two dollars premium, cash in advance, for each three-year one-hundred-dollar policy. Kempton deplored this situation, partly through sympathy for the farmers, partly because he loved to

start things and keep them humming.

One night in 1895 during an insurance selling trip he camped on the open prairie with a jug of whisky and a friend, Charles Kerr, a lean aristocratic-looking accountant from nearby Souris, who shared Kempton's enthusiasm for liquor. Between swallows, Kempton suggested, "Let's start a mutual insurance company."

Mutual companies were not new to Canada. In a mutual, all policyholders are members and owners of the company. Profits first go toward building up a surplus to safeguard members against unusual losses. Once a satisfactory surplus is established further profits may be returned to the policyholders in the form of dividends or reduced insurance rates. Theoretically, the policyholders benefit when a mutual prospers.

In those days fire insurance on threshing machines was particularly high. No insurance company cared to cover them because the wooden, steam-operated machines were fired with straw, threw great showers of sparks and were always burning. Kempton therefore took his idea to the thresher owners, beginning with tall bearded Alexander Naismith, a respected, influential farmer and a neighbor of Kempton's father. He found Naismith in his wheat field and the two sat down beside a stook.

"If you and Kerr will take the Keeley cure, I'll go in with you," bargained Naismith. Kempton agreed and, according to Naismith's son who is one of the present directors, Kerr and Kempton obediently went to the Keeley Institute in Winnipeg.

"It was a cure for whisky," says the present Alexander Naismith. "When it got so bad they had the DTs why they went to the Keeley Institute. There were eight or ten out of this town had to go there."

"Kerr stayed with it for the rest of his life," adds director George Stephens. "Kempton stayed with it until he got home."

No one was particularly surprised when the cure didn't cure Kempton but when he proposed to launch his company in the village of Glenboro, some nineteen miles east of Wawanesa, a number of teetotalers there objected. Kempton took his company to a more tolerant town and Glenboro lived to regret it.

On September 25, 1896, twenty farmers met in Wawanesa, contributed twenty dollars each, rented a single room over a drugstore for ten dollars a month and founded the Wawanesa Mutual. Since no one but Kempton had the slightest notion of how to run an insurance company, he was elected secretary-manager. Charles Kerr was bookkeeper and later treasurer.

Since the farmers had cash only at crop time, the Wawanesa Mutual gave them insurance without an initial payment. Each policyholder wrote a note covering his three years of insurance, then made payments each October. It was a fine scheme for the policyholders but hard on the directors. For the first few years the farmer directors borrowed money on their personal notes to provide cash to meet claims. This was an unselfish move because all a director got out of the company was two dollars for attending each board meeting. (Today directors get \$2,000 a year and are formally required to attend a board meeting once a month.)

Losses were heavy on the straw-burning threshing machines and at the end of the first year the Mutual had a surplus of only \$5.96. But the directors doggedly borrowed more money and paid the claims.

"My mother didn't think much of

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Until she smiled on me:
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it when my father went down to the bank and signed his name, meaning he'd stand good for any losses," says Alex Naismith Jr.

No one remembers just how much the directors borrowed. Probably their wives didn't know even at the time. But the company began the year 1900, for example, with \$853.24 cash. In the same year it paid ten thousand dollars in claims. It's therefore likely that during that year the seven directors had to sign for ten thousand dollars. After the farmers made their fall crop payments, of course, the company was solvent again—for a while.

But the Mutual's reputation stood firm. More farmers bought Wawanesa insurance. Business extended from Manitoba into the western territory that was to become Saskatchewan and Alberta. Early in the 1900s the company dropped thresher business entirely and concentrated on farm buildings. By 1901 it could afford to move from its drugstore to a small brick office. That year Kempton earned the princely salary of \$1,332.70.

Later he earned nearly five thousand a year, owned some farm land, dabbled in a few sidelines and began to live with great exuberance. He smoked Turkish cigarettes and indulged in his favorite foods, oysters and salt cod. He bought a two-story brick house in Wawanesa and put his initials on the front door, massive furniture in the parlor and a Chinese cook in the kitchen.

He Liked Kids, Too

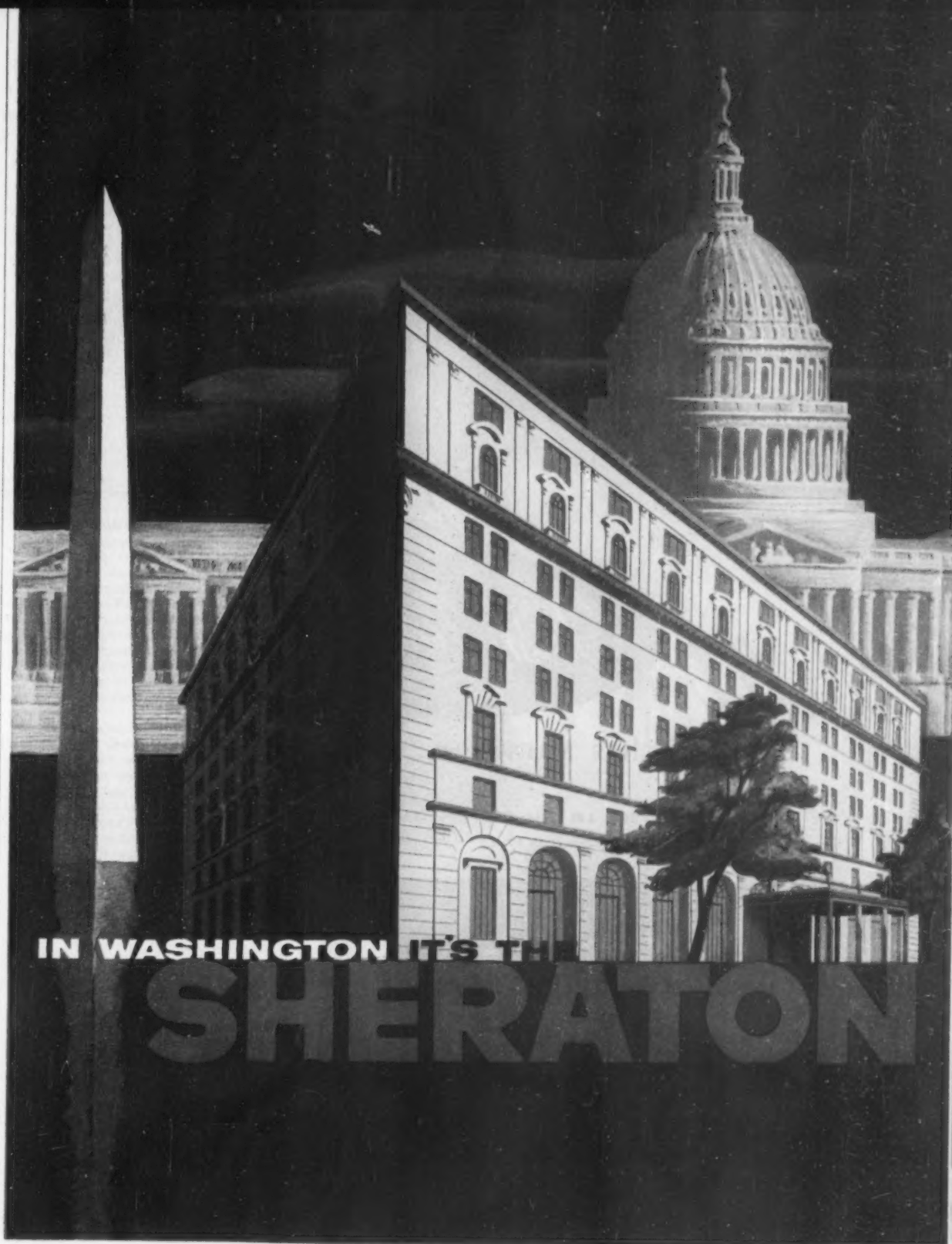
When automobiles came out Kempton bought one and hired a chauffeur. Occasionally he owned two cars at a time; on drinking bouts he sometimes bought an auto on impulse. He was an erratic driver, though, and once veered into the Souris River. No harm was done and Kempton sloshed ashore, cursing, with the car seats floating after him.

Next to liquor Kempton's weakness was children. Often he packed fifteen or twenty of them in his car, drove around town, then bought them ice cream. Once on a westbound train he befriended a small girl and gave her fifty dollars as a parting gift. One night he took Howard Ferris and Wilbert Roney (now Mutual employees) to dinner at the local Chinese restaurant. Kempton ordered every course on the menu and paid for each with a ten-dollar bill. The next day proprietor Wing Kee returned the eighty dollars that Kempton had overpaid him.

Howard Ferris later became Kempton's helper in a number of wild extracurricular ventures, none of which lasted long. At one time or another Kempton ran a second insurance company, a trust company, a land development company and a shop for making wagon box seats. A few doors from the Mutual he manufactured a hemorrhoid cure and a honing paste for straight razors, in the same factory.

The hemorrhoid cure was simply a local doctor's prescription. When Kempton discovered it worked for him he persuaded a druggist to tell him the ingredients, manufactured it himself, gave it a Japanese name and sold it.

The honing paste contained Vaseline, tallow and an abrasive mud scraped



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from a lake bottom. To this Kempton added a mysterious treatment which he called "magnetizing." One day he showed Ferris how to brew up a batch. Ferris, watching closely, complained after a while, "But Mr. Kempton, you forgot to magnetize it."

"Oh, no," said Kempton quickly. "I did that when you weren't looking." "After that," says Ferris, "I made thousands of tins of the stuff and I always magnetized it when I wasn't looking."

Kempton also manufactured razor strops which, he claimed, were made from the hides of two-year-old white heifers. "I ordered tons of that hide for him," says Ferris, "and it probably came from very old black bulls."

In spite of these sidelines Kempton didn't neglect the Wawanesa Mutual. He attended the office regularly although he sometimes, on mornings-after, stretched out on a couch near his desk. Kempton was not a church-goer and his desk bristled with buzzers, but he always called his secretary by singing hoarsely, "I Need Thee, Oh I Need Thee."

A Suitable Replacement?

He used profanity freely during dictation and insisted that every word of it go into his letters. He was not an athlete but encouraged fresh air and sunshine among his employees and let them off a half hour early each evening provided they promised to walk two miles before going home.

In later years Kempton became disagreeable. When the company directors differed with him on any subject he promptly threatened to resign. Once a director warned, "Some day we'll take you up on that."

"Who'd you get to replace me?" scoffed Kempton.

The director glanced around quickly and spotted Mike Whitley, the company office boy.

"Him," said the director.

"Hmmm," said Kempton and immediately sent the boy on a trip to Calgary. Later Whitley left the company and it's believed Kempton fired him. Whitley went on to become manager for Canada of the Norwich Union Insurance Society.

Kempton continued to resign at intervals until finally, in 1922, the directors accepted. Kempton left Wawanesa, ran a Hereford ranch unsuccessfully in British Columbia and died in 1939 in comparative poverty.

As Kempton prophesied, the company had no one to replace him in 1922. Alman Elliott, a director since 1914, says, "We didn't know anything about insurance so we didn't want a stranger. He could have sold us out

in a minute. So we got a man we could trust."

That man was Dr. C. M. Vanstone, a former Wawanesa physician who'd had one experience with insurance: in 1896 he rented the company its first room over his medical office and drugstore. But lack of precedent has never worried a Wawanesa man. In the next twenty-one years Vanstone mastered the business, nursed the company through depressions and expanded from strictly farm insurance to fire and casualty coverage of all kinds.

Vanstone was a tall, bald, hawk-faced man of tremendous enthusiasm and considerable thrift. When company men went on the road he advised them, "Look, there's no use staying in a hotel if you're going to be in a town any length of time. You could get a reasonable rate in a private home."

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Herbert Lawrence, now an underwriter at head office but an office boy under Vanstone, says the doctor used charm instead of cheques to hold his staff. "You'd be ready to ask for a raise," says Lawrence, "and just about then he'd look over your shoulder, give you a pat and say, 'My, you write a nice hand.' After that, you'd be willing to work for half pay."

There was reason for penny-pinching in Vanstone's day. In the postwar recession of the early Twenties the Mutual learned that fire losses are heavy during bad times, partly because run-down buildings are more susceptible to fire, partly because a cash insurance policy tempts some men to arson. By 1924 Wawanesa's cash and bank credit were exhausted but the situation improved in 1925 and the Mutual realized the necessity for more diversified business and a larger cash surplus.

So, in 1926, Wawanesa began insuring town dwellings. In 1928 it insured its first automobiles. In the early Thirties it moved into Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes. About this time an ex-schoolteacher named Milton C. Holden was moving up in the company.

Holden began selling insurance in 1927. Late in the Thirties while working with the B. C. branch he visited Alonzo Kempton, now 75 years old. Holden chatted for a while and was about to leave when Kempton brusquely called him back, stared at him and predicted, "Some day you'll be running that company." By 1949, the prophecy was fulfilled.

Even Holden, a sensitive firm-jawed man of 51, is not the layman's idea of an executive. After a full day at the office he likes to spend evenings with his family, reading books about insurance or yarning with farmer-directors like Naismith or Elliott. Yet the same

Holden has masterminded the company's much-publicized feud with the Saskatchewan government, which since 1946 has been in the insurance business.

In Saskatchewan every motorist must buy a basic policy which provides limited protection. To supplement this the government offers an optional extension policy which fills the gaps in the compulsory scheme, lowering the deductible sum which the motorist must pay in case of collision and increasing his public liability and property damage coverage.

The compulsory insurance naturally cut into private business but most private companies sat back to see what would happen. The Wawanesa Mutual tackled the CCF government with an extension policy of its own.

Although the rate structures are extremely complex, with variations for different vehicles, different areas and with surcharges, the battle followed this general pattern. In 1948 a Wawanesa policy cost \$5.20 more than a comparable government policy. In 1949 both sides lowered their rates with Wawanesa now costing only \$4.50 more. In March 1950 the Wawanesa rate dropped ninety cents below the government's. In October that year Wawanesa brought out an entirely new scale: in Regina and Saskatoon where accidents were most frequent it charged \$28.50 for its extension policy; in rural areas it charged \$15. Meanwhile the government stayed at \$17.50 everywhere.

They'll Fight Socialization

By last year, for similar extension policies with a \$25 deductible clause, both parties charged \$25 premium in rural Saskatchewan. Wawanesa was still higher in cities. In February this year the government readjusted its compulsory plan and raised the deductible clause on its extension from \$25 to \$50. Wawanesa, at this writing, was figuring out its next move.

"We haven't lost money on our extension and we don't intend to lose at the expense of our policyholders in other provinces," says Holden.

"We don't quarrel with the government being in the insurance business," says Howard Ferris. "It's the compulsory aspect we fight so vehemently. In Saskatchewan you have to buy insurance from the government. Now you might justify compulsory liability insurance because that benefits others as well as the man who is insured. But when you make collision insurance compulsory then you are interfering with a person's private affairs. It's a very short step from there until you may be compelled to insure your house or your life with the Saskatchewan government. That's our fight and we'll see it through to the end."

Throughout the fight the Mutual hasn't lost its sense of humor. A while ago an agent in Saskatchewan reported that a provincial government bus carrying Saskatchewan government insurance caught fire one day in a small town and was saved with a Wawanesa dry-powder extinguisher.

"That's once we helped the Saskatchewan government," grins Holden. "Quite involuntary, though."

Only a free-wheeling independent like the Mutual could attempt to match rates with the Saskatchewan government.

"That, again, is because we are not tied up with other organizations," says Ferris. "Other companies have to get permission to diverge from standard practices. We are free to do or try anything we think is worth trying."

No one denies that fact. It's just that everyone's wondering what the amazing Wawanesa will try next. ★

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How to Start a City from Scratch

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Columbia. They could have been developed more cheaply than Kemano. We chose Kemano because it would permit us to locate the smelters at Kitimat, and have a very attractive town."

"Alcan's labor position is different from that of mines, the other comparable frontier industry," says Jack Kendrick, a young hydro-electric engineer who was hired by Alcan as assistant manager of its B. C. project. "Mines don't have to build towns to hold their labor, for there is always a floating pool of experienced miners to draw from. But aluminum smelting requires experience and training. We can't operate with floating labor. We have to train our men and then hold on to them."

Alcan's personnel experts expect that eighty percent of the men applying for jobs will be young and married, and most will have small families. They know that men in isolated surroundings without women will work efficiently for only a limited time. So Kitimat was planned from the beginning to be a model family town.

Clarence S. Stein, a world-famed U. S. community planner hired by Alcan to direct the Kitimat planning, listed as his first recommendation something that Alcan officials had already sold themselves on. Stein warned that a model city would not be enough, that Kitimat must also be a free and independent city, not a typical frontier "company town" in which everything would remain owned and controlled by Alcan. Stein urged, and Alcan immediately agreed, that the company must withdraw as rapidly as possible from Kitimat's civic affairs.

Both Alcan and Stein had had experience with the economic and social evils which sometimes develop in company towns, when the company remains mayor, council, landlord, grocer, theatre owner and everything else. Often the company wants to monopolize retail businesses because it can earn a good profit from them. It may refuse establishment of a town council because it fears the council may demand municipal services and tax the company too heavily for them. Sometimes companies, desperate to keep labor, have encouraged employees to run up charge accounts at company stores, getting them so deeply into debt they cannot leave. In other cases companies have tried to persuade employees to incorporate the town and elect a council, but have failed, because after a few years of "company-town" dependence and domination the employees are afraid of enacting legislation their bosses might not like.

"Life in a company town has an insidious psychological effect on people," says Frank T. Matthias, who shares with Kendrick the job of assistant project manager. "They can't own homes, they never feel permanent. No matter how benevolent the company, it always gets blamed for everything. If the milk goes sour, it is because the company-owned dairy didn't deliver it soon enough. And so on."

"Alcan could have got Kitimat established much faster as a company town of rented homes," Matthias adds. "But we want citizens, not company wards. An independent builder is erecting homes to sell directly to citizens. This required shopping around for mortgage rates which would permit everyone to buy homes. It took a lot of time. Alcan is still playing Santa

Claus to Kitimat, but it doesn't intend to continue. We have provided a costly plan, and started the development rolling, but Kitimat will have to carry the ball itself from here on."

Some critics have described Alcan's desire to avoid a company town as a scheme to attract outside capital and let somebody else's money build the town they need. Alcan officials answer that company towns with their rents and retail profits can be a lucrative investment. But, instead of renting homes at a profit, Alcan is paying out bonuses to encourage and assist private-home ownership. By letting independent builders erect Kitimat homes, Alcan is saving on its initial outlay but it will cost Alcan heavily in the long run.

In 1951, while hard-rock miners started blasting the mountain tunnel for the Kemano powerhouse, Alcan officials in Montreal were studying the records of more than forty town planners, seeking the man who would head



the experts plotting Kitimat's birth. They settled on Clarence S. Stein, of New York City.

Stein, who is now 72, has been fighting for thirty years for the planned orderly development of "greenbelt" residential communities in the U. S. He was a founder of the Regional Planning Association of America in the early Twenties and its president for many years. Stein became planning co-ordinator and director for Kitimat on Sept. 6, 1951. A few days later Albert Mayer and Julian Whittlesey, New York planning experts who had designed numerous modern communities throughout the U. S. and in India, were appointed Kitimat architects and engineers. They immediately rounded up more than twenty specialists—most of them also American—to investigate local conditions at Kitimat and make recommendations. They included experts in municipal government and finance, education, health, recreation, parks, shopping centres, weather, landscaping, flood control, forestry, highways and transportation, mosquito control, engineering and utilities, religion, child welfare and family living.

Within two weeks of their appointment in New York, Stein, Mayer, Whittlesey and several of their consultants were at Kitimat looking over the ground with P. E. Radley, Alcan's B. C. manager. It was Sept. 19, 1951, and as their seaplane landed on the Kitimat Arm of Douglas Channel the future site of Kitimat presented a gloomy aspect. The Kitimat River delta was a two-mile-wide, odorous plain of mud and marsh, tangled with stumps and decaying trees left there by floods. Everywhere else there was nothing but dense coniferous forest down to the rocky shores. Two hundred men, working there all summer, had built a small dock, made a clearing close to the shore and put up a camp of bunkhouses and a sawmill. They

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had pushed a road one mile up the river to the site where the first smelters would be.

Stein, accustomed to smooth farm fields on which to lay out his model towns, gazed at the wilderness of mud, rock and forest, and shook his head in dismay.

But Alcan engineers were well along with the initial surveying. They had determined that dredging for the harbor would provide enough fill to raise the delta mud-flat and give them a smelter site that would extend two miles up from the river mouth. Six miles upstream, on the opposite side of the river, was a thickly forested plain four miles wide, large enough for a city of fifty thousand.

Stein and his planners surveyed the area carefully by air. Next day they went upstream two miles by boat and then struggled through dense bush for a mile inland to the future townsite. Asked afterward what he saw, Stein answered: "Trees!" But actually his imaginative mind was already picturing a city of parkways and looping avenues.

A week later, back in New York, Stein made an interim report to R. E. Powell, the salty old-timer who grew up with aluminum, from a pot-and-pan salesman when it was an unknown metal to Alcan president today. With Powell's enthusiastic backing, the Kitimat planning started in earnest. During the following months there was a steady stream of investigating experts in and out of the crude shanty camp on the rock-piled shore of Kitimat Arm. Their reports, running into more than a million words, were co-ordinated by Stein, then passed on to Mayer and Whittlesey for the final and exacting blueprinting. The Kitimat Master Plan took shape.

Kitimat had to be planned to develop in four stages which would parallel the four stages of development anticipated for its aluminum smelters. At a central point where all main roads meet will be a city centre of eighty acres containing the principal shopping and entertainment facilities of the city, civic buildings, sports arena, office buildings and parking space for 2,500 cars. This will be Kitimat's downtown. Each neighborhood will have its own smaller business section or neighborhood centre, containing a supermarket, local theatre, recreational centre and the smaller shops required for daily shopping. Each will be bordered by a perimeter motor road which will link with main roads leading to the city centre, but residences will be built away from the main traffic streams on blind cul-de-sacs or on streets which loop U-shaped off the principal arteries.

Kitimat will be a city without back yards in the accepted sense. The kitchen of each house and back yard, such as it is, will face the street. The living room, picture window and front door will be away from the street. But here between the streets where the normal city has a dreary checkerboard of back-yard fences, Kitimat will have linking belts of footpaths and landscaped parkways, with pedestrian underpasses where they intersect main streets. These parkway footpaths will lead to schools, playgrounds, churches and shopping centres and link adjoining neighborhoods. The streets will have no sidewalks because they will pass down the rear of the houses where no one will be walking.

Kitimat, therefore, will actually have two entirely separated travel networks—the auto streets behind residences, and twisting parkways for pedestrians in front. Across the river, two miles from the residential area, will be the terminus of a CNR branch line from Terrace, forty miles north, now under construction and scheduled for com-

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pletion in about a year. And here, well removed from town, will be Kitimat's service centre, an area reserved for light service industries such as auto-repair shops, lumberyards, laundries, dairies and bakeries which modern town planning separates from residential districts.

It was even recognized that over-planning could have disadvantages. Dr. Lois Barclay Murphy, child-welfare expert of Sarah Lawrence College, New York, in her Kitimat recommendations warned, "Children need unplanned as well as planned space. They want areas where they can explore, and make their own caves, dams, tunnels, bridges and forts. Children need unfinished materials such as leftover bricks, boards, tiles, tires and pipes as well as swings, slides and see-saws." So the architects resignedly planned out - of - the - way nooks in which builders' litter could be left without provoking a civic outcry.

Walter E. Kroening, a consultant on large-scale housing, and community manager of the model town of Greendale, Wis., whose advice was sought in the Kitimat planning, reminded planners that aluminum smelters must work continuously, and many Kitimat men will be sleeping during the day. On his advice, houses are being laid out so that master bedrooms are on the side removed from children's play areas.

J. D. Gregson, federal government entomologist in B. C., warned Stein that mosquitoes from Kitimat's marsh areas, before they are drained, could make life so miserable that all the other planning for happy living would be nullified. So Kitimat's plan calls for rapid swamp draining, and Kroening, in his detailed report on the municipal structure and financing that Kitimat will require, made ample allowance for mosquito control in his public health recommendations.

Blow off Steam Downtown

Another expert whose surveys had far-reaching influence on the Kitimat plan was P. S. Bonney, a forester and timber consultant. Bonney discovered that the densely growing cedar, spruce and hemlock of the Kitimat site had shallow root systems and he said single trees or small clumps would not stand against winter gales. To preserve original trees in the parks, Bonney warned they would have to be left in blocks of at least ten acres. This became a guiding principle for Dan Kiley, architect and landscape planner who designed the courtroom for the Nuremberg war trials and planned the landscaping of many U. S. university campuses. As a result of Bonney's warning, no Kitimat homes are being built within 200 feet of trees scheduled to be left standing.

As there is no information on how imported plants and trees will thrive in Kitimat's climate, Alcan last summer bought \$10,000 worth of nursery stock which has been planted experimentally to determine what is best suited for landscaping there. Bonney also advised Alcan that establishment of Kitimat would open a vast virgin pulpwood region. As a result, a pulp mill, to be jointly owned by Alcan and the Powell River Company, will soon be built. It will employ more than 600 workers and contribute to the rapid expansion of the new B. C. city. Bonney warned that lumber camps in the area will employ about a thousand lumberjacks who will want to come into Kitimat occasionally "to blow off steam." At this news the planners left space for a hotel to be located in the service centre, two miles out of town.

But the factor that had to be considered more than anything else was Kitimat's weather. One of the first

experts called into the planning was Dr. H. E. Landsberg, chief of industrial climatology for the U. S. Weather Bureau and meteorological adviser to the U. S. Air Force. Kitimat's rainfall averages 87 inches a year, double that of eastern Canadian cities, and snow may reach depths of three to five feet. To compensate for the rainfall, Kitimat's blueprints call for ample indoor recreation facilities, covered walks in the shopping centres, and covered terraces, breezeways and wide eaves on the houses where children can play outdoors in bad weather.

Landsberg made a detailed study of Kitimat's winds, smoke drift and snow drifting. As a result it was found possible to utilize areas and levels within the townsite beyond the reach of smoke and fumes from the industrial site. On streets where drifting snow might be a problem, space is left for an evergreen hedge snowbreak.

Landsberg regarded it as more important in Kitimat to turn school windows from prevailing winter winds than to follow the customary rule of orienting them for greatest sunlight. When a visiting newspaperman at

Kitimat said a school plan was all wrong because windows didn't face southward, an Alcan official joked: "Any day the sun shines in Kitimat, they'll declare a school holiday." Actually, Kitimat's rain is concentrated in fall and early winter; in late spring and summer close to fifty percent of the days are cloud-free.

To begin with, these detailed plans were merely so much paper. What has Alcan done to date to turn them into brick walls, paved streets, water mains and sewers?

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construction camp but it has advanced a long way since Stein first saw it. Today it has vast unloading cranes and docks that take ten minutes of rapid walking to cover. Six huge smelter buildings of gleaming aluminum sheeting are completed, each big enough to make two or three aircraft hangars, and the first two potlines will start turning out aluminum ingots in June. Adjoining the smelter is a temporary town of more than a hundred small homes, bunkhouses and scores of trailers, all of which will be removed as the townsite, six miles away, absorbs residents

into permanent homes. Kitimat now has fifteen miles of roads, most of them gravel, but the main six-mile road from industrial site to townsite is paved. This road crosses the Kitimat River on a bridge which cost more than a million dollars.

The main activity now is at the townsite, preparing it for the first 1,100 employees and families who will be required for the smelter opening in June. Where Stein two years ago saw only trees, the predominant features today are mud and towering piles of building materials. Three hundred

acres are cleared. There are wells, a water storage tank, mains and sewers to serve the first 600 homes required before the spring of 1955.

Norman Hullah, the young, go-getting house builder who created Vancouver's famous Norgate development, has Kitimat's first fifty homes completed or near completion, in spite of the difficulties of winter building in snow sometimes six feet deep. His aim is 500 homes for the end of the year. "When we really get rolling, we'll complete six houses a day," he says.

The Alcan official responsible now

for Kitimat's housing and commercial growth is Jim Dudley, a big genial architect who designed military fortifications during the war, became Maritimes supervisor for the government's Central Mortgage and Housing and then joined Alcan "because I couldn't resist working on the biggest town-planning job this continent has ever seen."

To begin with, Kitimat will have no homes for rent. Dudley explained the buying terms: Homes now being built would sell for around \$11,000 in Vancouver, but because of transportation and high labor costs the Kitimat price is \$14,000. Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation is granting first mortgages of \$9,360 (ninety percent of the Vancouver value), the purchaser is being asked for a down payment of \$700 and the balance, \$3,940, is being assumed as a second mortgage by Alcan. But to encourage home ownership and offset Kitimat's higher prices, Alcan is giving every employee who buys or builds a house a monthly bonus of \$2.85 per \$1,000 of the home's cost. This is \$39.90 per month on a \$14,000 home, roughly equal to the principal and carrying charges of the second mortgage. It means in effect that Alcan writes the mortgage with one hand and pays it off with the other. This leaves the purchaser with a monthly payment of about \$60 plus his bonus. The average Kitimat wage will be \$3,500 to \$4,000.

It's Up to the Merchants

Anytime within ten years Alcan will buy back a house at predetermined depreciation rates from anyone wishing to sell and leave. "We want people to buy homes and feel tied to Kitimat," said Dudley, "but there is no intention to burden people with property they cannot sell as a device to make them stay." The buy-back price is arranged so that, with taxes he has paid, the seller will lose the equivalent of about \$55 a month rent.

But there is no such rosy deal for businessmen wishing to start up in Kitimat. For the first year or two Alcan may insist on renting premises to Kitimat's first druggist, dentist, hardware merchant and so on, to retain some control and prevent unfair pricing until competing businesses arrive. But once normal competition is established, merchants will have to erect their own premises and carry their own financing entirely.

Alcan files in Vancouver contain more than 800 enquiries and applications from persons desiring to set up private businesses in Kitimat. There have been, for example, enquiries from six doctors and thirty druggists. Many farmers have asked about farming possibilities nearby to serve the Kitimat dairy and produce market. A Vancouver man has asked for a bus franchise. All of Canada's leading department-store chains have applied. A German laborer working at Kitimat approached Dudley recently and said he and some German friends in the U. S. would like to build a Kitimat hotel. Dudley smiled condescendingly and reminded him he would need a couple of hundred thousand dollars first. The German nodded casually, said he could raise four hundred thousand now "and maybe another hundred thousand dollars if we should need it later."

At present Alcan, as owner of practically all Kitimat land, has control over businesses entering. "We have to be selective at this stage," says Dudley. "They can't all go in; the present population couldn't begin to support them. So we are screening them carefully, looking for good solid



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citizens and culling out those who think they can go in, make a killing in a year or two, and then get out."

Kitimat already has its private-enterprise pioneers, all still in temporary buildings at the industrial site camp. The Hudson's Bay Company, true to its pioneering record, is in Kitimat with a food and department store. Joe Swityk, a young Calgary shoe repairman, who came to Kitimat as a timekeeper in 1951, is now in business for himself again as cobbler to Kitimat's 2,300 workers. Swityk and his wife live in a trailer brought up by boat. Construction workers get refreshments at Helen's Coffee Shop, get their hair cut by Joe the Barber, and put their money in a Bank of Montreal branch. All these will get first choice when the permanent townsite is ready for its initial businesses this summer.

Although Alcan will control business development for a year or two, it lost no time in urging Kitimat to elect its own municipal council, as a safeguard against its becoming a company town. In fact it persuaded the B. C. legislature to pass special legislation so that Kitimat could have its own municipal government before it had any permanent residents.

Kitimat was incorporated as a "district municipality" in March 1953 before it could boast a single permanent home. It held a nomination meeting and each person nominated was given as a gift by Alcan a small lot in the industrial site to qualify him as a landowner to hold municipal office. The gift lots were tracts of mud and swamp which Alcan will later repurchase. However, it still wasn't legal, for office holders must prove a certain equity in their land "over its assessed value," and as yet Kitimat had no assessment. So the B. C. government passed temporary legislation permitting any Kitimat landowner to hold office.

On April 30, 1953, Kitimat held its first election. In spite of rain and knee-deep mud, ballots were cast by seventy percent of those entitled by six months' residence to vote. Kitimat's first reeve is Wilbur Sparks, Alcan's assistant resident engineer, a powerful, greying water-power expert who had spent years in the B. C. interior conducting water surveys for the province. Sparks had also been city engineer for Kamloops and was the only man in Kitimat with experience in municipal government.

Kitimat's council is probably the busiest municipal government outside Canada's half dozen largest cities. Council meetings have to be called a couple of times a week to deal with Kitimat's rapidly growing business affairs. Recently it borrowed close to \$3 millions through a bond issue, most of which will go back to Alcan for the bridge, streets and utilities which Alcan financed to get the town started.

In cutting Kitimat loose to control its own affairs, Alcan knows it is running a gamble, for the ambitious plan that has already cost Alcan \$10 millions is now in the hands of the municipality. "Alcan is just a taxpayer in Kitimat now," says Dudley. "They could scrap the whole plan and the company couldn't do a thing about it."

But the plan won't be scrapped for a very obvious reason, and Alcan knows it. For years Alcan's huge smelters will be ninety percent or more of Kitimat's total assessment. Even when Kitimat grows into a respectable city Alcan will still pay two thirds or more of its total taxes.

Reeve Sparks sums it up: "Alcan wants Kitimat to be a perfect city. They're the people who will have to pay most of the taxes. We'd be fools not to agree with them." ★

He's Making a Liar Out of Kipling

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

the site. The Indian, Cavell points out proudly, spent six months in Canada under the Colombo Plan and returned home with a thorough knowledge of Canadian engineering terms and practices.

Early last year a visiting Pakistani fell ill and an immediate operation was

required. Cavell arranged it. A few weeks later Cavell was sleeping in a bungalow on the North West Frontier of India. About three in the morning there was a thundering at the door. He opened up and for a moment thought he was about to be assassinated.

Six shaggy tribesmen with bandoleers round their shoulders and daggers in their belts seized him. But their demonstration turned out to be one of delight. They were the father and brothers of the student whose life had been saved in Ottawa by prompt operation and they had ridden two hundred miles on

horses to thank Cavell for his assistance.

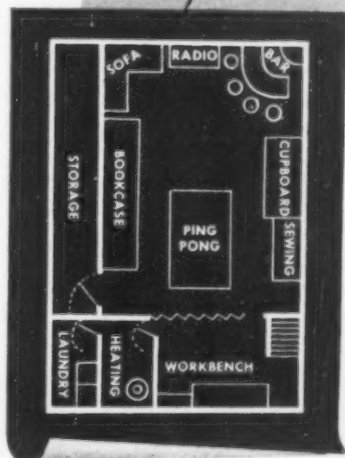
Although the heat aggravates his asthma Cavell slogs up and down the Indian sub-continent tirelessly. Hume Wright, a young government statistician who accompanied him last year, says, "He gave me so much figure work on so many prospective schemes I hardly saw the country."

Cavell was in Karachi when a Comet jet airliner en route to begin service with Canadian Pacific Air Lines crashed with a loss of all the crew. A few minutes later Cavell calmly took off in another Comet. Once in bumpy weath-

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er over central India he relieved a sick and prostrate mother of her squalling infant, changed its diaper and soothed it by dandling it on his knee to a croaky rendering of Ride A Cock Horse To Banbury Cross. On his way to an Indian railroad station his taxi was blocked by a crowd of strikers who wanted to beat up his driver for working. Cavell stood on the back seat and in Hindi addressed the crowd and persuaded them to let him proceed.

"He knows his Asians inside out," says Hume Wright. "And they know he knows them. They respect him be-

cause he treats them neither as angels nor pariahs but as equals. Not many try to pull the wool over his eyes."

In India one did try. Wright was puzzled by a faintly deprecating smile on Cavell's face during a conversation with an Indian state official. The man was talking about his fine stable and offered Cavell a horse. With a grin Cavell accepted. Next morning at six o'clock Cavell set off on a horse which impressed Wright. When Cavell returned Wright remarked the Indian must have a fine stable indeed.

"He has no stable at all," said Cavell.

"That was obvious from his conversation last night," Wright asked. "But what about that horse?" Cavell replied, "It came from the police stables. I could tell by its manners. And didn't you notice the lance bucket on the right stirrup? No horse comes from a private stable equipped with a lance bucket."

Wright adds, "Cavell knew the Indian was only showing off. Yet he was indulgent enough not to call him on it."

Cavell doesn't foist ideas for Canadian help on the Asians. He tries to give them what they want. They want

so much he has to choose between their wishes with great diplomacy. He has another problem too. "The Asian," he says, "is sensitive about taking charity." Cavell points out that Canada's participation in the Colombo Plan is motivated by self-interest. He was backed up recently by Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent who on his world tour stressed in speeches that Asian welfare was inseparable from Canadian security.

From 1951 to 1953 Cavell sent to India \$15 millions worth of wheat. In the same period Pakistan received \$10 millions worth of wheat, although \$5 millions of this was not sent under the Colombo Plan. This wheat has been Canada's biggest single gift. Next in size will be the gift of 120 steam locomotives to India, \$11 millions worth in 1954 and a further \$10 millions worth in 1955. These donations were urgently needed. But Cavell prefers the type of help which helps the Asians to help themselves. Here he has to step cautiously. Even though he rejects Kipling's most famous contention about East and West, he recognizes that his basic dilemma is implicit in another, lesser known, Kipling verse:

The end of the fight is a tombstone white
With the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear: "A Fool lies here
Who tried to hustle the East."

Cavell has seen many examples of precipitous beneficence on the part of other countries. Seven jet aircraft were lost in as many weeks in Pakistan through the inexperience of pilots. A magnificent hospital laboratory proved useless in India because no Asian understood the instruments. A tractor station became impotent in Malaya as one after another the machines broke down and nobody knew how to repair them.

"You just can't dump modern machinery into a primitive economy and expect it to work," he says. "In Asia you must start at the bottom and work up."

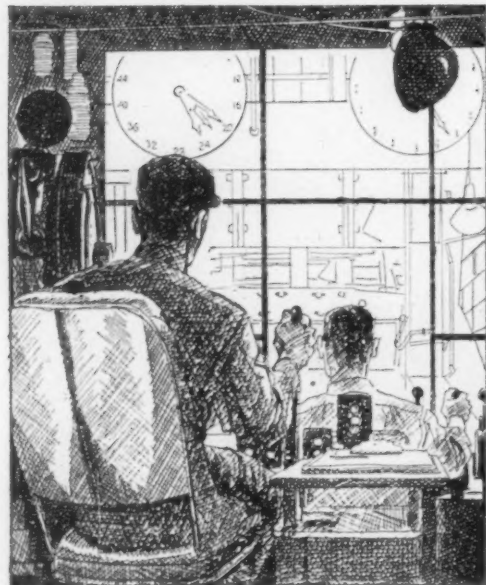
Projects Cavell submits to the Canadian Government for approval are designed to fill empty Asian bellies. The gift of wheat was an obvious act. But there were strings attached to it. The Pakistan and Indian Governments had to agree to use the proceeds from the sale of the wheat for developments suggested or endorsed by Canada, developments that would yield still more food.

To illustrate: After it had sold the wheat through ordinary commercial channels the Indian Government proposed, and Canada concurred, that the money—known as counterpart funds—should be spent on a dam to the north of Calcutta in West Bengal. This, the Mayurakshi Dam, will eventually irrigate six hundred thousand acres of arid land and provide four hundred thousand extra tons of food a year, thus helping India to narrow the gap between the fifty million tons of nourishment she needs annually and the forty-five million tons she is getting. Canadian engineers are helping Asian engineers to erect the dam which will include a hydro-electric plant donated by Canada.

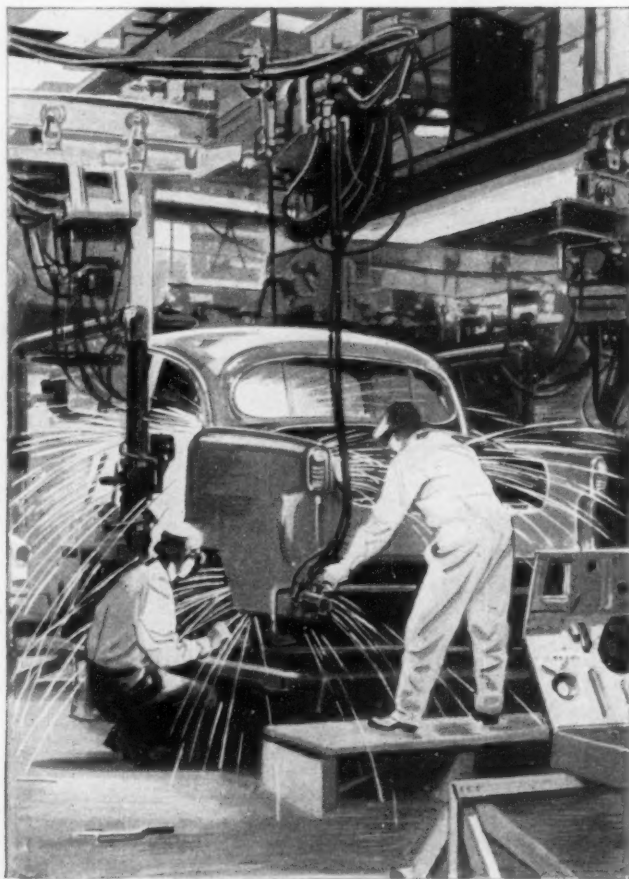
Last year when Cavell was visiting the dam site a Canadian engineer complained to him, "When am I going to get bulldozers, mechanical shovels and cranes? Here I am with hundreds of men with spades, and hundreds of women with baskets of earth on their heads, and a herd of donkeys. When do you expect us to get the dam thing finished?"

"All those men and women," said

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Cavell, "have been displaced from the land by rising water levels. If they weren't given the job of building the dam they would starve. That's why you'll never get any bulldozers from me."

"Then what about the people when the dam is finished?" asked the engineer.

"That's been thought of," said Cavell. "They will be absorbed into a scheme for cottage industries powered by the hydro-electric plant."

Cavell's policy is "to nudge the Asians along." For ages Pakistan tribesmen have been using the short-bladed sickle in their harvesting and Cavell thought it was time they used the long-bladed scythe. But they wouldn't look at the scythe. Cavell got in touch with the Food and Agricultural Organization of the UN which had a team of crack Austrian scythemen touring the East. He promoted a contest between the Pakistan sicklemen and the Austrian scythemen. The Austrians won easily. Without further ado thousands of Pakistanis took up the scythe.

Cavell's work has given Canada an enviable name in the East. Last year Edward Ritchie, of the External Affairs Department, brought home many clippings from the English and native-language press in Asia lauding Canada's efforts. In the same party was James Sinclair, Minister of Fisheries, who stepped from a train at a wayside halt to inspect an ancient flour mill. The miller came forward grinning and without any knowledge of Sinclair's identity he allowed a stream of grain to pour through his fingers. "Good Canadian wheat," he said in broken English. "Best in world." Last year when the Finance Minister of Ceylon was delivering his budget speech he made a passing reference to Canadian aid. The assembly, a notoriously undemonstrative body, rose and cheered.

He Wanted The Violin

The man who helped bring this sort of recognition to Canada knew practically nothing about this country until he was forty years along in a peripatetic career. His earliest recollection of his life is a glimpse of a wild pony in the New Forest of Hampshire, England, where he was born. Later he became agile at catching and riding these little animals which range the beautiful national park. In his teens Nik developed a dispiriting trait for the scion of a horsey family; he liked playing the violin. His father, an engineer, and something of a domestic despot, was shocked. He could see no respectable future for his son except in the Anglican Church. Cavell was packed off to a theological preparatory school.

The boy clung however to a vision of himself playing violin concertos in the Queen's Hall. When he was sixteen he ran away to London. There he got a job in the orchestra of the touring company of the D'Oyly Carte Opera. For a year he was happy sawing out Gilbert and Sullivan. "Then suddenly," he says, "I learned about women."

She was a pianist. "You and I," she said, "could make beautiful music together." They became a duet in a Liverpool cinema. Cavell permitted her to manage both their salaries. At the end of the first month she vanished, taking with her the entire kitty.

Cavell was then picked up by a red-nosed comedian who was looking for somebody to feed him gags. Together they went round and round that lusty northern circuit of hippodromes and coliseums where Charlie Chaplin and Gracie Fields learned their trade. They shared seedy theatrical lodgings with acrobats, jugglers and magicians.

The comedian found life a strain and took to fortifying himself. Sometimes he muffed his lines and desperately Cavell had to chase the laughs by replying to his own cues. Eventually the comedian couldn't even crawl onto the stage. Cavell joined the unemployed.

Wandering through Manchester he saw a sign: "Tracer Wanted." He didn't know a tracer from a trapezoid but he talked himself into the job. The boss led him to a desk littered with inks, mapping pens, dividers and other affrighting paraphernalia. Cavell gathered that he had to trace a complicated

machinery design. Inside ten minutes his tracing paper looked like the pelt of a Dalmatian dog. As the boss approached to see how he was getting on he grabbed his hat and fled.

Next he got a job washing down calico printing machinery on the outskirts of Manchester. Here a doting grandfather who'd been on his trail for months ran him to earth. Grandfather talked about a straight back and a good seat above a military charger's hams. At grandfather's expense Cavell was tutored privately for a commission in the cavalry.

Cavell reached India as a cavalry subaltern in 1912. Those were the days when the hill tribesmen covered themselves with grease at night and slid naked into the army rifle cotes under the noses of the sentries. Even though the rifles were secured to the racks with a chain running through all the trigger guards thousands were stolen. Cavell made many punitive raids against these audacious marauders.

In the First World War, Cavell served in Mesopotamia. In 1917 Turkish bullets shot his horse from under him. Then he was wounded in the



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The Government will begin paying you \$100 per month. These payments will continue **as long as you live!** Furthermore, in the event that you die within ten years after age 65, the monthly payments will continue to your heirs for the balance of that ten years. In other words, you will have paid \$7,299.36 to receive a minimum return of \$12,000 which will be even greater if you live past 75!

IF YOU DIE BEFORE AGE 65

The Government will pay your heirs the total sum paid up to the date of your death, **plus 4% compound interest!**

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Please send information showing how a Canadian Government Annuity can bring me retirement income at low cost.

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abdomen and hands. He was invalided back to India.

Unlike most Indian Army officers he had no private income. To meet his mess bills he says he "broke nearly every bone in my body" as a steeplechase jockey for Indian princes and rich European owners. He also began to horse trade and became known as "the Ghorra Wallah" (the horse dealer). Fascinated by India and her people he broke European custom by serving for seventeen years without taking a trip home. Every leave saw him departing into the hills with a string of horses for sale. He organized races in villages, matching his animals against the local mounts and drawing fees for the stud services of his stallions.

In Baluchistan Nik ran a pack of bobbery hounds, a motley collection of mongrels. The dogs gave his guests exciting chases after small game and served to publicize his horses. One of his regular clients was General Sir William Birdwood, the famous Anzac commander of World War I.

When the Twenties dawned Cavell was sent to command a remount depot. There was a world shortage of horses due to war losses. All India could get were savages cut from the semi-wild brumby herds of Australia. They were being broken by steady bucking and beating until they knuckled under. This method crippled and killed many horses and men. Cavell introduced a new system of training, based on leading by feeding. It worked and was adopted throughout the army. It was particularly successful with polo ponies and when the Prince of Wales played in India he asked for mounts trained by Cavell.

Cavell's horsemanship was known to the then Viceroy, the Marquess of Reading. His Lordship was nervous in the saddle but acknowledged a steed as essential to the dignity of his office. Could Cavell, Reading asked, find a horse that looked "dreadfully fierce" but in fact was docile. Searching shiploads from Australia Cavell found just the nag. When broken it pranced and snorted and turned a wicked white of eye but it wouldn't have thrown a tipsy sailor. The Marquess mentioned his horse to an equally reluctant horseman, his sovereign, and had it shipped to England. King George V called it Delhi and rode it in public till the end of its days.

Cavell developed blackwater fever in 1925 and was discharged from the army. Until 1927 he tried sheep farming in South Africa. "But it was incredibly boring," he says. "I discovered that the wool grew on their backs whether I watched it or not." He left the farm in charge of a headman and went off to Cape Town where he became agricultural correspondent of the Cape Argus.

A recurrence of blackwater fever prompted him to sell the farm, resign his job and enter a hospital for tropical diseases in England. While convalescing he met Sir Alexander Roger, who

owned patent rights for automatic telephones. Roger appointed him to his staff and on Roger's behalf Cavell bought control of companies in France, Belgium, Poland and Portugal. Then he worked for two years establishing new telephone companies in China and Japan. He sold one telephone company to Chiang Kai-shek.

He turned his attention toward Manchuria in 1932 when the Japanese conquerors were leery of letting Europeans in. But they needed Cavell's telephones so they gave him a visa. The British Secret Service plucked Cavell's sleeve just before he left. He took time out from business and brought them back some useful Manchurian intelligence.

In 1934 Cavell came to Canada and set up subsidiaries for his telephone company group. For sixteen years he stayed in Toronto as vice-president of Canadian Telephones and Supplies Ltd. He lived comfortably in Toronto's Forest Hill Village with his wife and daughter and as a hobby bred hunters and judged at horse shows.

It Cost Him \$18,000

As chairman of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, Cavell made many speeches advocating the very principles which were later incorporated in the Colombo Plan. When L. B. Pearson, Minister for External Affairs, committed Canada to the Colombo Plan there was a feeling in the cabinet that Cavell was a natural for the job of administrator. One cabinet minister said, "Cavell, you were the Colombo Plan before it was a plan."

When C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, offered him the job, Cavell hesitated. It meant a drop from more than \$30,000 a year he was earning in industry to a civil-service salary of \$12,000 a year. But eventually he accepted.

Cavell usually works on Saturdays and Sundays but occasionally takes a week end off to visit his wife and daughter in Toronto.

Most nights Cavell can be seen puffing into Ottawa's exclusive Rideau Club, disappearing into the washroom where he eases his asthma with an adrenalin spray, then scurrying across the lounge to snatch the last service of dinner at eight o'clock. He retires after dinner to a lonely Ottawa apartment. Since an old wound prevents him from playing the violin he sometimes relaxes by strumming a mandolin, playing symphony records, dabbling at a novel over which he's been struggling for ten years or reading Bertrand Russell's theories on symbolic logic.

More frequently he opens his bulging brief case and pores over the columns of statistics, specifications and memoranda which spell more Canadian succor for distressed Asia.

"There seems to come a time in some men's lives," he says, "when they get the urge to do something for somebody else. I never thought it would happen to me. But it did." ★

SPECIAL DELIVERY

There's a chap at our meetings for whom I rejoice;
Through debates and discussions I long for his voice.
Though he'll rarely say more than four words in his turn,
He'll deliver them clearly: "I move we adjourn."

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

Let's Stop Monopoly Television

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

fans in general will not watch opera if they can help it, and that opera-lovers are usually driven insane by wrestling. If we had alternative stations in Canada no one would presume to drag the creators of our present television policy kicking and screaming to watch straight commercial television if they wished to watch the CBC. But the prospect would be not without temptation since they are using almost that kind of force on hundreds of thousands of Canadian TV viewers now; it's happening by government decree and the viewer is paying by special tax to see that it goes on happening.

The species of television we have now arises in part out of a problem that no man-made agency can solve completely. When we began tooling the air above Canada for TV one of the major problems was: Who'll get the licenses? There were plenty of channels available but many of them were in the wrong places. The Department of Transport listed 230, and covered only that area within 250 miles of the U. S. border. Toronto then had five, including two on an ultra-high frequency band which requires a twenty-dollar gadget on present sets before it can be received. Other cities had two or three each. But most were for potential audiences mainly of gophers or muskrats. It was for the few channels in Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver, Winnipeg and other prosperous and populous areas that the big fight would be—and the government knew it. Possession of these precious licenses would almost certainly mean heavy profits. Some people had applied for licenses in these cities as far back as 1938. More applications were coming in all the time.

Also, should we have government television, as in Britain? Private-enterprise television as in the United States? Or a combination of both? A rather interesting fact is that by two or three years after the war the CBC was feeling almost as frustrated as private operators about the government's delay in making the vital decision about how to handle this medium which Davidson Dunton, chairman of the CBC Board of Governors, has called "the most effective and vivid means of mass communication that the wit of scientists has yet developed."

By the terms of the Broadcasting Act of 1936 the nationally owned CBC had the right to broadcast television—but also had to depend on the government for funds. In 1948 the Board of Governors of the CBC issued two statements on the subject, in May and November. Both were slightly plaintive, as distinguished from the smoking-at-the-ears type of statement some private applicants had been making, but the gist was that the CBC was eager to get going with television if the government would only vote it some money.

By March 1949 the government still hadn't made up its mind on all the points to be considered but it told CBC to go ahead with stations in Toronto and Montreal while it continued its reverie.

The plot was thickened considerably by the report of the Massey Commission in 1951, recommending that a national television service be put into operation before any private licenses were allowed. "National television" meant the CBC, which had found building materials hard to get in the first years of the Korean War and

hadn't got on the air in Toronto and Montreal by late 1951, as originally hoped.

In mid-1952 Dr. J. J. McCann, the Minister of National Revenue, who reports to parliament for the CBC, said no private licenses would be allowed at all until CBC-TV was operating in all provinces. Later the cabinet changed its mind, at least partly due to a motion passed by the National Liberal Federation, urging joint public and private development of television. McCann now announced that some private licenses would be issued, but not in competition with CBC stations to be established in Canada's richest market areas. In other words, CBC would run the show.

This it has done, opening stations in Montreal and Toronto in September of 1952, in Ottawa in June of 1953, in Vancouver in December of 1953, and a second Montreal station, French-language, last January. CBC stations in Halifax and Winnipeg are nearly ready. Outside of these richest areas fifteen private licenses have been allowed and more are being considered. Sudbury and London went on the air late last year, Kitchener a few weeks ago, and twelve other private stations expect to be on the air this year—Saint John, N.B. (on March 22), Sydney, N.S., Quebec City and Rimouski, Que., Kingston, Hamilton (on April 25), Windsor, Port Arthur, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Calgary.

The CBC—Or Nothing

By the terms of their licenses these private stations must carry at least ten and a half hours a week of CBC programs. At least partly because the programs are free (except to the taxpayer) the private stations now on the air are carrying up to 16 or 18 hours a week of CBC-TV, some getting it by micro-wave, others by kinescope—a system by which films are made from television screens. The micro-wave network is designed to cover all stations in Quebec and Ontario, except Sudbury. It is expected by the CBC to reach from Halifax to Winnipeg by 1956 and it will be extended to the Pacific coast later. Thus all stations, public or private, will eventually be part of the CBC-TV network.

The cornerstone of the license-granting policy has been that 1952 pronouncement: no competition. Nowhere in Canada are two TV stations, private or public, in direct rivalry for the viewer's attention. Sometimes the fringes of two viewing areas overlap. In a few favored areas (southern Ontario and southern British Columbia mainly) U. S. stations are within reach of the Canadian viewer. The CBC can't control that. But in most parts of Canada the viewer has a choice only between his one local station or a blank screen. That's how the CBC wants it now and presumably intends to keep it, at least until further notice.

In short, Canadian television is one large parental monopoly, the CBC, surrounded by a series of satellite monopolies. The CBC says that the cost to the Canadian taxpayer for the first 19 months of Canadian television (to March 31 this year) was about \$22 millions. Half of that was for capital outlay (building, transmitters, equipment) and the balance for operating costs. Revenue during that period was \$1,750,000. Although its budget was not prepared as this article was written, a CBC official estimated the television service would need a million dollars a month from public funds in the coming year to close the gap between television expenses and revenue.

Of course, there are reasons behind

Ontario Travel QUIZ



1. This famous rock can be seen in:
(a) The Thousand Islands (b) Muskoka
(c) Lake Superior (d) The Rideau Lakes



2. You'll find these falls on the:
(a) Ottawa (b) Thames
(c) French (d) Niagara



3. This monument is of:
(a) Champlain (b) General Brock
(c) Sir J. A. Macdonald (d) Brantford



4. This is a view from:
(a) Don Jail (b) Peterborough Lift Lock
(c) Ft. Niagara (d) Pines Tower



5. The young star is addressing a (a) R.C.M.P. constable (b) Guard at Ft. Henry
(c) Customs officer (d) Commissioner



6. This church is in:
(a) Ottawa (b) Kingston
(c) Midland (d) Windsor

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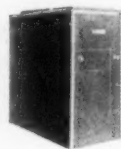
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this policy of monopoly. The major one was that while the national service was being put into operation, the government did not want the CBC to be distracted by competition either for the eyes and ears of the viewers or for the bankrolls of the advertisers. Only by monopoly (they said, and still say) could Canadian financial and human resources be channeled into the creation of the best possible national service. In the summer of 1952 almost every major executive in the CBC spoke in support of the policy. They made what now appear to be extravagant promises (all under the general heading of maintaining our nationality against all odds) on these four major points:

1. **Serving all tastes:** Dr. Dunton (he has a DSc from Laval) said in a Montreal speech that the monopoly would not be used to jam culture down anyone's throat. There would be programs purely for entertainment and others to stimulate and broaden. No one taste would be allowed to dominate the airways.

2. **Keeping it Canadian, in people and ideas, with its allied point of subduing American influence.** Dunton said in a Montreal speech: "The Canada of thirty years hence may depend largely on what its youth of today saw on television screens. For that reason the CBC feels that a majority of its programs should be of Canadian content." An unnamed "CBC top boss" told a newspaper interviewer: "Our job is to create and stimulate things Canadian. We have a responsibility to give Canadian people something better. We don't want to smother native effort with American imports."

3. **Maintaining good taste.** Mavor Moore, then chief producer (he resigned this spring to work for the Stratford Festival), said: "American shows will be used to round out the schedule but we are going to say what we think is good and tasteful." Stuart Griffiths, program supervisor for CBLT, Toronto, the network's key station, said comedy would be sophisticated—"in the best CBC tradition. The emphasis will be on intelligence and not on custard pie."

4. **Avoiding commercial influence, while paying its own way.** Announced CBC-TV policy was that the CBC would have full control over all programs, including commercial ones. Sponsors would be allowed only to make suggestions, which the CBC did not have to accept. And Dr. McCann told the House of Commons: "There'll be no federal treasury hand-outs for CBC-TV. The service will pay its own way from license fees and commercial advertising."

Good intention was the common denominator in all those statements and the other thousands of words spoken on the subject in parliament and to public meetings in 1952. But who among the men responsible would care to watch CBC-TV for a week now and repeat those promises?

I personally would like to have the rededication ceremony arranged for one of the Ontario stations on a Saturday night. Eleven-fifteen would be a good time to have it begin. My choice for people to take part would be the cabinet ministers who formed our television policy and the CBC people who spoke so convincingly of what they would do with it. For 75 minutes, until 12:30 a.m., they could sit in a row watching the grimaces and listening to the canvas-flailing of midget wrestlers in Chicago, their images being micro-waved into Canada at a cost to the taxpayer of about a thousand dollars an hour, presumably to help us maintain our nationality against all odds.

Even if such a program could be jus-

tified (like other special-interest shows—cooking, boxing, puppets) under the heading of serving all tastes, it also could be disqualified under most other headings of the CBC's blueprint for Canadian television. And many viewers would feel that if there is one thing worse than having culture jammed down their throats (which Dunton promised would not be done) it is having U. S. midget wrestlers jammed down their throats, especially at the end of a long evening of cowboys, Indians, comics, dancing girls, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and the thickly populated ice surface of Maple Leaf Gardens.

If they lasted through that first Saturday night, nothing for the next seven days would be quite as hard to rationalize, although if they kept records some of the figures would startle them.

For instance, if the week were average and they were watching CBLT-Toronto they would see about 65 hours of television. They would see 17 elderly movies, mostly American and some quite good, and in the time not taken up by movies they would see 24 commercial programs produced in the United States and sponsored here by American companies whose products also sell in Canada. They would see six Canadian commercially sponsored programs, a fraction of the number CBC had hoped to sell. On a time basis, only about 45 percent of what they saw would originate in Canada, 50 percent or more in the United States, the rest in Britain—a very broad interpretation of the CBC's feeling that a majority of its programs should be of Canadian content.

"Truly a Terrible Shock"

Of all the major Canadian shows, viewers would be most impressed with General Motors Theatre, a drama running 60-90 minutes every Tuesday night. It is produced by CBC-TV for about \$10,000 a week, one third of the cost of similar shows in the United States. It has a standard as consistent as most of them—which means that if your taste is like mine you'll like something better than half of their productions. This show is usually a British or American play or novel adapted by a Canadian for television. American stars are brought in every few weeks for large fees (Ethel Waters got \$2,500 for a sometimes stumbling performance in a secondary role in Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp* late in February) while the union scale for Canadian leads and secondary leads is about \$300, with some top Canadians getting up to \$400. That is scarcely living up fully to the promise "to create and stimulate things Canadian."

If the gentlemen responsible for national TV were to hit the other biggest budget Canadian show, *The Big Revue*, on a bad week they would get truly a terrible shock. It is probably the spottiest show on television. The singing is generally good, the MCing nice and easy but the comedy and skits... well, the time they spent watching it would be particularly poignant if they happened to recall that statement of Stuart Griffiths that CBC-TV comedy would be sophisticated and free of custard pies. You can't shoot a man for not being funny but *The Big Revue's* featured comics have been on television for more than a year now without, it seems to me, making anyone but the show's staff laugh—and have achieved this almost impossible feat by copying often and ineptly from the very American comics they are supposed to be saving us from. The CBC's most expensive variety show manifestly isn't giving us "something better." It isn't

even giving us something different. The Big Revue is an imitation—I contend a bad imitation—of a dozen American variety shows which are paid for by sponsors, not by taxpayers.

Among all the other Canadian shows, some excellent, there is little that has not been copied in form or content from British and American shows. Among the American prototypes there are some things that many Canadians find frightful, some like. The trouble is that in most areas of Canada, including the most heavily settled, the CBC has made the individual viewer's preferences a matter of academic concern only. He can hold his preferences but he can't really act on them. The sum of watching a week of monopoly TV—either over one of the CBC's own monopoly stations or over one of the smaller monopolies it has farmed out to private stations in certain less prosperous localities—would, I think, bring most people to my conclusion. My conclusion is that there has been retreat to greater or less degree from all promises about what non-competitive television would do for the Canadian viewer.

Of all the retreats, however, only one was really a rout. That was from the stand that CBC-TV would avoid commercial influence while paying its own way by license fees and commercial revenues. Early in March General Motors objected to a play which had been scheduled, a cast called, scenery building begun—and the CBC cancelled the play in exactly the craven manner CBC people say belongs exclusively to the world of commercial entertainment. This play, by Ted Allen, is called *Legend of the Baskets*. It spoofs big business. It was acceptable to the CBC, which had used it successfully on radio's Stage 54. It was not acceptable to General Motors. Therefore it was dropped. CBC says it was dropped because they didn't want to put on two comedy shows in succession; a very limp explanation, since the play was cancelled, not postponed. Although it was the first known time that CBC-TV had retreated before big business, one retreat from such a fundamental CBC position weakens it immeasurably for the future.

The withdrawal from the promise that CBC-TV would pay its own way was much more precipitous. The license fee was dropped a few months after McCann took that stand, and as soon as the first stations were on the air it became obvious that someone had made some very bad guesses about commercial revenue. Of the \$22 millions spent by CBC-TV in its first 19 months of operation, the \$11 millions for capital outlay must be considered a long-term investment. But a return of \$1,750,000 in advertising revenue for the remaining \$11 millions of operating costs is a figure that has only one explanation. No one ever should have

expected, let alone promised, that TV under the CBC system could ever pay its own way.

Although Dunton says that the CBC never made a definite estimate of shows it expected to sell, he does say that sales have fallen far short of hopes. One man close to the operation said recently that some people in the CBC sales department figured on selling seventy percent of the programs produced. Perhaps that was the reason for McCann's 1952 confidence about income. Instead, CBC-TV has sold less than twenty percent. Not that sponsors are in hiding—anything but. "The demand for television time by U. S. advertisers who also operate in Canada is increasing every day," said one advertising agency man who specializes in television accounts now. "Lots of Canadian advertisers, too. But not many are interested in the Canadian shows available, either because they cost too much, or aren't what the advertiser wants to sponsor. And the CBC is only interested in selling what it's got—not in selling time for more stuff on film or piped in from the U. S. They figure they've got enough of that already. Maybe too much. And within the framework of what they intended to do, they're right."

I asked if that meant there would be lots of money around to support any private station which managed to get a license to compete with the CBC. "It'd make a million," the advertising man said.

Liberal Newspapers Critical

I would like to emphasize that I am not suggesting the fact there is a million to be made is a good reason for allowing competitive television. But if television can make profits perhaps there is some advantage to be had from allowing a few profit-making stations to try their hand at making entertainment in those rich densely populated areas from which they are now excluded. I know the CBC was not intended to make profits itself. Mostly, of course, this is because of the high standards it has tried to set itself—good intentions with which we all would sympathize if CBC policy involved only the pure desire to produce good Canadian programs, instead of being allied, as now, with the policy of keeping other Canadian stations out of the field.

Much newspaper criticism of this policy, including that of Liberal papers, has gone deeper than the realm of entertainment, too, contending that continued monopoly of television and network radio by the CBC carries a definite threat of "thought control." The government and the CBC pooch-pooch this but as Malcolm Muggeridge, editor of *Punch*, pointed out in a recent debate in which he supported competitive television for Britain: "Sir Winston Churchill's voice was kept off the air at the time of Munich. Why?"

Everyone knows why. Churchill would have curdled Prime Minister Chamberlain's policies into a very indigestible lump. In a similar critical situation in Canada criticism on a network basis *could* be kept from television and radio both. The CBC says that it would not do so—but the danger is in the fact that it *could*.

The Winnipeg Free Press is traditionally strongly Liberal. But it has pointed out editorially that what makes this freedom-limiting power even less justifiable is that the Canadian Broadcasting Act, which sanctions it, was based on a premise now proved false. The Free Press contends that it was believed in 1936, according to engineering standards of the time, that Canada would never have more than a few

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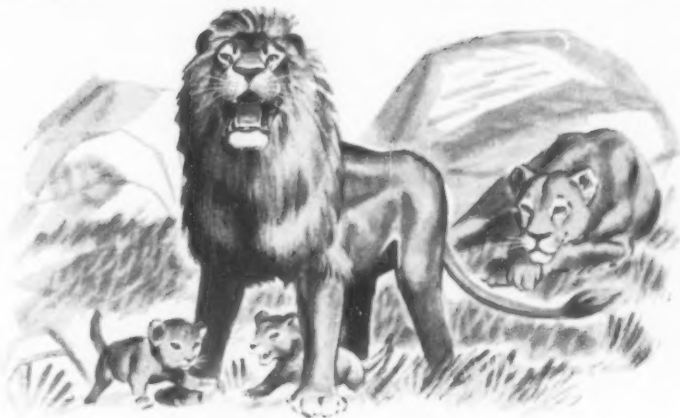


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radio stations because there were only a few frequencies. Each one of these stations, it was believed, would thus have vast audiences and tremendous influence. With such power vested in each station, it seemed essential that no one outside of the government could be allowed to control their licensing. The intent was not to keep private radio from the field, but to prevent the forming of a private network. That, it was thought, would be far too much power for one man or group to have.

There was at the time much comparison of radio to newspapers—how the latter, because of their numbers and the impossibility of one man controlling a majority of them, needed no such control as radio. But now there are 140 private radio stations in Canada (and hundreds of unused frequencies), fewer than a hundred daily newspapers. As the Free Press points out, the argument is obsolete. But the act remains in force, now being used to support a television policy much more restrictive than any ever applied to radio.

The reason given is the same—in the public interest. But you have to stretch imagination a lot to say that the 230 television channels in Canada are so few that more than 200 of them must still go unused more than ten years after television's growth in North America began.

A Long Time Yet

The vital and demanding point is that we are used to free choice and need it in television as much as in everything else we do. The editorial writers fight it from their level, the wrestling fan watching opera from his level, the opera fan watching amateur boxing from his. When, if at all, is this free choice to be made available?

In the House of Commons on March 30, 1953, McCann said: "The principle of one station to an area is to apply only until an adequate national television service is developed. At the rate that applications for stations are now being received it may not be long before there is a sufficient degree of national coverage to justify the government and the CBC giving consideration to permitting two and perhaps in some cases more than two stations in certain areas. It is anticipated that in due course private stations will be permitted in areas covered by the CBC stations, and the CBC may establish stations in some areas originally covered by private stations."

When that statement was made, more than a year ago, only two television stations, both owned by CBC, were operating in Canada. By the end of this year, twenty-two television stations probably will be operating in Canada, within the reach of about seventy percent of Canadians. Some people quite naturally think that at least by then the terms of McCann's "adequate national television service" will have been fulfilled. Yet his most recent statement on the subject, a few weeks ago in the Commons, was that requests to let private stations operate right away in the same cities as CBC stations were an attempt "to have us loosen up a lot quicker than we have any intention of doing."

That is unhappy news for the forty-odd individuals or groups in Canada who either have television applications pending, in the process of being drafted, or waiting permission of the government even to allow applications for licenses in the big-city areas. Unhappy news, too, for the hundreds of thousands of set owners looking for some evidence of relaxation in a national television policy that, as worthy as it may have looked on paper, has been a grave disappointment in practice. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

cigars and cigarettes as at any other formal dinner. Graham did not smoke and he did not drink any wine.

The principal host (one of our fellows in the Commons) then rose and welcomed Graham to the Mother of Parliaments. He did not embarrass our guest with fulsome flattery but spoke of the spiritual hunger of Britain and told us that wide backing had come from British churches for the campaign. As for the financial side, he explained that half the cost of Graham's meetings and general expenses was being met in Britain and the other half in America. "You will be glad to know that the cost of tonight's banquet is being met in its entirety by an anonymous American friend." This was received with loud applause.

And then it was time for the star turn. I did not envy Graham his ordeal. Here at the heart of the world he was to speak in the Palace of Westminster that has resounded to the eloquence of Disraeli, Walpole, Lloyd George, Churchill . . . And he was to speak to a gathering of professionals. A juggler called upon to perform before an audience of jugglers could not have faced a more difficult task.

If Graham was nervous he did not show it. His voice is resonant but never strident nor nasal. Its quality is pleasing and it is only rarely that he slurs his words in the American fashion. Without any notes he expressed his pleasure at meeting us and admitted his nervousness at having to speak in such a historic setting. He talked about his Scottish ancestors but did not hurl them at us.

Then he told of the spiritual revival in the United States. Churches that had been almost empty are filling again. On television two of the most popular programs are religious in character. People over there are finding life empty without something deeper than materialism and the hunt for distraction.

He had come to the conclusion that the British were also hungering for something more than worldly pursuits. He believed that if another John Wesley mounted his horse and took to the road there would be as great a response as in those far-off days.

Graham did not threaten hell fire nor offer free harps for the saved. It was a restrained, simple but dignified argument that mankind has been gripped for years in an era of the scorched spirit. He did not actually use those words but that was his message.

I looked around at the faces of the assembled saints and sinners. They had not come to pray or to scoff but to assess the calibre of this muscular Christian. Above all they wanted to see if he would open the emotional gates and try to flood us with the glory of his vision. But Billy Graham is obviously a man who knows not only what he is saying but how he is saying it. He was determined not to treat us like a public assembly.

Never once did he indulge in emotionalism. He might have been an ambassador from the Kingdom of the Spirit presenting his credentials at the worldly Palace of Politics.

"I like him," said Cyril Osborne, a Tory MP on my left. "I like him, too," said the Chaplain of the Fleet who was at our table. Graham had undoubtedly won a difficult audience because he was wise enough not to try to capture it.

A major-general proposed Graham's health and did quite well for a major-general. There were two or three other short speeches and the evening was nearing its end. But suddenly a young

man, not a politician, rose and asked the chairman if we could stand for two minutes in silent prayer for the success of Billy Graham's mission to Britain.

The previous speeches, including that of Graham himself, had avoided emotionalism. Instead the emphasis had been on the need for religion to offset the barren worldliness of contemporary life. Therefore, the sudden intervention of the two minutes' silence was faintly embarrassing. Two minutes is a long time . . .

On the following Monday evening Graham held his first public meeting at the Harringay Arena. The arena is primarily a vast hall which is devoted to circuses, prize fights and occasional political rallies during a general election. There is an open-air section dedicated to greyhound racing.

There was a whirlpool of humanity on the opening night with thousands of people trying to get into the arena to hear him; and not so many thousands trying to reach the dog-racing section. The Cockney must have his joke and there was a roar of laughter when a cloth-capped Londoner shouted: "If there's a dog called 'Alleluia' I'll back 'im."

In the great hall the journalists were sitting at their tables with pens poised. The condensed suppressed emotionalism of the vast crowd only needed one spark of hysteria from Graham and anything could happen.

But that is not Graham. His oratorical effects were, of course, broader than at Westminster—they had to be—but he never descended to ranting nor hypnotism. He had come to tell the people that there was a better way of life and that the Bible pointed that way for every man and woman. "I like him!" Everywhere one heard that same phrase which had been spoken spontaneously at Westminster.



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There was a massed choir of a thousand and there were solos as well. At the end Graham asked those who wanted to lead the Christian life to come behind the platform where he would meet them. A trickle of 150, mostly young people, made up the response.

The newspapers were quite fair the next morning. They took the view that it was a well-meant effort by the young American but implied that the show was a flop. The "hot gospeler" they had expected had not materialized.

One reporter described Graham as a type often seen in America—a salesman of such superior appearance and manner that somehow he convinces you that his product is also superior. It was not a bad description of Billy Graham or America. The next night there were many empty seats. As for the newspapers, they had lost interest; they turned to the world, the flesh and politics once more.

But the empty seats at Harringay began to fill. Graham was right in his belief that the British people were hungry in spirit. One newspaper broke its silence and in noisy headlines asked Graham why he did not carry his message to that district in England where the U. S. Air Force is stationed and where the debauching of British girls is a disgrace both to Britain and America.

"I shall go there," said Graham and he made plans accordingly. But first he had to fulfill his long engagement at Harringay Arena. Every night he labored with great audiences to point the way.

A Lot Of Opposition

I am not in a position to examine the spiritual balance sheet of Graham's mission and say whether it shows a profit or a loss. But it does not mean that I have any doubts in my own mind. His pilgrimage to Britain can do nothing but good.

It is a foolish mind which attacks Graham on the charge that he has turned religion into big business. In a struggle between Good and Evil why let the devil have all the organization? If television and radio and the Press have made it possible for a holy man to speak and show himself to a million people why should he stand in the market square where only a few hundred can hear his words?

"He's here to make the workers do what the bosses want." That is the whine of the Communist Daily Worker. But is it necessarily wrong for workers to do what the bosses want? How can industry survive if there is hatred and suspicion between the employers and the employed?

But the opposition to Graham does not end there. Many clerics feel that the Word of God should only be preached in the temple. Sunday after Sunday they go through the ritual in their almost empty churches and preach their "Firstly," "Secondly" and "Finally Brethren" sermons which have been their prop and comfort so long.

Atheism is not the deadliest enemy of the Christian religion. Atheism is almost a creed in itself for it declares: "I believe in disbelief." The real enemy is indifference, which neither supports nor opposes the Way of God. And a smaller, but deadly foe, is the arrogant scientific mind which, because it has perfected the means of human destruction, thinks that it is more powerful than simple faith.

Weeks have passed since Billy Graham came to dinner at Westminster. If he does no more than relight the candle of faith we should be grateful, even if for a time it shows only a flickering flame. ★



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The Men Who Can't Stand Marriage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

suffering of the wives and children left behind.

What prompts a man to abandon his wife and children? There may be many factors including immaturity, money troubles, interference by outsiders, lack of preparation for marriage and sexual incompatibility. The most characteristic trait is an inability to accept responsibility. Probably this is the explanation for the correlation between desertion and childbirth. Cases reviewed in Timmins, Ont., revealed that of thirty deserted wives twelve were pregnant. One man, the father of five children, left his wife regularly in the seventh month of her pregnancy and stayed away until after the child was born. Social workers believe that some immature husbands, dreading the added responsibility of a child, flee in terror.

Desertions reach their peak in the early years of marriage when the husband is between 19 and 25 and there are one or two children. Few husbands who are able to accept the responsibility of feeding and caring for two youngsters are likely to desert. Large families seem to be a guarantee against desertion.

Another peak period for desertion is when the man reaches his forties. A typical case involved a 47-year-old businessman who left on a business trip to Chicago and didn't come back. Most members of his community couldn't understand his action for he was regarded as a happily married man. A few intimate friends knew the other side of the story. Almost from the beginning of the marriage the man had realized that he had made a mistake; he shared no interests with his wife, who was a slovenly housekeeper and chronic drinker. He determined to stick it out for the sake of his two young daughters. Just after the second daughter was married he left.

Can a woman tell if her husband plans to leave her? There's no sure-fire method but brief unexplained absences are a danger signal. In about fifty percent of desertions, the man makes one or more brief disappearances before his final one. Some desertions are carefully planned; others are on impulse. There was the really remarkable man, for instance, who chased his wind-blown hat around the corner as he emerged from the church with his bride following their wedding ceremony. Police didn't catch up with him for five years. Just after the end of the war, the wife and children of a colonel were looking forward to his return to Alberta from overseas. He never showed up. Instead of heading west from Halifax, he got back on the boat and sailed for a reunion with a girl in England.

Many cases of desertion begin with an unemployed father going to another town to look for work. If a job doesn't materialize, he moves on to the next

town. Time passes and what started to be an absence of a few weeks stretches into months. If he still can't find a job he may be ashamed to go back home and face his wife; he hasn't got money to send, so he doesn't write. He keeps putting off the day when he'll have to disappoint his family for months. In the end, the man may become a deserter unintentionally.

One gap in our system of social security actually encourages desertion. Once an able-bodied man has used up his unemployment insurance benefits there is virtually no place he can turn for assistance for himself or his family. But if he deserts his family, his wife can secure municipal relief almost immediately. If he stays away for a year, she becomes eligible for mothers' allowances. Every social worker knows of cases where men have walked out so their families would receive a few dollars from public funds for food, clothing and shelter. Some return secretly to their homes every night; others return for the week ends. One family court official observed, "It's a plain case of collusion between the man and his wife, but what else are they to do?"

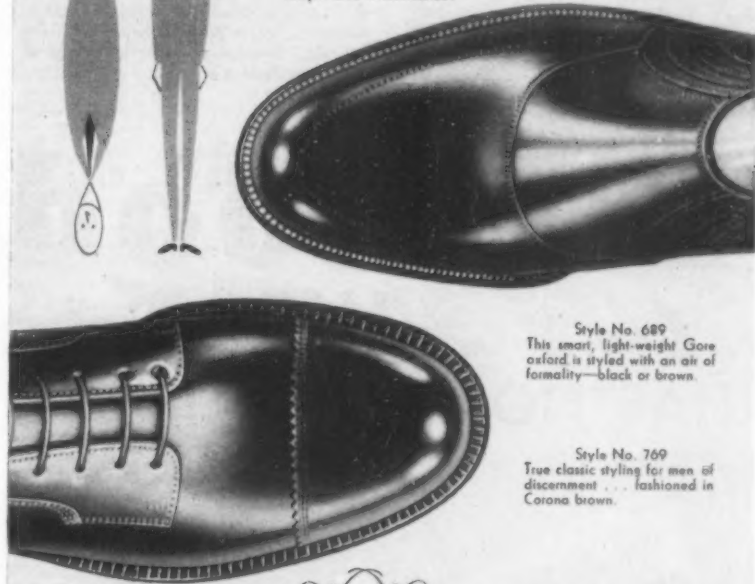
Often a desertion can be traced to a lack of preparation for marriage. "Forced marriages" are a case in point. When the father of an 18-year-old Calgary girl discovered that his daughter was pregnant, he insisted that her 21-year-old boy friend marry her immediately. At first the boy resisted. He hardly knew the girl; he had only been at work a few years and his earnings were small. Finally, pressed by the father, he knuckled under. To set up housekeeping in a rented flat, the youth borrowed \$300. When the child was born six months later, he was forced to get another loan. Four years later, when the husband was 25, he was still living in the same flat with his wife and three children. His indebtedness had now grown to \$2,100 and there was little prospect of paying it off. He went to work one morning and didn't come back.

The housing shortage leads to some desertions. A young father of two-year-old twins was forced to live with his wife's parents. On his low earnings he couldn't afford to buy a house or rent suitable quarters on his own. He complained bitterly about his interfering in-laws: "They insist on running everything. I can't call my wife or my children my own." He deserted his family but three months later he was picked up in a neighboring city. "Lock me up," he told a family court judge. "I'd rather be in jail than live with my in-laws."

Actually, the law in its wisdom recognizes a man's right to run away under certain circumstances. There was the case of a prairie man who went to Vancouver for a year to wind up an involved piece of business. During his absence his wife filled the house with roomers. When he returned it was made plain to him that he was unwelcome. "I'm happier without you," she said, "and besides, I make \$30 a month out of the room you'd occupy." The husband took her at her

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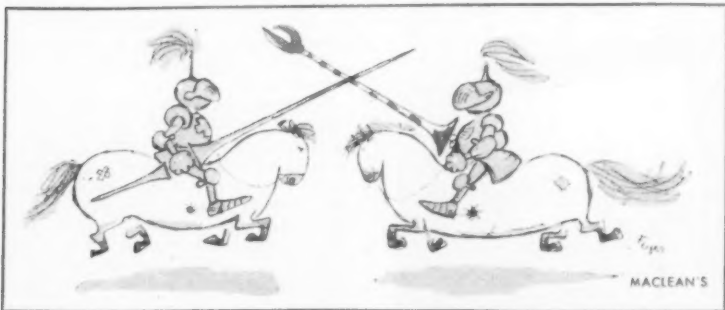
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word and decamped. When she later demanded \$20 a week for support, he refused. An appeal court agreed with him, explaining, "If a wife says she can get along better without a man and shows a desire to end the marriage and the man leaves, that's not desertion."

But, these special circumstances aside, the number of laws that can force a man to contribute financially to the support of his family is formidable. Under the Canadian Criminal Code, the deserter can be punished by a year in prison and/or a \$500 fine. Every province, in addition, has legis-

lation somewhat similar to Ontario's Deserted Wives' and Children's Maintenance Act (maximum sentence for the runaway: three months in jail). Even the deserter who flees halfway around the world is not beyond the clutches of the law. By a reciprocal agreement, a court order made in any province against a runaway husband will be enforced in all Canadian provinces, most of the American states, as well as in England, Northern Ireland, Australia, New Zealand and the Cook Islands. Besides all this, a variety of relief, welfare and police officers are

always on the trail of the men who have abandoned their families.

Catching up with the deserter is no easy task. The man who is unhappy in his marriage often goes to great lengths to disguise his flight. One cold February morning a few years ago, a couple of men shoveling snow in a Lake Erie town noticed something on the ice about two hundred yards out on the lake. They found a pile of clothes belonging to a local citizen and, beside it, a hole that had been chopped in the ice. It was assumed that the man had committed suicide. But two years

later, acting on tips received from friends of the missing man's wife, police apprehended the "suicide" in Montreal as he stepped from his shiny new convertible.

An even more elaborate pretense of death by drowning was worked out by a Hamilton man who in 1952 was sentenced to prison for bigamy. On April 7, 1950, a man came running to the house of a woman who lived at the water's edge of Hamilton Bay to tell her that a man had fallen out of a boat. When police arrived they found the overturned boat but dragging failed to reveal a body. Two years later the man, now known by another name, was discovered remarried and working in Toronto, where he had been the whole time. He was arrested as the result of the suspicions of his second wife. As police reconstructed the drowning, he had rented the boat, paddled down the bay, got off on shore, upset the boat then run to sound an alarm. The woman whom he had informed about the accident later identified him.

Sometimes deserters don't have to stage accidents to mask their disappearance; accidents just come along. A few years ago a single-seater plane was swallowed up by the thick bushlands of British Columbia. Several weeks and several thousand dollars were spent by the RCAF searching vainly for the pilot. His wife became a door-to-door brush salesman to maintain herself and her four youngsters. One summer day, two years after his disappearance, the father calmly walked into his home in Vancouver. He explained that his plane had crashed but that he had escaped uninjured. Four days of steady marching brought him to a railway line. He hitched a lift but instead of going home he made his way to Montreal where he had been working for two years. He spent the next few days with his family, then disappeared again.

Some runaways, when caught, have pretended to be suffering from amnesia. A man found in Oshawa denied all knowledge of a wife and four children he had abandoned seven years earlier. He attempted to continue the non-recognition act even when confronted by his wife. But fifteen minutes of her taunting so enraged him—even after seven years—that he exploded in a wild temper. He was given a year for bigamy. Another runaway, brought from New Brunswick to Toronto to explain why he had a wife in both places, denied knowing or marrying either woman. A psychiatrist proved that he was completely normal. He was convicted of bigamy.

Tracking down the husband who flees marriage involves a lot of hard routine police work. Usually the wife is the investigator's best assistant. One sobbing girl in Toronto revealed that her husband often spoke of going to the United States and that he had friends in Detroit. Immigration officials at both Detroit and Windsor were alerted. Within forty-eight hours the man was in custody. Another woman reported two facts about her errant husband: he was fond of racing and he often went to Montreal. Policemen on duty at Montreal race tracks were given photos of a tall husky man with a birthmark on his right cheek. He was apprehended.

Knowing the name of "the other woman" has often led to the whereabouts of the missing partner, and so have the husband's health problems. One deserted wife knew her husband was planning to seek psychiatric help. All the province's mental hospitals and clinics were told that the man was wanted. This led to his discovery. But actually, sick men seldom stray from home.

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PREMIUM TIRE "B" AND PUNCTURE SEALING SAFETY TUBE	\$58.70	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	

Nostalgia is sometimes the undoing of runaway husbands. After years they may still hate their wives but they have an interest in their children, relatives or friends. One man skipped to the United States and got a job on a Great Lakes freighter. Three years later the boat docked overnight in Toronto, his former home. He couldn't resist calling one of his friends for a glass of beer. He misjudged where the friend's sympathies lay; that night, as he went aboard his boat, he was served a summons.

Many runaways who haven't the nerve to pay a personal visit to the home town can't resist the temptation to write a friend or relative asking for news. Once he does, his days of freedom are near an end. The middle-aged man from Windsor who wrote his sister from his new address—the Yukon—was surprised to find the RCMP at his door within four weeks, summons in hand. Police tried to trap one man by keeping their eye on the general-delivery wicket in Vancouver. When they saw they were getting nowhere they questioned the postal clerk in charge. "That fellow hasn't been here in months," they were told. "He gave instructions to forward his mail to general delivery in Edmonton." At Edmonton, they learned that instructions were given to have the mail sent on to general delivery, Winnipeg. That's where he was finally nabbed.

Traced by Accident

A fruitful lead in tracing deserters is by their line of work. Most have only one skill and it's a safe bet they'll be engaged in it wherever they go. One truck driver was located by a careful check of trucking firms in an area where he was known to be living. Sometimes sleuths receive help from labor unions and the National Employment Service. They can use all the extra help they can get, especially if the deserter resorts to disguises. Mustaches are clipped off or grown; rimless glasses replace horn rims; on occasion, a blond blossoms forth as a brunette. Most runaways won't change their name—it leads to too many complications.

Often deserting husbands fall into the laps of their searchers quite by accident. One newspaper picture showed a man chopping up his furniture as fuel because of a local coal shortage; it was recognized by his wife in a town a thousand miles away whom he had left seventeen years earlier. One investigator noticed something familiar about a news photo of a wedding reception in Sudbury: it was the groom, who was on the deserters' list in Toronto for the past three years.

Another way for runaway husbands to get trapped is to run afoul of the law. Last year a man was arrested for threatening to jump from CBC's television tower in Toronto. Among those who read an account of the case was the man's wife in Winnipeg, where she had been abandoned six months earlier. She sued him for non-support. In 1952 a Montreal printer was arrested for taking possession of an unedited version of the famous Currie report. Out on bail on a theft charge, he was rearrested on another charge by the RCMP. Five years earlier he had left his wife and three children in Markham, Ont.

What ultimately happens to runaway husbands? Nobody knows for certain since so many of them—estimates vary between 50 and 75 percent—are never brought to court. Presumably, after putting several hundred miles between themselves and their wives, they get jobs, marry and settle down into the ordinary routine of living. Once in a while a deserter

will make a dramatic reappearance after years of absence. He is seldom welcomed since his presence is likely to upset the wife's plans.

This is precisely what happened to a woman in Stratford, Ont., who owns a restaurant. A few years ago, she was shocked when a 52-year-old man walked in and asked her, "Haven't you got a loving kiss for your husband?" He had deserted her in England twenty years before, after a brief and miserable marriage. A letter from her sister soon after the desertion informed her that her husband had died. Believing her-

self a widow, she remarried. When her second husband died, she came to Canada and settled in Stratford. She married for the third time.

Her original husband, when he showed up, proposed, "You give me a share of your business and I'll live with you and your husband, posing as a cousin." She indignantly refused. The next thing she knew she was in court charged with bigamy. She was acquitted but that didn't prevent her from losing her third husband. "He dropped me on account of all the publicity," she said.

For eleven years, a deserted wife heard nothing of the whereabouts of her husband. All the while, she worked diligently to support herself and her small daughter. She finally went to court and had him declared legally dead. On the day the cheque arrived from his insurance policy, the missing man walked in. She was unhappy about his reappearance since it meant returning the money to the insurance company. The adage about absence making the heart grow fonder never seems to apply to runaway husbands who change their minds. ★

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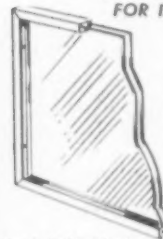
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Small Sympathy for Nuremberg's Ghosts

I am sorry to say that The 7 Living Ghosts of Nuremberg (March 1) glorifies the poor devils. I myself am a graduate of the German concentration camp of Rouensbruck and believe me I am speaking not only for myself but for other prisoners of the German paradise camps, as well.

We did not have eggs nor porridge nor apples there and if somebody was sick, or had heart trouble, there always was a nice comfortable place for them in the oven (*krematorium*).

It is just a shame and, believe me, grief for us that everybody forgets so quickly. I do not know the author but I wish I could tell him a few stories from Rouensbruck so he would change his mind about the "nice" men in Spandau with all their "big" troubles.—Mrs. Selma Okrent.

● Two passages bother me: "Doenitz' enmity toward Britain and his refusal to acknowledge his country's defeat have endeared him to what has become known as the Doenitz Brigade, a powerful and influential organization . . ." and "Already the Doenitz legend is alive in Hamburg, Kiel, Dusseldorf, Munich and Western Berlin."

I am a German immigrant who came to Canada only a few months ago. I took my geology degree in Hamburg after studying there from 1946 to 1950. Then I worked and lived not far from Hamburg for another three years and I visited the city frequently. I have friends in Dusseldorf and relatives in Munich . . . Yet I never heard the words "Doenitz Brigade" before. I can assure you that it definitely has neither "become known" nor is it powerful or influential. So far as Hamburg, Dusseldorf and Munich are concerned a Doenitz legend is everything but alive . . . —J. E. F. DeWiel, Calgary.

Circulation Climb

In the article The Pulse of French Canada (March 15) . . . the circulation of Montréal-Matin is given as 40,000 . . . This figure is absolutely wrong and is causing Montréal-Matin great prejudice and damages . . . —Charles Bourassa, publisher, Montréal-Matin, Montreal.

Latest circulation figures released by the Audit Bureau of Circulations (publishers' statements for the six months ending Sept. 30, 1953) show the total net paid circulation (excluding bulk) of Montréal-Matin as 51,442 and of Le Devoir as 15,521. Both publishers claim increases in circulation since these figures were released.

Starvation is Stark Reality

As a Canadian who has spent a quarter century in India, your very significant editorial (How Much is Democracy in Asia Worth, Feb. 1) on the value and achievements of the Colombo Plan was one of the few statements seen here which show real understanding of the value of such efforts to the future of democracy in the world.

Starvation is not "just a word" but stark reality, which our Communist rivals in that area of the world know all too well how to exploit for their

purposes. Canada and other Commonwealth countries have embarked successfully on a program which is winning hosts of friends in the Colombo Plan countries . . . Russia will give nothing but propaganda; if we give deeds we may win . . . —Wallace Forgie, Madras, India.

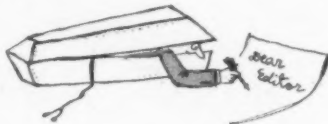
● The editorial makes a statement that is not consistent with the facts. You state that "China is in a mess." If you would read the report of the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia you would realize just how far from the truth your statement has strayed. Would the nature of the regime in China influence your judgment in the matter?—Ed. Blain, Hanna, Alta.

Bax and Blair Save the Day

Seldom in my reading have I come across a magazine with worse fiction stories than yours. They seem to be all either absurd, really absurd comedies, or dreary psychologicals and the illustrations are inexpressibly crude and disgusting. I find most of your articles uninteresting. The only reason I keep renewing my subscription is because of Beverley Baxter and Backstage at Ottawa.—Charles W. McCordie, Sarnia, Ont.

He Finds He's Dead

I enjoyed your excellent article on the 1911 Porcupine fire (Feb. 1), but I must say I was surprised to learn that I had been dead for almost 43 years. The article says there was no



time to run from the West Dome and that the few who tried to were burned to death.

As a matter of fact, there were four of us at No. 1 shaft and we all survived . . . Regardless of the above, the article was splendidly interesting and far more accurate than we read following the fire.—M. L. Fairfax, Atlanta, Ga.

Hardly a "Gash in the Bush"

In Athabaska's Atom Boom (March 1) statements such as the use of the beer parlor as a stock exchange, the exorbitant freight rates, the cost of diamond drilling, the lack of fresh meat, to mention a few, are inaccurate. We have an up-to-date four-roomed school, which has 107 pupils; two banks; modern post office; 28-room hotel with beverage room, modern dining room and coffee shop; four government buildings and three churches. Our social life does not differ from that of any other growing town, as we have a skating rink, a theatre and a dance hall. We are hardly a "gash in the bush."—J. D. Zigarlick, Uranium City, Sask.

● . . . We wish to draw your attention to the statement—"Otherwise, air freight from Edmonton is the only transport, at the cost of a dollar and



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a half a pound" . . . Air cargo from Prince Albert to Uranium City has been transported at the rate of 15 cents a pound. The new schedule of rates, we understand, calls for air express at 30 cents a pound and air cargo at \$12 a hundred pounds.—E. J. Goos, Prince Albert, Sask.

Our Ice-Water Loyalty

In your editorial, Our Ice-Water Loyalty (March 1), the writer must have been hard put to find material when he would take so much space to berating the singing or playing of God Save The Queen—apparently the idea of his soup getting cold affected him more than his sense of respect to our beloved sovereign.

God Save The Queen is a form of prayer. Where is the person with soul so dead that he does not feel his heart-beat quicken when the first strains of this unsurpassed anthem are played or sung? . . . The song O Canada never has been called an anthem, much less is it a prayer. It could never take the place of God Save The Queen . . . —Mrs. M. V. Teed, Saint John, N.B.

• . . I quite agree with you about the sloppy way in which our national anthem is conducted, and certainly the toast was never intended to be taken in ice water. But I do not agree with you about O Canada. It has a beautiful tune, but I certainly hope it never replaces God Save The Queen as a national anthem . . . —Evelyn Gunne, Kenora, Ont.

Dalhousie's MacRae and Russell

In your article The Brainiest School in the Country (March 1), a grave injustice was done (however inadvertently) in the failure to mention Dr. Donald A. MacRae who was dean of Dalhousie Law School in the years 1914-24 . . . His innovations in matters of curriculum and teaching methods not only improved the efficiency of Dalhousie, but were widely adopted by other law schools to the benefit of legal education throughout Canada . . . —Vincent C. MacDonald, Halifax.

• Older law students of Dalhousie will certainly wonder how the name of Benjamin Russell, co-founder and collaborator with Dean R. C. Weldon, could be omitted in any article on the Law School.

I might quote from a review by His Honor Judge Patterson of the Autobiography of Benjamin Russell, "It was Russell who taught us the law that enabled us intelligently to advise our clients and properly and convincingly present their cases. In a word we were the better men because we had known Weldon, the better lawyers because we had learned of Russell."—William J. Harris, Fort William, Ont.

More About the Youth Festival

Regarding John Lofft's My Six Weeks With the Comrades (Feb. 1), last summer 30,000 youths from 111 countries gathered in Bucharest to compete in sports, music, writing, arts, culture, etc., to discuss on a friendly basis religion, politics, education and what have you. But above all we met to demonstrate to the world our sincere and fervent desire for peace and better understanding among all nations.

The Fourth World Youth Festival for Peace and Friendship was open to any young person from any country regardless of his or her politics, religion or race. From France there came over 3,000, from Britain over 1,100, China 900, Finland 2,500, Italy over 2,000 and so on.

In the University of Toronto's daily,

The Varsity, on Feb. 3, about Rumania and Poland Lofft says, "The people genuinely want peace . . . The governments too want peace . . ." A very serious omission from his Maclean's article.

We feel this festival and any other exchange of this nature is one of the best means of doing away with international tension and promoting the necessary understanding for peaceful co-existence between West and East. Instead of criticizing, wouldn't it be more constructive to follow this example and the spirit in which it was made? Wouldn't it be better to publicize, support and finance the sending of perhaps a thousand Canadian delegates to the next festival in '55? We are convinced it would. The Rumanians and 30,000 youths from other lands have extended the hand of friendship. We must grasp it, warmly and firmly.—Joe Fritsch, Ron Sandolowich, Marilyn Birch, Carl Kay, Olga Velloff, Larry Arsenault, Joan Mcleod, Tom Robertson, Darlene Nedbailik, Floyd Williston, Stan Linkovich, Rosemarie Fritsch, Anne Shienin, Jerry Prociw and Enid Walmsley, Toronto.

This Will Sleigh You

Regarding Desmond English's cartoon on page 51 in the March 15 issue, I would say this couple is lucky to be moving at all, seeing the horse is pulling the cutter by its bridle!—Wallace Bargholz, Ottawa.

Cartoonist English suggests that the Russians, who invented horses, etc., wouldn't let a thing like that stop them.

Lost in the Lost World

Got a great kick out of the article, In The Lost World of Cypress Hills (March 1) by Robert Collins, as I was there in 1912-14. One night, driving from Maple Creek in the winter, a



severe blizzard was raging and we were hardly able to see the horses. We realized we were off the trail but, fortunately, late at night we located a sod shack, which looked as good as the Royal York Hotel. We stayed with the Indians for three days, until the storm abated, and that's where you see true western hospitality.—W. M. Summers, Norwood, Man.

Seeing Is Unbelieving

It is getting so that one can hardly believe anything they read in the press or magazines these days . . . In Earle Beattie's Edmonton's Log-Cabin Ritz (March 15) the writer says the airport is "nearly ten miles from town." The Edmonton airport is right in town, only two and a half to three miles from Jasper and 101st, the centre of the city. He also says that the hotel is ten miles from downtown railroad stations. It is two miles at the most.

Beattie says the first rooms were rented to TCA pilots Ted Stall and Bill English. Stall's name is Stull and English, vice-president of the company, was never a pilot.—R. E. Reynolds, Sea Island, Vancouver.

One writer whom Reader Reynolds can believe is Writer Reynolds. He's right on all counts. ★



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The Old Quarter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

men who rented the space before them, these farmers renew their tenancy once a year and each Friday pay a dollar for the privilege of trading there. If they have not set up shop by six in the morning their bench is allotted for the day to one of the many farmers on a waiting list who drive in on the off-chance of taking an absentee's place.

Smiling wives in white aprons, and infants who cannot be left alone on the farm, strengthen this laughing, bantering invasion. Their primary products are legs and shoulders of home-killed pork for roasting and these are offered at an average of ten cents a pound below regular store prices.

You can buy from the farmers a whole smoked hog's head or smoked pigs' feet and the only pudding available in Montreal that is made from hogs' blood. The packing houses are permitted to make blood pudding only from cattle blood because their methods of mass slaughter leave the hogs' blood unsuitable for human consumption.

A great delicacy, and a specialty of the habitant farmers is *saucisson en coiffe*, a pork sausage that is without casing and is knit together by natural hog tissue. The herbs used in its flavor are a secret, and vary in the recipes of the different farmers' wives, but the basic tang is derived from cinnamon.

The farmers also sell rabbits for around forty-five cents a pound, home-killed fowl and pigeons for pie. A few have a special stall which offers home-grown and cured pipe tobacco, still preferred by many old Montreal men. In spring they sell maple syrup and in the fall apple juice.

Some stalls are reserved for home-made handicrafts like woven baskets, hooked rugs, knitted socks, babies' bonnets and embroidered tablecloths, tea cosies and cushion covers.

A veteran formerly in this line is Miss Albertina Hoolahan, now more than eighty years old. A tiny Franco-Irish Canadian in stiff black clothes and coal-scuttle hat, she has attended the market since she was ten. Until a few years ago she used to travel through the week all over Quebec, by train, bus, taxi and horse sleigh, buying up, like her mother and grandmother before her, the needlework of habitant women.

"When I had something really good," she says, "I used to telephone my rich lady clients up on the mountain and they would send their chauffeur down to snap it up."

Today Miss Hoolahan is going blind and no longer able to tell good handiwork from bad so she contents herself by selling garlic buds and bay leaves. "But I made my money in good homespun wool, all the money I need," she says. "I only come down with the garlic because I can't keep away. Every Friday I wake up at three o'clock anyhow and there's nothing else to do. Market day is a habit with me and it keeps me young."

In the five-thirty dawn customers begin buying fruit on the Place Jacques Cartier and groceries on the wholesale floor of Bonsecours Market Hall. The bustle suddenly intensifies. Most of the clients are suburban shopkeepers who arrive in panel trucks to pick up their day's supplies. But there are still a few street hawkers with old-fashioned vans pulled by patient nags. Then, too, the odd buyers for big chain stores are there, looking for tidbits not ordinarily available at the packing plants.

In 1940 Jacques Bokanowski, then French Minister of Commerce, was on a visit to Montreal. He toured the

market with Leon Trepanier, a former city alderman. When he had made the rounds Bokanowski said to Trepanier: "It's perfectly Norman, even after three hundred years. It's a miracle!"

The Bonsecours Market Hall was built in 1845 on the sites of the old British American Hotel, the Theatre Royal and the home of John Molson, Montreal's earliest brewer and owner of the first steamship to sail on the St. Lawrence.

Wholesale grocers always occupied the ground floor but the upper floor was used as a City Hall until 1878. After the mob burned down the Parliament Building of Upper and Lower Canada in the Place Youville in 1849 it served for a few weeks as the Legislative Assembly Chamber.

Canadian goods bound for the Prince Consort's famous Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851 were exhibited at the market and given a send-off with a ball, a procession of flags, a river regatta and fireworks.

Shawls and High Heels

It was in this market hall that the officers of the French warship *Capricieuse*, the first to visit Canada after the French were defeated by Wolfe, were entertained in 1855; where a regiment of Crimean War veterans was feted in 1856; where nearly a thousand guests dined with Bishop Ignace Bourget in 1872; and where a Montreal battalion was quartered before departure for the Northwest Rebellion.

At six housewives from all over the city begin to arrive. Some wear shawls and woolen stockings but others are in smart coats and high heels. Most of them carry big carpet bags. They prod the chickens and rabbits shrewdly, smell the *saucisson en coiffe*, and wander around dozens of stalls before deciding what and where to buy. Elderly men also join the throng and seem equally discriminating. Sometimes there is quiet haggling between farmer and customer over price but never any explosion or pother. The sound of Bonsecours Market Hall is an industrious hum pierced occasionally by the shrill laughter of the farmers' wives excited by the busy polyglot scene.

"On a Friday, between six in the morning and six at night," says Armand Cardinal, superintendent of the market, "we get an average of ten thousand customers. They are about equally divided between French-speaking Montrealers and European immigrants. The

Europeans will travel miles to shop here. It reminds them of the old country. They get a wide choice, the prices vary a little from farmer to farmer, they can inspect the produce at their leisure and then argue about how much it is worth. When they leave they usually feel they've got a bargain. We used to get a lot of wealthy women down in the old days. But they seem to have dropped out."

Few approaching the market through the Place Jacques Cartier take more than a passing glance at the monument of Nelson which towers over the square nor would one in a hundred of them know its curious story.

In 1805, at the Exchange Coffee House, which used to stand a few yards away at the corner of the Rue St. Paul and the Rue St. Pierre, a ball was in progress. Suddenly a messenger arrived with a bundle of English newspapers. They contained Admiral Collingwood's dispatches of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar. The men cheered and the ladies wept. In the midst of this emotion a man named Samuel Gerard leaped up and proposed a subscription for a monument. Within a few minutes several thousand dollars was pledged.

By 1809 the monument was finished, the first erected to Nelson's memory. Thirty years later a huge Corinthian column arose in Trafalgar Square, London, supporting a much bigger and far more famous likeness of Nelson. But its similarity to Montreal's was so marked many historians believe that Baily, its architect, stole the idea.

Just before seven o'clock each morning the two-hundred-year-old bell of Bonsecours Church utters its flat summons to Mass and a cross-section of the Old Quarter's life responds. A typical service recently included an enormous shabbily dressed old woman whose livelihood is derived from collecting discarded egg cartons. She left her bulky morning's harvest outside the door and went in to kneel beside a young well-dressed man who might have been a broker from St. James Street. On one side of the church was a cluster of nuns and on the other a group of old vagrants, their bald pates shining yellowly in the candlelight. Elsewhere were grocers, a man who looked like a judge, and twenty-odd boys and girls, the children of local janitors.

When the Mass was over most of the worshipers bought *Montréal-Matin* from a news vendor outside and hurried off about their business. But a

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twelve-year-old girl with pink cheeks and bright-blue eyes dawdled in the misty sunlight along the line of market trucks, sniffing the sweet odor of fruit and the faint whiff of salt and tar from the docks. Suddenly, impulsively, she began singing in clear flutelike tones the popular French ballad *La Mer*. The porters and drivers gaped at her. When she reached the Place Jacques Cartier the girl turned round, waved and darted up a side street, giggling and blushing. The men glanced at one another with appreciative grins and winks as if they were thinking: 'There goes a little minx and perhaps a future Piaf.'

The vagrants remained in the church and contemplated the long empty day ahead. One or two pulled out pocket novels and began to read. From the heat in summer and the cold in winter Bonsecours Church is a regular haven for dozens of these lonely vagabonds. They are fed and given cast-off clothing by the nuns and monks of nearby congregations. At night they sleep in the Meurling Refuge, a municipal shelter on the Champ de Mars.

Late every afternoon they file into the refuge under the scrutiny of two detectives on the lookout for wanted men. Their belongings, usually consisting of a razor, a comb and a pocket knife, are checked away in paper bags. Then each man must strip and walk past two doctors toward a shower. There, if he is free from disease, an official slaps a dollop of soap suds on his head to force him to wash. After this the bums are given a nightshirt, coffee and bread, and by six o'clock are in bed. Meanwhile their clothes are put through a fumigating plant. The next morning they get more coffee and bread.

Fit men are sent off with cards to points where the City, the CPR or other big employers, need casual labor. When they apply for work their cards are marked, whether they get a job or not. Those who fail to produce marked cards at night are denied re-admission to the Meurling Refuge and must suffer in one of the boxcars on the docks.

A few dollars from street work does not disqualify a man for free shelter. Only those with twenty or thirty dollars are told to go off and rent themselves a room. The majority of them return flat broke, and being hopeless alcoholics, are tolerated as habitués of the refuge.

The Meurling Refuge, which sleeps an average of six hundred men a night, was established in 1910 with a \$200,000 bequest left by a Frenchman, Charles Meurling, who spent many years on his uppers in Montreal then suddenly made a killing on the stock exchange and retired to England.

His bequest was prompted by his own hardship, but he forgot to specify in which Montreal he wanted a refuge established. Before the money came

to Canada a long legal battle had to be fought against an obscure town in France, also named Montreal, which claimed the legacy.

Down-and-outs are common in the Old Quarter because succor is available and brief odd jobs which provide enough money for beer are to be obtained on the market.

Edouard Beauchamp, a wholesale poulterer, has studied the bums sympathetically for thirty years and believes that nine out of ten are in dire need of psychiatric treatment. 'Many of them,' he says, 'are men of good family. Something happens to upset their lives and put them on the skids.'

Beauchamp gives them occasional chores. 'A few years ago,' he says, 'there were two brothers, the sons of a judge of the Superior Court, both very intelligent. I could trust them to take five hundred dollars for me to the bank in return for a fifty-cent tip which they promptly spent on beer.'

It's a Common Reserve

One bum of the Thirties made his daily beer money delivering horses for an Old Quarter trader who supplied street peddlers. Every morning the man was seen leaving the stables mounted on one horse and leading a string of others. He had a lean sunken face with eyes that burned like lighted caves, long matted hair that hung around his shoulders, and a gay neckerchief blazing against the drabness of his ragged clothes. He never uttered more than a grunt to any man and his fearful nickname was the 'Angel of Death.'

While they differ widely in appearance the bums have a common reserve. Any morning you can see a hundred of them sunning themselves outside the Bonsecours Church. But they keep a little apart, each preferring to be alone with his tragedy, and each perhaps convinced that he is not quite so far down the slope as the rest.

Among their benefactors are the Catholic sailors who drop into the Bonsecours Church for confession. Father Leo Derome, a Sulpician priest who speaks French, English, German, Italian and Spanish, was, until his retirement two years ago, beloved by sailors from all over the world, for his counsel and assistance.

Over the centuries Bonsecours Church has received from sailors model ships fashioned to serve as lamps or candlesticks. Scores of them help to illuminate the old oaken prayer benches, the beautiful altar, and the marble walls inscribed with Latin articles of faith in richly colored lettering. The little ships represent expressions of thanks for salvation of life at sea.

Catholic sailors believe that a small statuette of the Virgin, Our Lady of Good Help, brought out from France in 1653 by Marguerite Bourgeoys, is

fractured frenchmen

There's nothing new about Fractured French. In 17th Century Canada, Englishmen mangled the language something awful.

Take two *coureurs de bois*, Pierre Esprit Radisson and his brother-in-law, Medard Chouart des Groseilliers, who pioneered a new route to Hudson's Bay. Their names came out in English as Radishes and Gooseberry.

Messrs. R. & G. so intrigued Charles II he took them on his payroll, and they worked up a roaring trade in furs. Prince Rupert, the king's uncle, was pretty impressed so he started 'The Governor and Company of Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay'. For nearly 200 years, it ruled half a continent and paid rich dividends.

Their names may have helped at first, but Radishes and Gooseberry had to deliver the goods. That's true of most ventures, including John Molson's in 1786. He had no 'name' advantage then, but he did deliver the goods.

Like Radishes and Gooseberry, Molson pioneered a new route. Some call it Molson's Trail, and it leads straight to the palate. A lot of people follow it and reap rich dividends in pure enjoyment.

In French they say 'Molson's pour moi', which might be rendered into Fractured French as 'Pour me some Molson's'. The pure English version 'Make Mine Molson's', however, is just as effective.



"Should he kiss her goodnight . . . ?"

Etiquette for Teen-Agers

by Claire Wallace



How does a fellow leave a girl he has taken out but does not kiss goodnight? . . . Should a girl ever telephone a boy? . . . In the May Chatelaine, Claire Wallace writes an important sequel to her top-selling book, "Mind Your Manners". Here are the rights and wrongs of teen-age etiquette as revealed by Claire Wallace.

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endowed with miraculous virtue. To the Virgin's intercession is ascribed the great Lower St. Lawrence storm of 1711 which broke up a British fleet about to attack Quebec.

One silver model was given by the French Canadian Papal Zouaves who fought for the Pope against Garibaldi in 1870. So stormy was their passage to Italy that many feared the ship would founder. They prayed to Our Lady of Good Help at Bonsecours Church and got safely ashore.

Nor is the faith limited to soldiers and seamen. In the late Thirties Jean Desy, the present Canadian ambassador to France, feared for his life during an Atlantic hurricane. A fine model of a ship hanging in Bonsecours Church testifies to his belief that his prayers to Our Lady of Good Help saved him.

In 1831 the statue of the Virgin was stolen from Bonsecours. Thirteen years later it was discovered in an attic of a convent which was being demolished. All the jewels had been torn out. In a pastoral letter Bishop Bourget described the cholera epidemics and bloody political troubles of the years between as God's punishment of this vandalism.

The crypt of the church is enclosed by the earliest foundations, its white-washed stone walls dating from 1675. It is now used to house more than sixty glass cases, each containing tiny dolls arranged in scenes from Marguerite Bourgeoys' adventurous life. Adults smile at small anachronisms like the inclusion of figures in modern dress executed by Gaspé woodcarvers, but the display gives a simple impression of the great nun's services to the settlers who established Ville Marie under the captaincy of Maisonneuve.

"A wee toot" for her

The unadorned exterior of the church proper was built in 1773 after two earlier structures had been destroyed by fire. Its spare and beautiful symmetry, however, was ruined in the middle of the last century by a new southern facade into which Victorian vulgarities threw an unhappy confusion of Byzantine and Gothic motifs.

Even so, this florid appendage provided a high tower on top of which is a seventeen-foot statue of the Virgin whose electric halo gives seamen sailing up the St. Lawrence a first glimpse of their destination.

Capt. A. M. Sutherland, the Scottish-Canadian master of the former Canuk Line freighter Triberg, once said: "I've always been a Presbyterian yet as soon as I see the 'old Lady' up there I canna help but give her a wee toot on the siren."

By nine in the morning the importers of the Old Quarter are checking consignments of costume jewelry, party novelties and gloves from France and Belgium; chinaware, pipes and cotton from England; tea from India; ginger from Hong Kong; coffee from Brazil; watches, lighters and cameras from Germany and Switzerland; olives from Italy; saffron from Spain; and dates from the Middle East. At the same time the shipping houses are telephoning exporters of lumber, scrap iron, furs, apples, grain and bacon in the hope of getting a last-minute cargo for vacant holds in tramps and freighters about to sail.

Along the docks, derricks and winches rattle throatily as cargoes are loaded and unloaded, and the Canadian stevedores, reputed among ships' masters to be the most industrious in the world, are hard at work. The wharfs are alive with taxis conveying seamen, passengers, shipping agents, customs officials and immigration men to and from the vessels.

In spite of the fact that it is closed for four months in the year by ice Montreal handles more freight than any other port in all the Americas save New York. And most of the business is transacted in or around the Old Quarter.

Peacefully overlooking this bustle is the château built in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal. Now it is open at ten every morning to tourists who visit it at the rate of 33,000 a year.

De Ramezay's family occupied it until 1724. Then in turn it was a warehouse for the French West India Company; the property of James McGill, founder of McGill University; a residence for English governors; offices; law courts; a school; offices again; and finally, in 1894, a museum.

All these tenancies it has survived with hardly a scratch. The conical turrets and brass cannon stand as solidly today as they did sixty years before Amherst's redcoats marched in.

On the wall of the salon you can still see the marks of the temporary dais on which the American General Montgomery, in 1775, received dignitaries during his short-lived occupation. Here during the seven months of American rule lived Benedict Arnold and Benjamin Franklin. Below are the vaults where Fleury Mesplet, a Frenchman, turned out the propaganda it was hoped would induce French Canada to join the American rebellion against the British. When the Americans were driven out Mesplet contrived to remain behind. He later founded the Montreal Gazette.

The Château Ramezay is pregnant with the stuff of Canadian history; relics like the uniform worn by Charles Michel de Salaberry when he beat the Americans at Châteauguay in 1813; the saddle pistols of J. F. Perrault, an eighteenth century merchant and educationist who was scalped; the ball slippers worn by Mlle Le Compte Saint George when she danced with Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, in 1791; a letter signed in 1796 by John Jacob Astor, father of the New York dynasty of millionaires, during his cunning but unsuccessful attempt to muscle in on the Montreal fur trade; and the carriage which Lord Durham, one of the architects of Canadian autonomy, brought out from England in 1836.

A few hundred yards west is the presbytery of Notre Dame Church, erected in 1662 and Montreal's oldest building. It is still in use as a priests' residence. Alongside is a museum which draws almost as many visitors as the Château Ramezay. Most of its exhibits are church ornaments fashioned of gold, silver and precious stones. There are also more than eight hundred relics—bits of bone—of long-dead Catholic martyrs.

Enclosed in a big glass case are the canopy, throne, dais and acolyte stools used by the Bishop of Quebec in 1703, a magnificent array of gold needlework on red plush. In this hushed retreat the hours are chimed richly by a brass clock of Louis XV design which has kept perfect time since 1760. There is also an antependium, or altar cloth, embroidered in silver and colored thread. It was made between 1695 and 1724 by Jeanne Le Ber, daughter of a rich trader, who incarcerated herself in the old Bonsecours Church in order to finish it without distraction. For thirty-one years this pious recluse had only one glimpse of the outside. A tiny grating in her cell permitted her to look upon the altar she was planning to adorn.

At midday the prosperous traders of the Old Quarter gather for lunch in the Plaza Hotel on the Place Jacques

Cartier. Imitation marble walls, blue mirrors and gilt light brackets give the scene a warm and bourgeois aura. The customers dine with gusto, often six or eight at a table, napkins stuck into their necks and business the dominant topic.

The restaurant is so busy, and so accustomed to "regulars," that the lone stranger has a hard time attracting a waitress. When he finally succeeds he finds the prices are much lower than those prevailing in the English-speaking restaurants uptown. You can get an excellent *filet mignon* here for \$1.25.

As the afternoon advances the market men begin to yawn and to tidy up their stalls and warehouses in preparation for another pre-dawn start tomorrow. But at Montreal Sailors' Institute down on the Place Royale there is a hubbub.

This is always occasioned by rival soccer teams from the ships. With shorts, vests and studded boots tucked under their arms they begin the daily squabble in English, French, Italian, German, Norwegian and other tongues over which team should play which, and which match should be held first, on the one field available to them.

The problem is settled by a plump middle-aged spinster with a cherubic face and rimless glasses, a woman who might seem more at home behind the tea urn at a church bazaar than in the realm of sport. Yet from Oslo to Nagasaki and from Rio to Beirut, Miss Gladys Bates is acknowledged by mariners to be their soccer Tsarina.

A Strange Statistician

After consulting her fixture list she announces firmly: "The first match today will be between the engine room of the SS Asia and the deck department of the RMS Empress of Scotland." Meekly the hefty seamen accept her decision and make their way down to a dockside sports field lent by Canadian Vickers Ltd., the marine engineers. Miss Bates usually follows, stoutly determined that there shall be no more altercations about the order of play.

Often she stands on the touch line from mid-afternoon until the light fails, the only woman in sight, adding figures to her goal averages and points to her league tables, bandaging scratched knees and cutting lemons for the players to suck at half time, rebuking strong language among the spectators impatient to get on with their own match and occasionally shouting "Foul!" or "Hands!" or "Offside!" when the rules of the game are broken.

Over the past twenty-five years Miss Bates has built up the Montreal Mercantile Athletic League into the world's best seamen's soccer organization despite the irregular visits of teams from tramp steamers which make the timing of contests tricky. The chances of the various teams in the league championship are often the subject of arguments carried on in mid-Atlantic by radio.

Miss Bates has been secretary of the Montreal Sailors' Institute since she was a girl and works there from early morning until late at night, changing foreign money, writing letters for illiterates, organizing visits to seamen in hospital, arranging funerals for seamen who die ashore and sometimes even pleading in the courts for seamen arrested for drunkenness.

"They are all fine men," she says, "a little bit childish at times, but not so much that it matters."

With the manager of the institute, the Rev. William McLean, a Presbyterian, Miss Bates took a leading part in the half-million-dollar fund-raising campaign which paid for a new building to be opened this year.

The big four-story brick and con-

crete institute is already the most elegant building in the Old Quarter and will provide 54 bedrooms, showers, a swimming pool, a cafeteria, concerts, dances, movies, billiards, bowling, darts, chess, a library, first aid facilities and religious services for various Protestant denominations.

As darkness falls seamen of all creeds and color drop over to the nearby Catholic Sailors' Club to which Father Ronald MacKinnon, a Jesuit science master from Loyola College, gives all his spare time.

The biggest attraction here is a corps of a hundred hostesses, all well-dressed, well-spoken and intelligent girls from the universities and the city's offices and stores. Each gives up two or three nights a week to entertain the men.

MacKinnon's inflexible rule is that they will dance with any seaman who asks them, providing he is sober. A few years ago one or two of the girls complained that they did not wish to dance with colored seamen. Father MacKinnon said he would resign rather than endorse any racial discrimination and the dissenters were voted down overwhelmingly by the other girls.

Seamen who want beer go to Joe Beef's Tavern across the way where English and foreign money is changed at fair rates and the atmosphere is as relaxed as that of an English pub. Charles McKiernan who founded the tavern in 1835 had been a color-sergeant in the Imperial artillery and acquired the nickname Joe Beef for his foraging skill during hungry campaigns.

Above the tavern he had 125 small bedrooms which he rented at ten cents a night to sailors and longshoremen. He always kept a huge cauldron of soup boiling and never refused a down-and-out a free meal. In the bar was a menagerie of alligators, monkeys, raccoons, porcupines, parrots and other birds and beasts. In the middle of the floor was a pit in which a brown bear chained to a pole performed tricks for buns and sips of ale. For several years Joe Beef kept a prairie bison in his back yard as the star exhibit.

He was a huge man who brooked no trouble. Once when talking to his head barman he knocked a rowdy stone cold without turning his head or dropping a syllable. Though tough he was religious and paid the Salvation Army a dollar a night to play and sing outside the tavern.

It was the custom of Montreal millionaires in those days, according to one historian, to take their teen-age sons down to Joe Beef's and show them "the stark realities of life."

When Joe Beef died in 1889 St. James Street was devoid of millionaires for four hours. They were all away marching in the long procession of sailors, soldiers, vagabonds, grocers, farmers and others who followed the hearse up to Mount Royal Cemetery between sidewalks densely packed with mourners.

When the funeral was over a military band fulfilled Joe Beef's last request. Outside the tavern, they played for his widow, The Girl I Left Behind Me.

The night life in the Old Quarter which starts when the taverns close is no better and no worse than night life anywhere else. But it has a flavor of its own.

By one o'clock in the morning the Chanteclerc, the Plaza and Auberge du Canada are ringing with music. They are lit with low-shaded lights in deep colors and under them you can see the tanned faces of seamen and the fresh faces of farmers and the tough faces of stevedores, some with respectable women and some with women not so respectable.

Says one Bonsecours wholesaler: "When a farmer stays on the town he's had a good day at the market. But when he gets home and turns out his pockets his wife thinks it was just an average day."

The drinks disappear fast and the temperature of merriment rises but there is no bellowing, no horse play and very little staggering. Perhaps this is because, sooner or later, an artist appears to sing one of those little ballads whose melodies are so haunting and whose lyrics are so worldly, the ballads from *les cafés chantant* in France.

If any one intangible lingers in the air of the Old Quarter it is the whisper of France, and not even the roughest, toughest Anglo-Saxon deck hand chooses to shout it down.

At two o'clock in the morning it is time to leave the night spots and to take a cup of coffee in the snack bars round the corner and, as the farmers trundle in for another day of work, to reflect on the fact that from this sleepless Old Quarter of Montreal radiated all the exploration and much of the settlement and development of the Canada we know today. ★

"Why All This Fuss About the VIRGIN MARY?"



"I don't get it!" Jim told Father Crane. "You Catholics are always coming up with something new about Mary—trying to make her more important than Christ."

Patiently the priest waited for Jim to go on.

"For example," Jim continued, "the Pope has proclaimed 1954 'The Marian Year'—for special worship of Mary."

"No, Jim," Father Crane interjected, "not worship. Catholics *honor* Mary, but they *worship* only God."

"All right," Jim conceded, "but how about the Marian Year? It commemorates the 100th anniversary of the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Isn't any doctrine only 100 years old pretty new? And it's not in the Bible!"

"The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Jim," Father Crane replied, "has been held and taught by the Church from the earliest Christian era—before the Bible was ever compiled into a book. It has been in the tradition of the Church since the beginning. It was implied in the writings of the fathers of the Church as far back as St. Irenaeus (140-205 A. D.). It means simply that God, intending Mary to be the human mother of the Son of God, preserved her from original sin from her conception."

"St. Ephrem (306-373) described Mary as 'innocent as Eve before her fall, a virgin most estranged from every stain of sin... the pure seed of God, ever in body and mind intact and immaculate.' That, Jim, means only one thing—that Mary herself was immaculately conceived."

But Jim was still unconvinced. It was only recently, he declared, that the Pope proclaimed the Assumption of Mary's body and soul into heaven. "Did it take the Church nearly 2,000 years to decide this?" he demanded.

"This, likewise," the priest answered, "is not a new doctrine. It was the universal belief of the early Church. In the year 593, St. Gregory of Tours referred to it in this way: 'The Lord had the most holy body of the Virgin taken into heaven, where, reunited to her soul, it now enjoys, with the elect, happiness without end.'"

Many people cannot understand Catholics' homage to the Blessed Virgin. And Catholics often wonder why devotions to Mary are not more widespread, for does not the Bible say she shall "be blessed amongst women?"

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COMING SOON TO YOUR
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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

of the way party affairs had been run. It was not an attack on the party leadership—George Drew was unchallenged by anyone during this largest Conservative conference in history, although the fullest opportunity was given for any opposition to be heard. Murdoch Macpherson's resolution of confidence was deliberately moved on the floor of the conference, and not through the resolutions committee, to forestall any suggestion that critics were muzzled. No critics were heard. George Nowlan, retiring president, asked three times "Are you ready for the question?" before he put the resolution to the vote; not a voice was raised and the affirmation of support was carried unanimously.

Hees supporters also deny any deviation from Conservative policy. Hees has made speeches that sounded like rank heresy to some of his fellow Conservatives, who think he is a radical and a bit of a crackpot, but Hees says these utterances have been misinterpreted. He's an orthodox Conservative, he says, with no desire to rewrite the party platform.

What Hees and his backers do complain about is Conservative organization and day-to-day tactics. Hees thinks the national president should be an organizer—something no predecessor in the job has ever attempted to be. He proposes to spend at least a third of each year traveling, spending time in every province and "revitalizing" (a favorite Hees word) the party machinery.

Some of his opponents have wondered, aloud, whether George Hees' ambition stops at "revitalizing" the party. They don't accuse him of disloyalty to George Drew, but Drew will be sixty this month and Hees won't be forty-four until June. The prospect of Hees as party leader seems, to these critics, even less inviting than that of Hees as party president.

However, the "party split" is neither as wide nor as deep as it looked at the time.

Hees' opponents agree, now that the contest is over, that Hees won't do the party any harm. They still think the national president shouldn't try to be a national organizer but if Hees wants to do it let him try. He has the money and the time (his family business, in which he is a vice-president, can and does get on without him) and his "revitalization" project will be a great thing for the party if it works. If it doesn't work, there will still be lots of time to elect a new president (and, if necessary, hire a national organizer) before another general election rolls around.

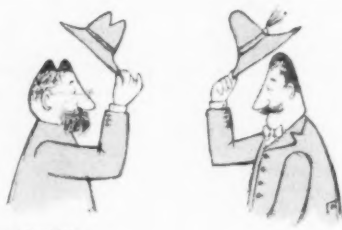
MEANWHILE another opposition party, the CCF, has been having trouble of a different sort. Ross Thatcher, the wealthy hardware merchant who is CCF member for Moose Jaw-Lake Centre, Sask., has emerged again in his old role as the CCF's problem child.

Thatcher has belonged to the CCF since before he was old enough to vote, but he often sounds more like a hardware merchant than like a CCFer. In the past he has often horrified his party by advocating such things as an income ceiling for old-age pensions, or by lining up with the Conservatives on retail price maintenance. He admits he is no socialist and is openly contemptuous of Leftish economic theory, especially when expounded by ex-schoolteachers who (in Thatcher's opinion) wouldn't know a balance sheet from the Rosetta stone.

Lately, though, Thatcher had been trying to avoid collisions with party colleagues. He succeeded pretty well until parliament dealt with the decennial revision of the Bank Act.

CCF doctrine, as enshrined in the Regina Manifesto of 1932, calls for nationalization of the banks. Thatcher is just as violently opposed to this as any other businessman. Actually, many a loyal CCFer has grown somewhat dubious about this proposal in the last twenty-two years—it was vigorously debated and eventually turned down by the Labour Government of Britain. When the question came up in CCF caucus this year, several MPs were inclined to Thatcher's opinion that the banks are better left in private hands, at least for the time being. But the matter was put to a vote, and the majority stood by the Regina Manifesto. Accordingly M. J. Coldwell, the party leader, moved an amendment calling for immediate nationalization of the chartered banks.

Ross Thatcher happened to be the last speaker in the debate which fol-



MACLEAN'S

lowed. He neither opposed nor supported the Coldwell amendment, just put forward some ideas of his own on extension of long-term credit to farmers. It wasn't what he said that caused the trouble, it was what he did.

No sooner had Thatcher sat down than the vote was called on the Coldwell amendment, and Thatcher was on a spot. He didn't want to vote against his party motion, but he couldn't conscientiously vote in favor of it. He took the only remaining alternative—grabbed his notes and dashed out of the chamber while the division bell was still ringing to call the members in.

Liberals hooted with glee.

"We want Thatcher," they chanted as the CCF members rose one by one to register their twenty-one "ayes."

"You can have him," the CCF shouted back. Fred Zaplitny of Dauphin, Manitoba, put it into song:

"We don't want him, you can have him, he's too fat for us." (Despite half-hearted attempts at dieting, Thatcher is a rather portly figure.)

But at the CCF caucus next morning it turned out that some CCF members were not amused. A. M. Campbell of The Battlefords, Sask., rose to move that Ross Thatcher resign from the House Committee on Banking and Commerce.

Thatcher had been on the Banking and Commerce Committee ever since he was first elected to parliament nine years ago. He liked it. As a businessman he was interested in the committee's work, and he made no secret of his belief that he was better qualified for it than some of his doctrinaire colleagues. He didn't want to resign, and said so.

THE CCF COULD, and perhaps would, have put him off the committee anyway. They could have asked Gibb Weir, Chief Government Whip, to move in the House that Thatcher's name be dropped and W. M. Johnson's name substituted therefor (a change that has actually been made). But if Thatcher rose to protest, there was

always the possibility that mischievous Liberals might come to his rescue and vote down their own Chief Whip's motion. In any case there would be much washing of party linen in public. So after an hour of acrimonious debate, in which M. J. Coldwell did his best to pour oil on the troubled waters, Thatcher reluctantly agreed to resign from the committee and keep quiet.

The argument has left some residue of resentment on both sides. Most if not all CCF members think Ross Thatcher is just a Liberal or even a Conservative in CCF clothing. They think he embarrasses and misrepresents the party with his Chamber of Commerce opinions, and that he should either support the majority's view or get out.

Thatcher, for his part, believes that he and his middle-class views are far more typical of the average CCF voter in Saskatchewan than any long-haired theorist. This epithet is just as much a term of abuse with Thatcher as it would be with any other hardware merchant; he applies it to some of his elected colleagues, but more particularly to party officials who have never won an election but who do attend party caucus.

Thatcher won the largest majority in all three prairie provinces last summer, and was second only to Liberal Jimmy Sinclair in the whole of western Canada. To him, that proves he is a typical Saskatchewan CCFer; to his opponents it proves only that he was elected by the same people who used to elect Conservative John Diefenbaker, Lake Centre's MP for thirteen years.

Thatcher's friends say he will not leave the CCF unless he is kicked out, in which case he won't join any other party but will sit as an independent. Thatcher's enemies say the CCF has no intention of kicking him out, but that any party has a right to be represented on committees by delegates who express the party's views. There, for the moment, the matter rests.

REPORTERS have discovered to their own surprise that C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, Defence Production and incidental portfolios from time to time, is the most consistently photogenic of Canadian politicians.

Howe was the principal victim this year of the booklet prepared for the Press Gallery Dinner, the annual festival whereat reporters invite politicians to come and be lampooned. The authors looked, as usual, for a photograph which would present their subject in some unguarded expression or posture.

Usually these are easy to find—the only problem is to decide which is the silliest. Even Prime Minister St. Laurent, who normally takes a pretty good picture, has often shown up in a news photo as a caricature of himself. But search as they would, newspapermen could find no picture of C. D. Howe that looked like anything but C. D. Howe. They finally got one that bears some faint resemblance to Pappy Yokum of Dogpatch, but they found it only by magnifying a picture of somebody else in which Howe appears among the crowd in the background. And even with all this effort, the finished product is still a fairly good likeness of the Minister of Trade and Commerce. ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Even Editors Have Mothers



Mrs. Berton, parka clad, on the ice of the Yukon, with dog Grey Cloud.



As she is now, in her seventies. Widowed, she is living in Vancouver.

IF THE name of Laura Beatrice Berton (I Married the Klondike, pages 22 and 23) has a vaguely familiar sound to our readers it is because Mrs. Berton's massive offspring Pierre has been on the editorial staff of Maclean's for seven years and has of course thrown his share of words at us.

This is the first time we've had a mother-son relationship between writer and editor. What does an editor do when his mother starts submitting manuscripts? Our man stood aside like a little gentleman and turned the script over to other editors for perusal. We suspect he gave up breathing until a decision was made.

Our man knew about the work, of course. The parts of I Married the Klondike which Maclean's is publishing are excerpts from a book which will appear under the Little, Brown imprint in Canada and the U. S. later this year. Mrs. Berton planned the book several years ago and completed it last winter. The book will run to almost four times the length of the Maclean's articles.

Mrs. Berton grew up in a literary atmosphere. Her father, Phillips Thompson, was one of the best-known newspapermen of his day in Ontario. He worked for John Ross Robertson's old Toronto Telegraph (which antedated the Toronto Telegram), for the Boston Traveler, the Toronto Mail and the Toronto Globe. Under the pen name of Jimuel Briggs, he wrote a widely read column made up of humorous incidents and observations at the local police courts.

"Then the Globe sent him to Ireland to cover the terrible famine of 1881," Mrs. Berton tells us. "He spent several months there writing dispatches so vivid that the paper, on his return, reprinted them all in a special issue. But because of the human suffering he had seen he refused ever again to poke fun at men in police court."

Our man's mother has been writing most of her life. She tells us that when she first went to the Klondike as a kindergarten teacher in 1907 she had commissions from the Globe and Saturday Night to tell of her experiences.

"I decided to write under the name of Beatrice Briggs," she says, "because some of the things I had to say might not be interpreted as complimentary by the Dawson people."

"I might have saved myself the trouble. It is impossible to keep any secret for five minutes in that country. Long before I got copies of my articles in print from Toronto my phone was ringing and people were commenting on the stories."

She wrote regularly for the Dawson News and later for the Family Herald and Weekly Star. But she says she never intended that our man would be a writer.

"I was brought up among journalists and they were always penniless and overworked," she says. "We all decided our boy (that's our man) would be a scientist. Then one day he announced he was going to be a writer. There it was—the family weakness. What could one do?" ★



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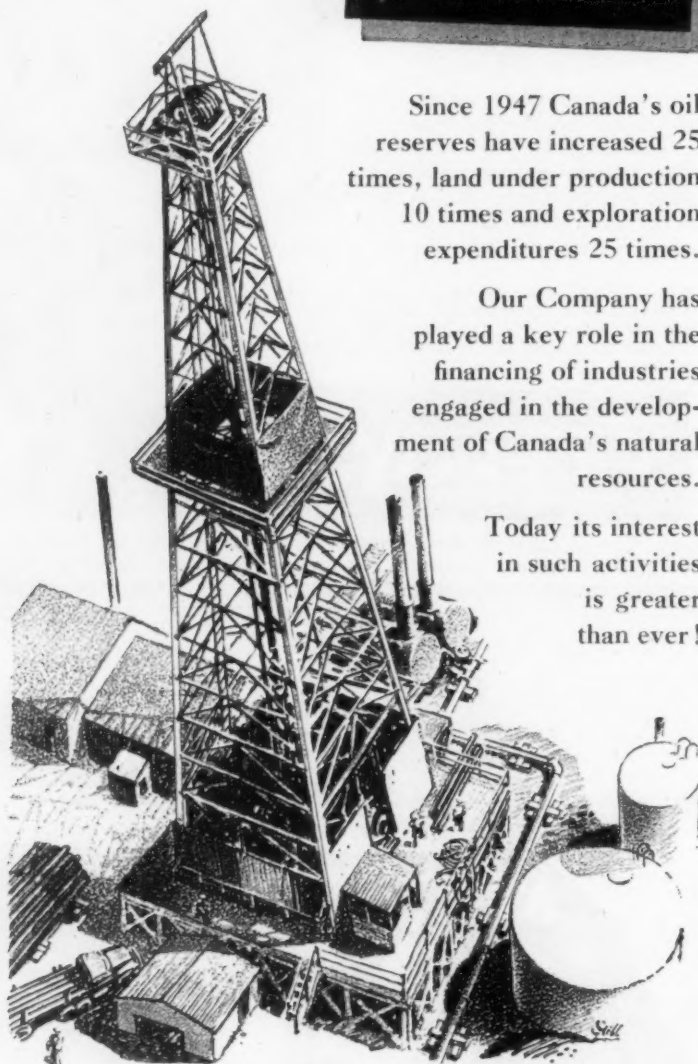
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A MAN in Tawatinaw, Alta., thought the family cat was lost. Soon after a friend dropped in they heard a faint mewing that seemed to be coming from the wall. They pulled down a wall panel, but no cat. The mewing continued. They pulled down more panels. The mewing continued. Eventually they pulled all the panels off the living-room walls. Just then the man's wife walked in, took one horrified look at the debris and was on the point of exploding when there was a particularly plaintive miaow. She opened the cellar door and the cat emerged, complete with inscrutable smile.

During the Hydro changeover from 25 to 60 cycles in Ontario, an Oak Ridges housewife who works during the day was commuting back and forth to Newmarket by bus. Tired by her day's work in Newmarket and dreading thoughts of housework to be done when she arrived home, she scarcely listened to the chattering of her companion, an old school chum who had recently joined an evangelistic congregation. "Have you been converted?" the friend asked. The weary housewife replied: "Yes, and our washing machine makes a terrible noise."

A Toronto man left at home while his wife went on a holiday, received detailed instructions on the care and feeding of the two goldfish and the cat. After several days of struggling with the goldfish he solved part of the problem and cut his work in half. Instead of feeding the goldfish expen-



sive food he fed the goldfish to the cat. The day before his wife returned he purchased two new goldfish for twenty-five cents. His wife was none the wiser.

A shipment of western horses consigned to Newfoundland was checked at Truro, N.S., before the switch to a Cape Breton train, and one of the animals was found to have died en route. The agent noted on the waybills, "One horse dead at Truro," and had the carcass removed. The crew at Cornerbrook, Newfoundland, looking over the waybills, discovered the laconic addendum: "Still dead at North Sydney."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A farmer near Victoria, B.C., was haled into court to answer charges that his cows were wandering into a neighbor's garden and causing damage. The magistrate asked the plaintiff why he did not have a "No Trespassing" sign on his property. "It wouldn't be much use, your honor," was the reply. "The cows can't read."

A Brantford, Ont., church listed an old-time party for Wednesday in its weekly announcements. "Wonderful program!" the notice said. "Real



old-fashioned refreshments will be served at intermission—35c." As an added attraction the sponsors noted they would be "showing antiques. Come and bring your husbands."

Film censors in Alberta have taken all the deletions they have made from films over a number of years and joined them together. The finished product will never be seen publicly but it has been given a title: The Dirt of A Decade.

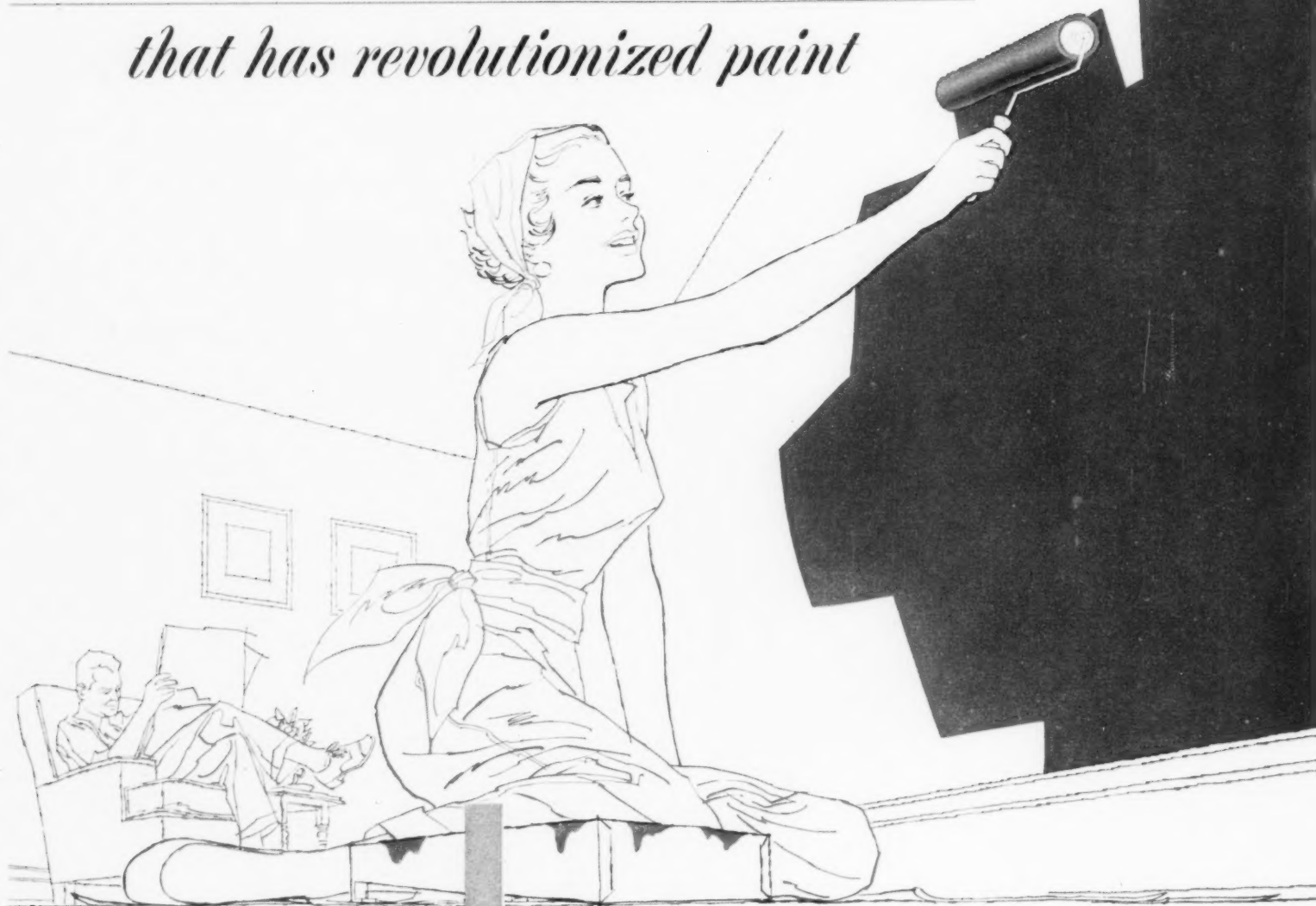
American visitors tripping across to Windsor get the feeling they have arrived in a foreign country when they read the sign in an army surplus store: "We Speak American."

A Yorktown, Sask., lawyer had a client whose mail-receiving privileges had been suspended by the Post Office Department because he was caught sending raffle tickets illegally through the mails. The lawyer took the matter up with the Post Office and was assured that the man's mailing privileges would be restored in three weeks, after the raffle had been held. He sat down and wrote the man the good news, but was nonplussed a few days later when his letter returned with a polite memorandum from the Post Office explaining that the addressee's mail-receiving privileges had been temporarily suspended.



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